BRIGANDAGE IN THE PONTIFICAL STATES.*

The system of robbery and kidnapping known as brigandage—a word which in its olden sense applied chiefly to the produce of robbery, but which in its modern sense has a much wider signification—is said to have had its origin, in as far as regards the Pontifical States, in the overthrow of social institutions by the French Revolution. As is the case everywhere when liberty or license come into the foreground, the enfranchisement, as it was termed, of North Italy by General Bonaparte, having led to a general uprising throughout the peninsula, several parties surged to the surface in the Roman States, but these merged into two great divisions, the Papal and the Republican.

These two great parties were in appearance not only opposed to one another, but placed on an utterly different basis. But such is not the case, nor ever has been the case, where Rome is concerned. It is true that while the first party pretended to defend the rights of the throne, the other announced that the era of tyranny had expired in Italy, and was for ever replaced by that of liberty! But when one day the republican party planted the tree of liberty in one spot, and pillaged the houses of the priests, whom they declared then, as now, to be enemies to the wishes of the Italians, next day the papal party arrived, cut down the tree, and pillaged the houses of the more wealthy classes under the pretext that they were Jacobins. In reality, then, both parties resembled one another, and each had the same object in view—that of enriching themselves and avenging themselves upon their private enemies without troubling themselves, in the slightest degree, with the common welfare. Both alike committed many murders, and both alike became equally odious to the middle classes, who generally remain in the minority, or in the background, in times of revolution.

At length the French came a second time, and Napoleon Bonaparte, who did not recognise that temporal power of the Pope by which his nephew holds so tenaciously, invaded Rome and Naples. The town of Terracina having ventured to oppose the progress of the French, a bandit chief, Barnabo by name, who had charge of one of the gates, offered to open it, upon the condition that the safety of himself and his band were ensured. The general promised, but Terracina having fallen, and its citizens having been massacred, Barnabo and his followers were arrested

* Le Brigandage dans les Etats Pontificaux. Mémoires de Gasbaroni rédigés, par Pierre Masi, traduits par un officier d'état-major de la division d'occupation à Rome. Paris: E. Dentu.

and put to death, to the number of twenty-four, without any form of trial, whilst their bodies were cast into a common sewer.

Napoleon had no sympathy for Italian brigands. No mercy was shown to them, and everything that could be done to eradicate this territorial plague was carried out. It was, however, in vain. The papal brigands and the republican brigands having been obliged, in many instances, to refund their ill-gotten gains, the more resolute and courageous among them united together, irrespective of parties, to form more or less numerous bands, and to carry on the congenial avocation of kidnappers and assassins.

One of the most famous of these bandit chiefs at that epoch was Giovanni Rita, who had established his head-quarters in a forest on the mountain of Sezza. He was surrounded by an armed force in 1809, but even then would have effected his escape only for his wife, who was in a cavern, the entrance to which he defended until he had killed or wounded eighteen of his assailants, when he fell from a shot in the thigh. The wily brigand then called Capucci, the leader of his assailants, to put an end to his sufferings. The latter, however, sent one of the sbirri, whom he shot dead with his pistol. The others then ran up and cut off his head, making his wife comb the tangled locks before it was carried in triumph to Frosinone. "I shall be quite willing to do that honour to my husband," said this wife of a bandit chief. "You cannot boast of having killed him, whilst if you count your flock you will find many missing." Maria Elelta, as this she-bandit was called, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, but she was liberated on the return of Pius VII. from France.

Napoleon was determined to put a stop to the abomination if possible, but the measures which he adopted with that view were more energetic than effective. All the relatives of brigands, even to the second degree, were arrested, and transported to Corsica, Elba, or Sardinia. Whoever did not give notice of the presence of bandits was liable to the penalty of death. Finally, by a law known as the Ristretta, all cattle of every description—cows, oxen, sheep, goats, and pigs—were placed at night-time within walled precincts, guarded by armed men. No one was even allowed to remove food from their premises under pain of death. The bandits fared well not the less, whilst the herds were decimated by disease and starvation. The transportation of relatives gave rise not only to the most painful and distressing scenes, but the brigands retaliated with increased desperation. They were headed by one Pascal Jambucci, who was surnamed "the madman of Valle Corsa." This daring bandit got possession of the person of the sous-préfet of Frosinone when travelling with an escort of dragoons, and, conducting him to his lair, made such an exhibition of bread, wine, cheese, hams, tongues, and other comestibles as to fully satisfy the préfet of the inutility of the law of Ristretta. He then set the functionary at liberty without exacting a ransom, and the préfet was so grateful that he annulled the law, and set many of the relatives of the bandits at liberty; but he had all the forests which bordered the highways cleared for a depth of a hundred yards.

The brigands were not always so successful. Three of them got into a window on the third story of the château of a Signore Salvatori, five or six miles south of Frosinone, by means of ladders. A servant overheard

them, watched through a keyhole, and when they struck a light he fired, and shot the leader, one Mangiafichi. The robbers decamped, carrying away the body, which they placed on an ass, and removing both to the forest of Siserno, they buried the bandit and the donkey in the same grave—in order that the latter should tell no tales. The precautions which they took were, indeed, as refined as the persecutions to which they were subjected were inveterate. The organisation of the band was most strict. No one was admitted to the brotherhood save the strong, the healthy, and the courageous, and all who had friends or relatives suspected of being favourable to peace and order were at once rejected. A noviciate was not admitted unless he had previously committed one or more murders. If accepted, he was supplied with arms gratuitously, but to be afterwards accounted for. The day was passed in the mountain forests, all marches being undertaken at night, and in the most perfect silence. The chief marched first. If a house, a ford, or a bridge had to be crossed, the chief got hold of a peasant, went over first with his prisoner, and if the latter did not give notice of the presence of danger, he was at once put to death. The night was spent in kidnapping or in the robbery of booty and provisions, the peasants contributing the latter to save the first, and by break of day they withdrew to the woods, placing sentinels whilst the others slept. If any peasants, men or women, came accidentally upon their lair when engaged in cutting wood, they were detained till night—neither to the satisfaction nor the welfare of the latter. Booty upon a larger scale was obtained by sacking country-houses and mansions, or by stopping conveyances on the highway. Prisoners were uniformly removed to the mountain, and a ransom demanded. The peasantry were obliged to carry out the necessary negotiations to obtain payment of the ransom under penalty of death, and if the money was not forthcoming, first the ears and then the nose of the unfortunate prisoner were sent to their relatives to stir up their charity. No great undertaking was entered upon without the consent of a majority of the band. A sick or wounded man was left in a hut, and the band removed to carry on its depredations to some distant spot, in order to divert the attention of the authorities. The life of a bandit was so conducive to health, that few, however, ever fell sick, and only two—Luigi d'Angelis de Fondi and Luigi Palombi de Vallecorsa—are known to have died a natural death in a quarter of a century.

The brigands of Italy have further even had friends not only in the country but in the towns and cities. This will be easily understood when we consider the character of partisanship which they always give to their infamous practices. They have their armourers, their tailors, their shoemakers, and other tradesmen in the towns, and they are paid out of the profits of their booty. They have also their receivers, and the peasants are employed as commissionaries. The town friends are only known to the chief. Even persons in authority, who have rural property, or flocks or herds, are obliged to cultivate the friendship, or, at the least, to wink at their malpractices if they wish to preserve their property.

The wife of a brigand, for example, had been put to death under the Ristretta, by the mayor of San-Stefano. The husband set the townspeople to watch, and learned when he was going to Frosinone. Placing himself on the way, he shot him, although he was protected by an armed

escort. Jambucci, upon one occasion, carried off the Cavaliere Magistris from the town of Sezza, and only delivered him up for a ransom of five thousand golden crowns. In 1813, Monsignore Ugolini (recently deceased) was seized in his carriage, and as some difficulty was experienced in removing a valuable ring from his finger, it was cut off. Gaëtano, surnamed the Calabrais, having made prisoners of the brothers Giuliani, in their palace at Rocca-Secca-di-Piperno, he not only exacted a ransom, but put them both to death. This, which was deemed to be a cowardly act, even among brigands, excited the indignation of the whole country, for the brothers were renowned for their many charitable acts. In cases like these the prisoners were generally betrayed by their own servants, or by persons living on the premises, and who counselled extreme measures, from reasons of private enmity, or to secure themselves from detection.

In the same year, a young man of good family, Vincenzo Panici, having, with the assistance of four others, murdered a priest, took refuge among the bandits. The latter told him they would receive his friends, but they could not trust him, and they should put him to death. In order to propitiate the brigands, he went off with his four companions, took up a position on the Appian way, and carried off the Princess of Etruria and her daughter, whom they grossly maltreated. This done, they went back to the brigands, who received them with a volley which broke Panici's shoulder. Panici then withdrew to his palace at San Lorenzo, but he was arrested by Ugolini, Bishop of Frosinone, put to death upon the spot where he had outraged the princess, and his head exposed in an iron cage on the walls of the Torre-tre-Ponti.

Napoleon having fallen before the allied powers in 1814, Pius VII. was restored to temporal power, and brigandage being "the eldest brother of revolution," the bandits were amnestied, Jambucci taking up his quarters at Vallecorsa, Decinnove at Sezza, and the Calabrese Gaëtano at Sonnino. But a quiet life no longer suited those who had tasted of the freedom of the mountain. Quarrels arose about some of the relatives of the bandit who had not been restored to their homes, and these attained to such a pitch that on Holy Thursday, 1814, Jambucci and his comrades massacred the mayor, Giovanni de Rossi, his wife, and servant, and all those who had occupied positions of authority under the Emperor Napoleon. Thirteen persons fell beneath the daggers of the assassins, who then took to the woods.*

Antonio Gasbaroni, the most celebrated of all the brigands of the Papal States, was born at Sonnino in 1793. He was, as a boy, nothing but a common cowherd. His humble position did not, however, prevent his falling in love with a girl of rare beauty. But Gasbaroni had a brother named Gennaro, as also a brother-in-law, Angelo de Paolis, who

---

* Murat, or Joachim Napoleon, when King of Naples, enacted very severe laws against bandits, whom he treated as enemies of the public. Alison and other historians have placed on record that the "beau sabreur" was shot in accordance with a law which he had himself enacted. But it was a law enacted against bandits, not against political offenders. The French were unable to distinguish men hung for assassinating a police constable from political offenders, and the Italians are sometimes unable to distinguish between political offenders and brigands.

had wedded his sister Guistina, and who had both joined the brigands to avoid conscription. They had returned to their native place—Sonnino—under the amnesty of the Pope in 1814, but the father of the young girl refused to give his daughter in marriage to a man who belonged to a family of brigands. The brother went so far as to threaten him with death if he attempted to prosecute his suit. Gasbaroni at once drew his dagger, and killed the young man beneath the window of his beloved. Such was the first crime committed by Gasbaroni, and all the rest may be said to have flowed from it. We have seen that, in 1814, all the brigands of the Papal States having been amnestied by Pius VII., had returned to their homes till the outbreak of Jambucci. It was not so, however, with the brigands of the kingdom of Naples, who were anxiously awaiting the restoration of Ferdinand I. to obtain the same favour. Gasbaroni having outlawed himself by the crime of murder, had no papal band with whom to seek refuge, so he joined that which still held together on the Neapolitan territory under Domenico the Calabrese. This Domenico, brother to Gaëtano and Pietro, surnamed the Calabrese brothers, of the pontifical bands, was a rough, uncultivated, and licentious brute, who ruled with the stick, was exceedingly avaricious, and ungrateful to the peasants who lent him their aid. Five other youths having joined the band from the Pontifical States, among whom Alessandro Massaroni, as daring and enterprising as Gasbaroni himself, they agreed to separate themselves from a chief of so repulsive a character, and to constitute a band of themselves, and they selected Gasbaroni as their head. Thus it happened that the latter had not been a bandit many months before he became the chief of the only band of brigands at that time existing in the Papal States. The Calabrese had vowed destruction to him and his band as deserters, but he was shortly afterwards betrayed by a peasant, Marzo by name, whose wife he had outraged, and who seduced him and seventeen of his followers to a château near Fondi, under promise of plunder, plied them with wine, and then had the place surrounded by an armed force whilst in their orgies. Several were slain in a vain attempt to escape, but Domenico and others were captured and taken to Capua, where they were put to death. Marzo did not, however, escape the revenge of the bandits, who shot him eight years afterwards, when he ventured to return to his own country.

The other brigands who had been amnestied got on no better than Jambucci. Gaëtano, who had turned butcher at Sonnino, used to pay for his beasts with blows of a stick, and woe to those who ventured to complain. Decinnove contented himself with simply levying contributions in money from the inhabitants of Sezza, whither he had retired; this, although these amnestied brigands were actually supplied with sufficient means to procure a livelihood by the pontifical authorities. When the Austrians occupied the country in 1815, all the Neapolitan and Papal brigands were once more amnestied, and Gasbaroni and his band left the mountains to assist in supplying the Austrians, who were besieging the fortress of Gaëta, held by Joachim Murat, with provisions. He is said to have even paid a visit to the British fleet during this brief epoch of a recognised existence. But after the fall of Gaëta, reports were current that the pontifical authorities would not abide by the amnesty tendered by General Bianchi; so Gasbaroni had no alternative

left to him but to gather together his little troop, and take once more to the mountains. Other reasons, probably, guided Gasbaroni in this determination. In order to assist in the supply of the Austrians, he had devastated the rural property of the Patrizi's near Itri—a family of such strong Jacobin tendencies, that as far back as 1799 they had organised a band in search of the royalist freebooter Fra Diavolo. He had, therefore, the hostility of many powerful families, who were opposed to the Bourbons, to encounter upon the withdrawal of the Austrians. Gasbaroni, although not of an avaricious disposition, but, on the contrary, exceedingly free with his money was—like most strong, hardy men, with sanguinary and lustful instincts, kept under little or no control—exceedingly partial to the fair sex. It is, therefore, probable that he felt that he could give a freer vent to the worst impulses of his nature as an outlaw than as a dweller in cities, and subject to the pains and penalties incurred by open infractions of the rules of rectitude and morality.

Love had been the cause of his first becoming a bandit, and love was the cause of his final incarceration. His passion for the fair sex had left him penniless at the end of all his exertions to provision the army of Gaëta; so no sooner had he taken to the open country, than he seized upon the person of a wealthy priest, who dwelt in the village of Campo di Miele, and from whom he exacted a ransom of two thousand crowns.

At this epoch—the last months of 1814—the pontifical government had issued edicts promising a reward of fifty crowns to whoever should kill a brigand chief, and twenty-five for every bandit slain. An amnesty was also promised to any bandit who should bring in the head of a comrade to Frosinone. To the infinite amusement of the brigands, the bells of the churches were also ordered to be rung whenever they were supposed to be in the neighbourhood, to call the population to arms. Nothing answered their purpose better than letting them know that their presence had been discovered. The band of Gasbaroni received continued reinforcements notwithstanding all these edicts, and, curiously enough, one of the origins of this predilection for a life of outlawry lay in a municipal proclamation against long hair and ribands in the hat—decorations attributed peculiarly to brigands, but common to most of the peasantry. One of the bravest of Gasbaroni's recruits—Decesaris of Prossedi—joined the band because he had shot the provost of that place for having insulted him by pulling his long locks. Ugolini, Bishop of Frosinone, had also issued an edict to arrest all those who had been amnestied by the Austrians, which caused many to take to the open country; whilst others, who had persevered in their faith in government, were arrested, and among them, Jambucci, Gaëtano, and Decinnove; and the latter, having attempted to escape, he was shot by the gendarmes. Among others who had married and led a life of quietude for many years, and who were forced to take to the forest by the new edict, was Louis Masocco, a veteran bandit of such proved courage and well-known experience, that Gasbaroni felt himself called upon to resign his chieftainship of the band in his favour.

This was in the month of March, 1816. It was at this epoch that Gasbaroni received his first wound. A capture had been made, the ransom asked, and a messenger sent to bring it to the hut of a charcoal-burner in the mountain. The gendarmes caught the messenger, obliged

him to reveal the spots where the bandits awaited him, under a free administration of the stick, and posted themselves in the hut. The brigands, on coming down from the mountain, suspected something wrong from no charcoal-burners being about; but Gasbaroni volunteered to approach by himself. He was received by a volley which laid him, to all appearance, dead on the ground. The gendarmes then rushed forth to cut off his head; but Masocco hurried forward at the same moment with all his band. The brigadier and two gendarmes were killed, and the rest fled, leaving behind them swords, cloaks, and hats, as also the ransom. Gasbaroni, who was shot through the body, was removed to Monticello di Fondi, where, thanks to youth, a vigorous constitution, and the skill of a well-paid professional, he ultimately recovered, but he never afterwards walked so upright as he did before his wound.

The reward promised for the head of a brigand—a reward for treachery, as Bishop Fenelon long ago remarked, unworthy of a secular government, and still more so of a sovereign who is at the same time the head of the Catholic Church—induced four gendarmes to simulate an attack upon a carriage in order to be admitted into the brotherhood. Disturbed by other gendarmes, they had to separate; Gasbaroni met one, and killing him, he cast his body into a cavern in the mountain of Terracina; the other three were put to death by Massaroni's band. This effectually cured the gendarmerie of attempts at treachery.

But not so with the bands themselves, where the promised rewards did not fail to beget traitors. There were in Masocco's band two brothers named Usecca, and two others named Monacelli. One of the Monacelli being ill, an Usecca was left in charge of him. The latter killed the sick man, and carried his head to Frosinone, where he received the promised reward and was admitted into the gendarmerie. The brother of Monacelli insisted, in consequence, that the brother of Usecca, who remained with the band, should be put to death; and Masocco was obliged to permit the sacrifice of another bandit as an expiatory victim for the treachery of his brother.

Gasbaroni's brother, Gennaro, and his brother-in-law, Angelo de Paolis, were, we have observed, kept in confinement. Gasbaroni resolved upon setting them at liberty. To effect this, he, with Masocco's consent, separated himself from the band, and gave currency to a report that he had quarrelled with his chief, and was determined to take his life. This coming to the ears of the Bishop of Frosinone, he offered Gennaro and Angelo their liberty, if they would join Gasbaroni, and together slay the terrible Masocco. They agreed; but once free, they killed the gendarme who had first arrested them, and then hastened to Masocco, not to kill him, but to reinforce the band. Never was a bishop more signally duped. The authorities and the bandits were, indeed, perpetually at cross purposes. The same year (1816) an universal amnesty was proclaimed. All the bands were to assemble at Vallecorsa, to be emancipated by the authorities. Masocco was there with the rest, but, mistrustful of the loyalty of a priestly government, only Gasbaroni and Massaroni presented themselves as delegates of the band within the walls of the town. The authorities, who only intended to dupe the bandits, were enraged that Masocco and all his band had not fallen into the trap. They were especially annoyed that one Varoni, a bandit of especial

renown for his ferocity, was not at least one of the delegates. Gasbaroni and Massaroni found in this the means of extricating themselves from a most perilous position—for they had been disarmed, and were at the mercy of the authorities. But they said they would go and bring in Varoni, and they were trusted! Masocco laughed heartily when his two lieutenants rejoined the band without their rifles, daggers, and girdles for cartridges, or patroncina, as they called them, to all of which they attached the greatest value, as tried friends, and on which they expended large sums of money. The decoration of Gasbaroni's patroncina alone cost him fifty crowns.

Such cross purposesr ead really more like child's play than a struggle for life and liberty between the established authorities and a group of reckless adventurers. Decesaris and fifteen men of his band were foolish enough to accept of the promised amnesty. The consequence was that instead of being allowed to join his family—the boon he sought for in giving himself up—Decesaris found himself condemned to thirty years of galleys. He then swore that he would spare no means of evasion, and if he could only succeed, he would for the future renounce all belief in amnesties; nor was he long in finding an opportunity for carrying his oath into effect.

The French had introduced the Ristretta. The pontifical government adopted the same system for starving out the brigands, only they improved upon it in this way, that the cattle and sheep being gathered within the folds of a paternal government, many never found their way out of it. Not being able to capture the men, the authorities also wreaked their vengeance upon the women, one of whom was shot, for a few bullets found in her possession, another because she was detected washing some shirts of a better quality than those usually worn by the peasantry. The shepherds were likewise bastinadoed in every direction, but with no better result than to exasperate the whole country against a cruel and impotent government.

Masocco's band was now divided into three detachments: one under himself, the other two under Massaroni and Gennaro Gasbaroni. Thus divided, yet acting in concert, they killed a spy close to the gates of Vallecorsa, in order to draw out the gendarmes; but they only succeeded in shooting five of the latter. The next day a similar trick was practised at San Lorenzo, where three gendarmes and two belligerent tailors fell before their rifles. The authorities met, indeed, with nothing but bad luck. A squadron of sbirri was sent from Vallecorsa, and another from Sonnino the ensuing night, to surround the convent of San Manno, near Fondi, where the brigands were supposed to have taken refuge. In the dark, and in their terror, one party fired upon the other, and a corporal and three men were killed.

In 1817 Monsignore Pacca set the example of leniency, and gave some of the female relatives of the bandits at liberty; and in 1818 Cardinal Gonsalvi invited Masocco to a conference at Terracina. The bandit chief exacted a hostage for his personal safety, and then presented himself, armed and in full bandit costume, before the cardinal minister and his followers. The bandits, as before observed, take great pride in the richness of their costume and the decoration, as well as efficiency of their arms and accoutrements; and they are always very fond of displaying

these in towns and villages, when they can do so with impunity. In this respect Naples and the Papal States have ever been a kind of Mexico.

Masocco was a very handsome man. Barely thirty years of age, he was tall, strong, and well proportioned. He had a splendid head of dark hair, with beard to match, expressive eyes, and good face and forehead. Not only was he a remarkable man in outward appearance, but he was very intelligent, and could speak well and to the purpose. He had as a youth, indeed, been educated by an estimable priest—his *nominal* uncle. The curiosity excited by the appearance of the renowned chief of bandits at Terracina was great. After a lively discussion, the cardinal succeeded in winning over the bandit to accept an amnesty, the only conditions of which were a year's confinement in the castle of San Angelo, at Rome, where they were to be allowed to see their wives and families. Masocco accepted the conditions, and returned the next day in company with Antonio Gasbaroni, De Paolis, and the rest of the band, and they were at once transported under an escort of dragoons to the Cortile del Oglio, in the castle of San Angelo. Gennaro Gasbaroni and Massaroni, annoyed that the cardinal secretary of state should have only addressed himself to Masocco, took no steps towards obtaining an amnesty; but the band known as that of the *Vellitrains*, who exercised their profession under a certain Barbone, beyond the limits of Frosinone, submitted to the same terms as had been accepted by Masocco.

Guiseppa Decesaris had escaped with three others from the dungeons of Civita Vecchia six months previously. Fortune seems to favour the daring, for not only was their escape almost miraculous, but no sooner out of prison than they stumbled upon a brigade of gendarmes bathing in a river. To seize upon their carbines and accoutrements, and to shoot the unarmed men in the water, was with the bandits the affair of a few minutes. They then made a desperate attempt to secure the person of Cardinal Fesch, uncle to Napoleon, in order to set them up in the world. Unfortunately for them they only captured a French artist in the palace of Frascati, for whose ransom the cardinal had, however, to pay five hundred crowns. This, however, with four thousand crowns derived from the capture of a merchant of the name of Felicetti, gave them a good start. They also made prisoner a certain Count Sylvestris; but as he was fat and infirm, and could not walk as fast as they wished, the wretches put him to death, after they had received five hundred crowns towards his ransom. A peasant had come into the dungeons at Civita Vecchia whilst Decesaris was there, and had grossly insulted him. No sooner free, than he sought him out and cut him to pieces. Decesaris was one of those who refused to accept the proposed amnesty. He had taken an oath to perish in the mountains, arms in hand.

Antonio Gasbaroni was in the mean time a prisoner within the walls of Fort Angelo. De Paolis, who had married his sister Guistina, was also there, with his wife and his own sister Demira. Gasbaroni, not to be alone, married the latter in the chapel of the fort. But if pleasures were to be found in confinement, so were also pains and penalties; for one Francesca Antonelli denounced Gasbaroni and De Paolis as resolved to take to the mountains at the expiration of their sentence. This he did to curry favour with the authorities. The consequence was, that whilst

at the end of the year Antonelli, although his charges had been disproved, was appointed gaoler in one of the prisons of the capital, Gasbaroni was exiled to Cento, on the frontier of Modena, and De Paolis to Commacchi, amid the lagunes of the Adriatic.

As to Masocco, he was appointed lieutenant of sbirri, or archers, in Frosinone. The price of the head of a bandit was at the same time raised to five hundred crowns, and of a chief to a thousand. Masocco devoted himself to his new duties with zeal and honesty, and his intimacy with the habits and lairs of the brigands made all the other officers look up to him. There were at that time only eighteen brigands in the mountains, twelve under Gennaro Gasbaroni, and six with Decesaris and Massaroni; but the persecution of Masocco soon obliged them to act in concert. Masacco having shot one of the brigands, cousin of Gennaro, the latter shot Masocco's sister-in-law, and his brother, in return, murdered Gennaro's child in its cradle. It must be admitted that what was termed brigandage was assuming a very desperate and despicable character.

A commissary, Rotoli by name, was deputed by the secretary of state to aid and abet Masocco, with plenipotentiary powers of amnesty and even pardon. Decesaris and Massaroni turned this very circumstance to the detriment of Masocco. They put themselves into communication with Rotoli, and said they would deliver up the band under Gennaro Gasbaroni, if the commissary would give them the aid of a few sbirri. The latter proposed, as they expected, the assistance of Masocco. It was in vain that the latter represented that the whole thing was a plot, and that it would cost him his life, the commissary insisted. He then, accompanied by Masocco, went forth from Prossedi on the night of the 15th of August to an olive-grove on the mountain. They were followed at a distance by five gendarmes, relatives of Masocco's. The commissary and Masocco, having entered the wood, found there Decesaris and Massaroni. Decesaris took the commissary aside as if to speak with him, whilst Massaroni entered into conversation with Masocco. At the same moment one of the band, Luigi d'Angelo, shot the chief in the side, another brigand, Panni, rushing forward to secure his double-barrelled rifle. This cost him his life; for the gendarmes, perceiving the act of treachery, discharged their carbines on the group, killing Panni, and at the same time mortally wounding the unfortunate commissary. This tragedy was followed by another still more lugubrious. The lieutenant of sbirri, Pietro Avarini, enraged at the death of Rotoli and Masocco, had all the relations of Decesaris and of Vittori, including their wives and children, altogether thirteen in number, old men, women, girls, and children, arrested and massacred, without trial or form of trial. No wonder that brigandage flourished when the sbirri were no better than the bandits!

The rage and exasperation of Decesaris and of Vittori, when they learnt how cruelly their wives and children had been treated, may be imagined. In the first burst of their fury they went the same night, burnt the cottages of all their relatives, and slaughtered the cattle and sheep and all living things. They then set fire to the house of the governor of Prossedi, and put five peasants to death. For some days not a night passed but one or more of the inhabitants of the place fell

victims to their sanguinary and insensate rage, merely because they had done nothing to save their families from immolation. At length Massaroni, ashamed of the brutality of his colleague, got him away from the scene of massacre into the Neapolitan territory. On the way he thought that he recognised one of the officials who had been concerned in the outrage upon his children, and who was escorted by sbirri; but Decesaris never hesitated; alone he attacked the travellers, wounding some, and putting the rest of the escort to flight. As to the official himself, he is said not only to have slain him, but to have devoured his heart. Let us hope, for the sake of human nature, that this is a popular exaggeration; but the tradition that he devoured human flesh remained for ever afterwards attached to the name of Decesaris.

Long habit of brigandage not only placed the bandits of the Pontifical States in a peculiar and anomalous position with regard to the authorities, but they themselves cherished the most erroneous and perverted ideas as to the nature of their avocations. Almost all took a pride in what they considered to be indications of intelligence, courage, and heroism, overlooking the horrible atrocities of robbery, plunder, and murder. When these atrocities were made to assume the character of a political partisanship, it only made matters worse. It was just like Fenianism in this country. The Fenians may shoot policemen, blow up or set fire to prisons and public and private buildings, murder and outrage all who are obnoxious to them, and if the guilt is brought home to them, the penalties of the law are tempered by mercy, whilst others may both openly palliate crime, preach disorder, and give themselves up to all kinds of treasonable language, without any notice being taken of them. Nay, there are some in high places who are ready to aver that no outrages can be punished till real or imaginary grievances are removed. The bandits of the Roman States had, as we have seen, their grievances also. But to defend their malpractices on account of their grievances, as was done by some in the Papal States, only attested the same disorganisation of the moral sense, as is to be found among the humanitarians of our own country in the present day.

The time of retribution, however, invariably comes, and neither indifference, perversity, or political animosities can long shield culprits from a deserved fate. Massaroni was one day leaning against a tree, humming a song, when he received a ball in the abdomen. He was removed by his comrades, and recovered after an illness which lasted a whole year. Decesaris was also shot in the month of March, 1820, in the very olive-wood on the side of the mountain of Prossedi, where Masocco had fallen. Two gendarmes had got notice of his whereabouts, and lay in ambuscade. He was walking quietly along, when four barrels were almost simultaneously discharged at him from a distance of a few paces, and the much-dreaded bandit lay a corpse at their feet. Three thousand crowns had been put upon his head, which was carried in triumph into the town; but, as usual, many were to be found who pitied the fate and regretted the death of the ferocious bandit.

Antonio Gasbaroni was, in the mean time, leading a pleasant life enough at Cento, in the Romagna. He was lodged with his wife in an hostelry, and allowed thirty sous a day. A son had been born to him during this interval of repose. A great drawback to his happiness pre-

sented itself, however, in the contempt with which he and his wife were treated. The good people of Romagna could not appreciate the heroism of a bandit, and they only wondered that he was not hung instead of being pensioned off upon nine crowns a year. As to De Paolis, all he did at Comacchio was to gamble in public-houses. At length, the body of a fisherman who was known to have won money from the ex-bandit having been found in the town-ditch, he was removed to Ferrara. Here he established relations with another bandit, Pietro Rinaldi by name, and, purchasing guns and accoutrements, they started for Cento, where they appear to have experienced little difficulty in inducing Gasbaroni to join them.

This was on the 20th of August, 1820, and it was thus that these incorrigible rogues abandoned their wives and families, for Paolis had four children, and gave up a protected and pensioned existence to take once more to the mountains. The small band resolved to make its way by Tuscany to the Papal States. But arrived at Bologna, they found that the news of their evasion had spread over the country, and so sharp was the look out, that Gasbaroni, being more indifferent to comfort than his companions, set off by himself, keeping to the woods and mountains till he arrived at the forest of Carpineto, in Frosinone. As to Paolis and Rinaldi, they were less fortunate. Having stumbled on their way on a carriage in which was the Countess Mariscotti, Paolis fired at the coachman, aad missing him, killed the countess. For this the two bandits were arrested, and the heads of both were cut off on the place of Bologna. Paolis ascended the scaffold smoking a cigar, but Rinaldi was far from manifesting so great an indifference to that death which he had so often inflicted on others. It is not quite certain if Gasbaroni was not one of the party, and that he fled afterwards. His wife perished from grief a week after she had been abandoned by him, but his child was removed with the widow and children of De Paolis to Rome, where it also died at an early age. As to Signora de Paolis, who was very pretty, she fell a victim to her beauty, for she was killed by a lover who had been rejected in favour of another. All the children perished one after another from sickness entailed by close confinement.

Gasbaroni took refuge at first in the hut of a shepherd well known to him, and where he remained until he had recovered from the fatigue entailed by his long and harassing journey. He had also lost his arms. So when he set forth from the shepherd's hut, restored to health, he had a stout cudgel as his only weapon, yet he managed with its aid to kill a spy whom he met on his way. Arrived at Terracina, he established communications with his brother Gennaro, who was at that time within the walls of the town with his band, awaiting an amnesty from Cardinal Gonsalvi. Gennaro having declined to take to the mountain, Antonio Gasbaroni was obliged to pass into the Neapolitan territory, where he joined the band under Massaroni, which only numbered at that time ten men.

Man cannot affront nature without suffering for it one day or another. Gasbaroni regretted to a degree, that would scarcely be expected of a bandit chief, his conduct towards his wife and child. The only relief he could obtain to his torture was in active employment. With the aid of only one comrade, a certain Pasquale de Girolami, who had been reduced

to distress by a wound and long illness, he carried off a wealthy proprietor of Terracina, for whose ransom they obtained a thousand crowns. With this sum they were enabled to decorate their persons with cartridge-girdles adorned with silver plates, with silver buttons and gold earrings. The vanity of a brigand seems to be among the most repulsive of all vanities. But nature is the same in all, no matter under what slight differences of form it may present itself—a peculiar cut or colour of garb, a waistcoat, a neck-tie, or even gold earrings.

The two bandits were thus enabled to dazzle Massaroni and his men when they returned to head-quarters, and the former was so jealous of Gasbaroni's success that he organised an expedition against the seminary of Terracina, situated on a hill outside the town. This expedition entailed the death of the father-rector, the capture of seven students, one of whom was sent home because he was wounded, and the murder of two youths in cold blood, although their ransom (four thousand crowns) had been duly received for them as well as for the others.

In 1820 a revolution in Naples drove Ferdinand I. from the throne, and an Austrian army was sent to punish the rebels. The latter, under Prince Caracosi, established relations with the bandits, the two principal bands of which were Massaroni's, in the Pontifical, and Michele Magari's, in the Neapolitan States. They were offered the village of Monticello-di-Fondi for head-quarters, and thirty sous pay per diem, if they would only harass the Austrians as the celebrated Fra Diavolo of Itri had previously done the French. Massaroni himself was accoutred in a red uniform with a captain's epaulets. It is thus that the Italian states have in all times of trouble organised brigandage, and consequently strengthened its footing in the country. Even Garibaldi himself has in his time been denounced as a brigand, and a price of thirty thousand crowns placed upon his head.

The two bands united did not at first number more than twenty-five men; but a recognised and paid banditti was another thing, and in less than a month a hundred and twenty-five criminals and outlaws came to seek employment at Monticello. They had their chaplain and their surgeon. Such as were married and had families were joined by them, others took to themselves women of Monticello. Festivities and orgies became the order of the day. A guard was mounted, it is true, and the business of the bandits was transacted at Naples by one Antonio Mattei; but as to the rest of the outlaws, they thought of nothing but indulgence in sensual and riotous debauchery. Massaroni, whose wife, Matilda, was as much given to excesses as her husband, encouraged him in his orgies, until the wound, which we have before noticed, re-opened, and he was laid up with a dangerous illness. Gasbaroni was, if anything, still more licentious in his conduct, and he spent all his money upon vile courtesans attracted to the spot by the rumours of prodigality. Poverty soon obliged him to have recourse to the highway—a proceeding which was not precisely in the programme of their political duties at Monticello ; so government interfered, and the bandits were obliged to send four unfortunate young volunteers to be shot in their places. Even Italian consciences were shocked by such an outrage upon human nature.

When the Austrians arrived on the frontiers, the Neapolitans disappeared as if by magic, and the brigands also hastened to evacuate Monti-

cello. Gasbaroni, who was one of the last to quit the arms of his mistress, recognised among the officers who came to take possession of the place, one whom he had known at Mola-di-Gaëta in 1815, and, entering into communication with him, he obtained through his mediation an order that Monticello should continue to be an asylum for brigands.

An anonymous letter, announcing that the village would be attacked, however, induced Gasbaroni to withdraw from it shortly afterwards, and selecting fifteen of the most enterprising youths in the place, he formed a band of his own. Among those who stood by him was a priest named Nicola Tolfa, and under his guidance a descent was effected upon the monastery of Chartreux, at Frascati, and four of the monks were led off to captivity. But Nicola Tolfa, who was also employed in negotiating the ransom, fell into the hands of the authorities, and he was condemned to perpetual seclusion, while the gendarmes, following up the band, killed one of their number and wounded one of the captive monks. All that the band got by this daring exploit was some two thousand crowns. This was very little for such men as Vittori, Feodi, Girolarni, and Minocci, all of whom belonged to Gasbaroni's band, and whose heads were like his, valued at three thousand crowns.

Whilst Gasbaroni was thus plying his avocation on his own account, Monticello, where Massaroni had remained confined by illness, was invested on the night of the 21st of June by the united Pontifical and Neapolitan forces; most of the band made their escape, but Massaroni was captured, exposed on the place of Fondi, and dying the same night, his head was cut off and conveyed to Frosinone. Several other brigands were either slain or made prisoners on this occasion. One of them, Mastroluga, a man of singular ferocity, was hid in a stable, and would have escaped, but that, seeing among the sbirri a man to whom he bore a deadly enmity, he could not resist the temptation of shooting him. The rest being thus made aware of his hiding-place, rushed upon him and put him to death. It was all over, however, with what were designated as the pleasures of the enchanted Castle of Monticello; some who escaped joined the band of Magari in Naples, others returned to their homes. Mattei, whom we have before noticed as acting as secretary at Naples when the outlaws were quartered at Monticello, and who was the man who led to their extermination, was encountered by one Ugolini, a refugee from head-quarters, and was by him put to death. This Ugolini was incorporated into the sbirri, who, at that epoch, being organised into ten companies of a hundred men each, were more generally known by the name of *Centurioni*.

Gasbaroni, after his exploit at Frascati, entered upon a campaign in the Abruzzi, passing on his way the towns of Arpino and Sera, where he had the audacity to display himself in the cafés, without any one daring to molest him. Thence, after levying contributions from merchants and others, he took to the Appenines, near Leonessa. Here he and his band were surrounded by an armed force, but Gasbaroni, having remarked a certain anxiety among the shepherds of the vicinity, withdrew with his band into a rocky defile, whence they were enabled to drive off their assailants, with the loss of only two men wounded.

Winter coming on, and the mountains becoming clad with snow, the band was obliged to return to the maritime region of Frosinone. Govern-

ment was at this moment very active in putting down brigandage. All the relatives of bandits were arrested, and their houses demolished. As to Gasbaroni, he was placarded as a "tiger who devoured the hand that fed him, as well as the hand that struck him." The bandit chief, determined to show that he was not the tiger that he was represented to be, made two successive visits on the occasion of the fair at Veroli, one to the inn at Alatri, the other to the inn at the bridge of Tommacella, when they were full of people—merchants and tradesmen, priests and soldiers, women and children—and supping with them, and treating them, left every one delighted with his affability and generosity.

The peasantry were, however, influenced by the hostility of government, and began to denounce the movements of the banditti. The latter, however, soon put a stop to this by massacring all who ventured to denounce them—Magari and his band at Reisonna, Gasbaroni in Frosinone. A favourite spot had been selected by the latter for carrying on business, and this was on the high road to Naples, between Portello, the custom-house of the Neapolitan States, and Epitafio, the custom-house of the Pontifical States. Here they stopped whatever conveyances pleased their fancy which were plying between Fondi and Terracina. Among other captives thus made was an Austrian colonel and his servant. The colonel, Gutnohfen by name, wrote for his ransom, fixed at twenty thousand crowns, to the police at Terracina and to his general at Naples. The latter replied, "Ai signori briganti di Valle-Marina"—such was the superscription of the missive—that he would send twenty thousand soldiers instead of the twenty thousand crowns demanded. The general accordingly arranged with the armed force of Frosinone that the banditti should be surrounded by the former coming over the mountains to the north, whilst a strong force of Austrians advanced, also over the hills, from the Terra di Lavoro. The bandits were thus fairly entrapped; but Gasbaroni, having perceived that the troops of the Pontifical States had put white kerchiefs round their hats, so that they should be known to the Austrians, he made his band adopt the same insignia, and they were thus enabled to pass through the Austrian lines with their prisoner unscathed. Gasbaroni, fearful, however, that the Austrians might take reprisals on their families, set the colonel free—against the wishes of Vittori and others, who were desirous of putting him to death; and the latter was ever afterwards grateful to Gasbaroni, and when a general he set some of the relatives of the bandits at liberty; and when the bandit chief was himself a prisoner at Civita Vecchia in 1834, he visited him, and did everything in his power to relieve the privations of his captivity.

Upon another occasion, and in the same locality—that is to say, in the group of hills and valleys that come down to the shore between Fondi and Terracina—Gasbaroni attacked a whole brigade of gendarmerie who had ventured into the hills in pursuit of the bandits, and put them to flight, killing four and wounding many others.

Gasbaroni made his second campaign in the Abruzzi in the summer of 1822, and upon this occasion he lost his lieutenant, Vittori, who was shot in an ambuscade by the Neapolitan gendarmerie. Gasbaroni himself received a ball through the leg and arm in the winter of the same year, as he was stooping to pick up his rifle, not far from Terracina. He was obliged, in consequence, to lay up in a hut near Monticello. It is said

that the ointment procured at Fondi for dressing his wounds was poisoned by the authorities. This having failed, a strong party was organised to capture him in his retreat, but Gasbaroni, having received intelligence of the movement, had himself transported to another mountain, whence he could contemplate at his ease the arrival of the armed force, and their useless exploration of the hut and the surrounding woods.

A third campaign was entered upon in 1823, Gasbaroni having recovered from his wounds. Nay, so perfectly had he recovered his health, that seeing one day some women busy gathering wood in the forest, he bade his band bring them in. Never was order obeyed with greater alacrity. Gasbaroni, as usual, selected the prettiest; but she was as virtuous as she was fair, and opposing force to the approaches of the bandit, Gasbaroni got into such a passion that he put the unfortunate young woman to death.

Luckily the accursed bandit was not always so sanguinarily disposed. Meeting a noble lady on horseback accompanied by only one servant, he arrested her, and demanded a ransom of two thousand crowns. But the lady declaring that her husband, although wealthy, did not like her sufficiently to pay a ransom to procure her freedom, Gasbaroni was so much amused by the incident that he consented to set the lady at liberty on condition that she would give him information regarding the whereabouts and resources of her relatives. The lady appears to have been nothing loth, and he was enabled by these means to obtain possession of the persons of the intendant of Prince Colonna and of his son-in-law, and a ransom of two thousand crowns—a feat which, however, cost him dear.

The victims, on their liberation, set all the sbirri of Palestrina and Anagni on the traces of the robbers, who were caught in an ambuscade, and in the skirmish that ensued, although the sbirri were driven off, Gasbaroni received a third wound, this time in the back and shoulders. He was once more obliged to lay up, selecting the territory of Veroli until he was cured, after which he descended into the maritime districts, where he learned from the peasants that a plan had been organised for capturing him during the winter in the farm of Pia, a spot situated at the extremity of the Pontine marshes, not far from Terracina, and close to the high road to Frosinone, but sheltered by two deep streams and beds of reeds, and which was one of the favourite resorts of the banditti. Here they were invaded on Shrove Tuesday, 1824, by a strong force of dragoons, gendarmes, and sbirri. But Gasbaroni's luck did not fail him; fearing a plot, he had withdrawn to the forest of Rocca-Secca, and the rest of the band escaped by a ford over the Amazeno, which had been left unguarded, after killing one of the sbirri. Soon afterwards, Gasbaroni revenged himself for the treachery of the peasants of the Pia farm by putting four of them to death, and burning down the house of one of the leaders of the armed force.

These incidents happened at the epoch when Leo XII. had just succeeded to Pope Pius VII., and all attempts to conciliate the brigands were frustrated by the inveterate animosity of Gasbaroni. The latter, after massacring the peasants at Pia, withdrew to the hills of Piperno, where he stopped the diligence, but only got seven hundred crowns and a sackful of sweetmeats. The band was in return pursued by the gendarmerie, who were, however, beaten off. This done, they took their way

to the Strado d'Appia, at the entrance to which they stumbled upon an English carriage, which they stopped and plundered of eighty crowns, a gold watch, and a good deal of linen. A shepherd, upon whose person some of this linen was afterwards discovered, was hung in consequence.

In 1824, the episcopacy of Frosinone was converted into a legation, and the bishop was succeeded by Cardinal Pallotta, who removed the seat of jurisdiction to Ferentino, and at the same time relaxed the laws against brigandage. This was, indeed, the golden age of bandits. Gasbaroni and his band were enabled, under the new edict, to spend the nights in villages and country-houses, enjoying unlimited hospitality. But this happy state of things was soon put an end to by Gasbaroni's violence, he having penetrated with his band into the church of Pisterzo, on the occasion of the celebration of grand mass on Ascension-day, and massacred the governor, who had manifested great hostility to bandits. A thing incomprehensible without the Pontifical States, the archpriest, who was performing mass at the time, invited Gasbaroni and his band to dinner after the murder. Cardinal Pallotta, however, sent his commissary to Pisterzo, to levy a fine of five hundred crowns for the scenes enacted there, as also the same sum at Veroli, where Minocci and his band had been ravaging the women.

Cardinal Pallotta was succeeded by Monsignore Benvenuti, who showed much greater vigour in suppressing brigandage. Gasbaroni, after enjoying himself some time at Piperno, had taken up his quarters in the forest of Caserta, a vast wood which stretches from near Terracina to Rome, a distance of seventy miles, and is designated, according to the towns it neighbours, forest of Terracina, of San Felice, of Cisterna, of Nettuno, of Campo Morto, and of Conca. The high road, known as the Strada d'Appio, is carried along the line of demarcation between this forest and the Pontine Marshes. The first capture made was of two Austrian officers; but as no ransom was to be got, they were robbed and allowed to depart. A next exploit was the capture of a wealthy proprietor in his own mansion at Montellanico, and who was ransomed for four thousand crowns, besides considerable booty found on the premises.

Treachery began at this epoch to manifest itself among the bandits. First, one Bracci slew another bandit named Iranelli, and took his head to Frosinone in order to pocket the reward. Next, a traitor of the name of Ciovaglia, not only carried the head of his comrade Mandatori to Frosinone, but he also denounced the movements of the banditti, and the names of their accomplices. This was followed by Olivieri and Vittori slaying the bandit Orsini, and then enrolling themselves among the sbirri. The most fatal of all betrayals was, however, that of the shepherd Vallecorsa, who, to save the life of his brother, denounced the whereabouts of Minocci and his small detachment. They were surrounded, and Minocci, Simoni, Grammana, and Percari were slain, and Feodi was grievously wounded.

It happened with Gasbaroni's band just as with Minocci's. The brother of a shepherd, named Mangiapelo, had been condemned to death for having linen taken from the English carriage on his person. Mangiapelo denounced the whereabouts of Gasbaroni in order to save his brother's life. All the available force at Frosinone was accordingly

despatched in three detachments into the forest of Caserta. The consequence was that the bandits were obliged to disperse in various directions, and many fell victims to the treachery of their own comrades. Gasbaroni made his escape into the territory of Naples, with only six of his band remaining.

Disorganisation of the banditti once set in, it proceeded at a quick pace. On the 15th of July, 1825, Feodi and a small detachment, betrayed by a peasant, were caught in an ambuscade by the civic guard of Naples; two of the bandits were killed, and Feodi, wounded, was made prisoner, and perished in tortures in the Place of Pastena. The system of exportation of the families of bandits had also been once more put in force, and tended to increase the already existing demoralisation. Gasbaroni's last murder was that of a shepherd, who had betrayed his band at Predaporci, near Terracina. He had some time previously fallen in love with the daughter of a well-to-do peasant of Sonnino—Gertruda Demarchis by name. His affection was returned; and the two used often to meet in the daytime, for at night the girl could not get out, the gates of Sonnino being closed. In the fervour of his new passion the veteran bandit was induced to listen to promises of amnesty held out by Monsignore Pellegrini, sent to the legation by the secretary of state with especial power to seduce the bandits from their evil ways. An interview with the prelate was arranged near Monticello. Gasbaroni stipulated at this interview that the church of Madonna della Pieta, situated close to the gates of Sonnino, should be ceded to him and to his little band until the terms of the amnesty could be arranged. This was granted; the prelate knew that all that Gasbaroni sought for was to be with his beloved Gertruda Demarchis, and he felt sure of his victim. Gasbaroni was soon afterwards joined at the church, which served as an asylum, by the rest of his band, as also by that of Magari. On the 19th of September, 1825, the prelate Pellegrini dined with the assembled bandits, eight of whom agreed, upon the faith of his promises, to lay down their arms, and to proceed to Rome under his safeguard. Gasbaroni was one of the eight.

Arrived at the capital, they were confined in Fort San Angelo, whilst Gertruda, who had been promised in marriage to Gasbaroni by the prelate, as a reward for his submission, was removed to another place. The number of prisoners was soon increased by other submissions brought about by the same fallacious promises. On the 24th of May, 1826, Gasbaroni and ten others were removed to Civita Vecchia, and they remained there until the Revolution of 1848, when they were removed, first to Rocca di Spolett, and then to Civita-Castellana.

There were fifty brigands in Gasbaroni's band in the pontifical states, and eight in Magari's in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1824. Out of the first-mentioned fifty, seventeen were killed or betrayed, eight by the gendarmes or their acolytes, nine by peasants; seven were betrayed by their own comrades. All the rest capitulated, and must have since died in prison. On the 18th of November, 1866, Gasbaroni was still alive, with seven only of his band and one Neapolitan; but he was racked by rheumatism contracted in damp dungeons; his beard was white as snow; his teeth were gone; and he was awaiting to appear before that judgment-seat which may be more merciful than that of men, but where he had much to account for.

THE DEEPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE FOURTEENTH.

I.

SUSAN'S LAST APPEAL.

MRS. ASHTON was very busy with her cutting out; it was longcloth now, and she was carefully snipping it into tiny garments called shirts, only unless you had been told what they were you would never have found it out from their appearance and contour; Grace was out, taking down the names of such poor women as were especially desirous to place an infant in the nursery as soon as it should be opened, when Josiah came in fresh from a committee meeting, at which he had agreed to sundry propositions without knowing in the least what they were. The cutter-out looked up from her work.

"You are tired, I am afraid, with all these meetings," she said, glancing at his face.

"No, not very. How are you getting on, Mrs. Ashton?"

"Oh, very nicely. I have given out sixty-four little shirts to the sewing party this morning. The longcloth is so broad that I can get two out of the width; if I did not do so, there would be a great piece wasted."

"Yes, certainly, that would be desirable," Josiah answered, rather at random. "Where is Grace?"

"Gone out to visit the poor mothers who wish to take advantage of the nursery—to find out those who are most in need of some assistance in taking care of their children. She has been gone about an hour."

Josiah sighed.

"Does the house feel dull and empty to you without her?" he asked, in his abrupt way."

"Yes, indeed, more than dull and empty. I found her late, after a very long separation, but it seems as if no daughter ever was to a mother what my Grace is to me. I dare not even think of what life would be to me without her."

Josiah turned round suddenly.

"There, you have just expressed my own feeling," he said then. "I, too, do not dare to look into a future apart from Grace."

Mrs. Ashton paused for a moment before she answered him.

"This does not in the least take me by surprise; it is some time now since I saw it first."

"And Grace, does she know? Does she suspect?"

"Probably she may have some idea that you love her, but I would not advise you to hurry matters on. She has had a great deal to suffer, and she may not just now be prepared to receive a new and absorbing subject into her mind."

"But you give me hope; you do not tell me to despair?"

Josiah's eyes grew bright with eagerness as he held his breath to listen to the answer.

"No. I think that you deserve to win her, and that in time you will probably be successful. There is a French proverb, is there not, about everything being possible to him who has patience to wait? But, oh, Josiah!" with a sudden change of tone, "you will not, in any case, separate her from me, will you?"

"Certainly not," he answered, emphatically. "My home is yours as long as we both live."

"But perhaps you don't know," the poor mother falteringly continued, "how dark a cloud has rested on me, all through my own sin and wickedness. It may come back; I am not always sure that it is gone." And she looked half fearfully round the room.

Josiah was naturally kind-hearted, and as he caught sight of her restless eyes and agitated face, he forgot for a moment the acuteness of his own trouble, and only thought of soothing and comforting her.

"My office requires me to rebuke the sinful and impenitent," he said, gently, "and to comfort all who are convinced of sin. I am sure that you are deeply penitent for the sins of the past; accept from my mouth the assurance that they will not be remembered against you, either in this world or in the world to come. I feel certain that in any case Grace will not be separated from you while you both live; she cleaves to you like Ruth to Naomi, and I promise that if I should ever be so happy as to have a right to influence her, I will never remove her from you, even for a day."

She looked at him with eyes that had lost their wild and woful expression, and were filled with tears. She took his hand and pressed it in both of hers without saying a word; but from that moment Josiah possessed in her the strongest partisan that Fate could possibly have given him. If his words of comfort and sympathy had been dictated by the most profound and far-seeing cunning, they could not have been better adapted to further the one intense desire of his heart, or of that unregenerate corner of it that he had found out lately.

That evening Mrs. Ashton began to plead Josiah's cause, telling Grace what she knew already, that not one man out of a thousand, raised to great wealth from absolute poverty, would have willingly, and as a matter of course, handed over his fortune to the poor.

"Not one in a thousand," she repeated, emphatically, "no matter what his profession of Christianity might have been."

"We all know that," Grace answered; "but I, at least, had some insight into his character, and some idea that he would do as he has done."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes; when he first told us that he could not afford to keep up a large establishment, I knew perfectly well that he had devoted his fortune either to the poor or to the heathen, the spiritually poor."

"I am glad to hear you say so, love, because it shows that you understand him thoroughly, exceptional though his character may be, and undoubtedly is. I do not believe that there is one among his whole circle of acquaintances who understands and appreciates him as you do."

Grace was silent and a little uncomfortable; the conversation was taking a turn that she did not like.

But day after day, and week after week, it took the same turn, however it might begin. Josiah was always the one person who understood Grace, and Grace was always the one person who appreciated Josiah, the effect of which mutual understanding was that Grace got rather tired of hearing him talked about in connexion with herself, and was inclined to wish that they could leave off appreciating each other.

One evening, when the tea was on the table, and Josiah and the two ladies were discussing the great event of the morrow—the opening of one wing of the nursery—there came a ring at the door-bell, very sharp and jerky, and rather like one of those appeals known to indignant domestics as "runaways." It was answered by the prim and tidy housemaid, who immediately afterwards retreated from the door and entered the parlour with a scared and shocked expression of face. Being questioned as to who had rung the bell, she answered that she did not know, that they had gone away, and had actually left upon the door-step a live baby!

"And have you let it stay there, in a north wind?" Josiah hastily demanded; and, without waiting for a reply, he hurried into the passage, and returned in a few moments with a brown-paper parcel in his arms. The contents of the parcel were evident by reason of a very small head, covered with a flannel hood, that protruded from it. In other respects the child had been packed up much as the baby of an Indian squaw is prepared for a journey through the forest. Mrs. Ashton, in whose mind the maternal sentiment had reawakened with singular vividness, stretched out her hands to take the queer little bundle from Josiah, and began to undo the string that secured the sheet of brown paper. When this was removed, a very small and very wizened baby was disclosed, dressed in a long white frock and a flannel wrapper and hood. The little creature's head appeared to be too large and heavy for its body, and was covered with a kind of fluffy down; its face was preternaturally old and wrinkled, with brown staring eyes and a creased forehead; its hands were little claws, and its arms were red and skinny.

"Poor little creature! it cannot have been properly fed," Mrs. Ashton declared; "but it looks very clean, and its frock is of fine material."

She was examining the latter article, when she suddenly perceived a letter pinned to the baby's frock; she took out the pin, and found, to her great surprise, that the letter was directed to Miss Grace Ashton. Grace had concluded, as they all did, that this was some child deserted by its mother, who hoped that it would be fed and sheltered in the new nursery, and she had been looking at it with a pitying and half-curious gaze, as young women who have had no experience with infants will often look at a very small and sickly specimen of the genus. But when she saw the letter she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and stretched out her hand for it eagerly. She knew the writing well; it had been often sent to Mr. Renshaw as hers, while she was still obliged to bear a name that was not her own. It was the writing of Susan Marsh.

"Dear Grace," it began, "I am writing to you in my sore need and trouble, because I do not know who else to ask to take pity on baby, now that I am soon going to be taken from her. I am with friends that are kind to me, but I cannot leave her with any sort of confidence to them,

and she is your own flesh and blood, your twin-brother's child, and I think you will have pity on her, and save her from being sent to the workhouse. Dear Grace, you were always good-hearted, and when we lived at Basnet I did what I could for you, and tried very hard to persuade you to be sensible, and to accept the good things that Providence put into our very mouths, only you would not see it so. I have never understood how it was that everything was found out, and I have never once seen Robert since I left Basnet. I found a refuge with some friends, but they are poor and out of luck, though they mean kindly by me, and I tried to do all I could, as I was such an expense to them, and I got about too soon after baby was born, and took a cold with shiverings, and it settled on my chest and turned to inflammation, and I know I shall not be here much longer. I breathe very short, and I can only write this a little at a time. Dear Grace, you will not refuse to take baby, she will be so fond of you, and will repay you for what you do for her; she has such pretty eyes, with long eyelashes like yours. She is thin and poorly, for I could not nurse her after I was taken ill, and the milk that we get is bad, and though we thicken it with flour it does not do much more than keep her alive. If she had good milk from a dairy she would soon come round. Oh, I wish I could see her looking plump and well, but I know I shall be gone before that time comes. I should like her to be christened Mary, after my mother, and to be brought up to be respectable, but not to be too good, for that was the ruin of me. It is so hard for the young to think that they must deny themselves everything nice and pleasant, or else go to the bad place. It seems better to give up the bird in the bush, and to take what pleasure you can, while it is to be had. Dear Grace, I trust her to you, and I feel as if I could die happily, only I shall miss her so at night. Do not try to find me out; and if you know anything of Robert, get him to leave England quietly, and to give baby up altogether to you. Kiss her for me; she has a double set of clothes on, as you will find. I am so tired. Tell her, when she is older, that I loved her very much. Thank you for what you will do for her.

"Your grateful

"SUSAN."

The ink varied in its shades of colour, showing that only short portions of the letter had been written at one time. Grace's eyes filled with tears as she stooped to kiss the shrivelled cheek of the queer little atom. Mrs. Ashton was bewildered.

"You never told me that Robert's wife was likely to have a baby," she said to Grace.

"No, mamma; but I knew that it was so, and I have often wondered what had become of poor Susan; the whole subject is so very painful that we have both felt it better not to discuss it, at least for the present. But this little one belongs to us by right, and we must do all we can for her. Do you think that she will live?"

Mrs. Ashton made no answer; she was hushing the baby on her knee, with strange, sad recollections of the time when she had held in her arms feeble little infants of her own, and had watched them fade and die.

"Grace," she said, softly, "I feel that this is really something of our own flesh and blood, and oh, I am so sorry for the poor mother!"

Josiah spoke now. "She is doubly welcome here," he said, "for your sakes, and for His who loved little children. We will do all that is possible for her, and if, after all, she is taken away in infancy, we will believe that this world's ways would have been too hard and thorny for her."

Grace thanked him with a look, and Mrs. Ashton, even in the midst of her surprise and bewilderment, did not lose the opportunity of privately pointing out to Grace the exceptional kindliness of Josiah's nature.

"Most young men think babies such bores, dear; even young women do, before they have had one of their own; but he only sees in this little creature something that wants help, and he is ready to give it directly."

"He is very kind," Grace answered, briefly.

She could not fail to understand the tendency of such remarks as these, or to see that there was an understanding between her mother and Josiah, and that their desires pointed in one direction. She would not have been a true woman had she failed to perceive the love that she had unconsciously awakened, or had she been in any degree indifferent to it; do not believe that a true and womanly woman can ever be indifferent to love, though she may be quite unable to return it. In Grace's case the discovery smote her with a keen sense of pain, opening the old sore that had been very thinly healed over, making her live again through that short span of restless happiness on which the shadow of a stormy future was already falling. She would fain have had the dead past bury its dead, but every nameless sign of a love, to which she could not respond, brought back with strange vividness the memory of those days when earth had seemed so much brighter, and heaven so much nearer, because she loved, and was loved again. She did not say to herself, "I will not marry Josiah because I cannot love him," for to her mind the idea of marriage included and pre-supposed the idea of love. She only felt that love was impossible; she did not so much as reason with herself that the marriage was therefore impossible. When we know that a person is dead, we know that he cannot walk and talk as usual, and we know it so well that we do not reason about it. He is dead, and that is enough for us; Grace knew that she did not love Josiah, and that was enough for her.

The baby was baptised by Josiah, and received the name of Mary. He hoped, in set phrases, after the manner of the school, that she would resemble the three Marys of Scripture—she who was blessed among women, she who sat at the feet of the Divine Teacher, and she who was the earliest at the door of the empty sepulchre. But this Mary seemed destined rather to join that happy company of little children whose angels behold always the face of our Father in heaven. In spite of the utmost care, she drooped and wailed continually, always seeking, it would seem, for something that never came. New milk was bought for her from a dairy of unimpeached integrity, but she did not thrive upon it; various kinds of food for infants were purchased for her, but with still worse success; and the little creature pined away, in the midst of unceasing care and attention. Grace had never been associated with a very young child until now, and all the instincts of maternity seemed to be suddenly awakened in her nature, as she watched and tended this

one. She had had no experience with infants, and she hoped against hope; but Mrs. Ashton feared that the child had but little chance of life. And so the winter passed away, or at least the darkest portion of it, and Josiah's love was still unspoken.

II.

DEARLY BOUGHT SUCCESS.

But silence does not last for ever, and Josiah broke through his at length, and on this wise. He had written a sermon to be preached on the following Sunday, and he read over the leading portions of it, as was often his custom now, to Grace and Mrs. Ashton, that he might have the advantage of their opinion and criticism. The subject of the sermon was the imitation of Christ; and the doctrine enforced by the preacher was the orthodox one, that at all times and in all places we should fix the eyes of our mind upon the Great Example, striving to do and say what He would have done and said under circumstances similar to ours. Josiah treated the subject, as usual, with a certain breadth and originality, that freshened the old idea, but did not make it less distasteful to Grace.

"I differ from you altogether," she said, when he had concluded. "It seems to me that this kind of copying from a given pattern would reduce us to the level of mere machines, and would be valueless, after all. The true imitation of Christ must be something quite different from this, and I believe that we attain to it when our hearts are so filled with love to Him, that spites, and resentments, and angry passions fade and die out of them because there is no room left for such things any more. This is as different as possible from the servile and mechanical copying that has degenerated, as the history of the world tells us, into most lamentable burlesques."

Josiah's reply was conclusive. He did not say that she had thrown a new light upon his theology, and that he was not too bigoted to receive it; but he put his sermon in the fire, with one end in a convenient hollow, among the blazing coals. Mrs. Ashton made an attempt to save it, but she was a moment too late.

"Let it be," he said, putting back her arm; "I will write a better one, with God's blessing. Grace, you have given me a higher idea than any that I had yet attained to, and one that must have shone into your mind from the fountain of light itself. Once I was so presumptuous as to think that you were dwelling in darkness and in the shadow of death, and that I could lead and guide you, and all the while you were learning a far higher wisdom than mine."

"No—oh no," Grace interrupted, eagerly. "By their fruits ye shall know them, and I know you by yours. On points of doctrine I may differ from you; but the rare argument of an unselfish life is one that can never be answered."

She held out her hand for his, and pressed it warmly; she forgot for a moment all those signs of scarcely repressed passion that had stirred up the troubled waters of her memory—she only remembered the one noble instance of unselfishness that he had given to the world.

But then Josiah spoke.

"Grace," he said, retaining her hand, "you put it there yourself; let it stay there altogether. You have confessed to me, and I to you, that our intercourse with each other acts upon our souls for good; in what better words could we agree to live and work together to the end?"

But he thought he could feel her hand grow cold in his, and she withdrew it, not in sudden confusion, but with a kind of composure that struck upon Josiah's hopes; he held to them, however, all the faster.

"Perhaps it is better that you should speak plainly," she said then, "and that I should answer you once for all. I have no love to give you in return for yours. Do not press me to say more; surely, surely, that should be enough."

Mrs. Ashton was looking at her with pleading eyes, but Grace was not even conscious of her gaze; she was looking back into the past, and what she saw there absorbed her thoughts so completely that the present scarcely troubled her.

"That is not enough," Josiah answered, steadily. "I am content to wait for love, and to believe that it will come. The Great Example poured out His love upon us without waiting till we could return it, and in time it did its work, and kindled love again, as surely as one flame kindles another. I am content to do the same, with full faith in the result. No, don't answer now;" for he saw that she was about to speak.

But Grace wanted to be quite sure that she understood him.

"Is it possible that you can really, in any case, sanction a marriage that is not hallowed by love?"

"No," he answered, at once. "I should think it a dreadful thing to marry one who could not love me, but I will be satisfied for the present with the degree of love and affection that you have already shown me, believing that the love which belongs to marriage will come with marriage itself. I will not be exigent, Grace; I know how much you have suffered; give me what you have to give, and time shall win me all the rest. But don't answer now."

Grace thought it better to do so, however.

"There is one subject," she said, "on which I never thought to speak again——"

She paused for a moment.

"Do not speak about it now or at any future time, if it gives you pain," Josiah implored.

"It is better that I should tell you—and you too, mamma," as she met Mrs. Ashton's look of entreaty. "Before I went with my cousin on that visit to Deepdale that brought death to her, and long months of suffering to me——"

Josiah knew what was coming now, and he would not let her go on.

"I know," he interrupted, "and I do not want you to tell it. You went there full of hope, with every prospect of happiness before you, and the conspiracy to which you fell a victim separated you from your betrothed. Do not speak of it, but believe, dear Grace, that the future shall atone for the past. Oh, do believe it!"

Mrs. Ashton looked at her with a perplexed and pained expression.

"I never heard of this," she said, presently.

"But I did," Josiah interrupted. "Mr. Renshaw mentioned the cir-

cumstance when he told me that Grace had reasons for wishing to live in retirement for the present."

He paused here, fearing to give additional pain by touching on this sore subject. But Mrs. Ashton did not yet understand it.

"Why should the conspiracy have separated you from your betrothed, if you really loved each other, Grace? Ah, I begin to see how it was; he believed you to be dead, and then——"

"Yes, mamma, you were going to say it. He believed me to be dead, and then he entered into another engagement. No one has a right to blame him."

"No; but I must blame myself now for this as well as for all the rest! Oh, Grace, whatever you have to bear, be thankful that you have so little to blame yourself for, because that is the sharpest pang of all!"

She covered her face with both her hands, and sank into an attitude of utter despondency; and Grace, fearing lest all the good that had been done should now be lost or endangered, made every effort to soothe and console her, seconded by Josiah, who had thus no further opportunity of pleading his own cause, at least for the present.

But Mrs. Ashton, when she was sufficiently composed to think calmly over the subject, saw two things very clearly—first, that Grace's lover could not have been worthy of her, since he had so speedily replaced her by falling in love with some one else; and secondly, that as she had been, indirectly, concerned in robbing Grace of her prospects of earthly happiness, she must now strenuously endeavour to repair the evil, and must live in earnest hope that death would not be permitted to close her eyes until she had seen Grace a happy wife. Her thoughts dwelt constantly on this one subject, and out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke often, and to the purpose. Josiah said very little—he feared to give pain—but his love was of the restless and passionate kind that refuses to be hidden, and it might have been said of him, as of Juliet, that he spoke, though he said nothing. And presently Grace began to feel that continual dropping can wear away a stone.

She had very little time for reading now, but she never failed to look every day at the list of marriages in the *Times*, hoping, as she always told herself that the name of William Brooks might appear among them, and that her time of retirement was at an end. Whether she told herself the exact truth when she called this feeling a "hope," is a point on which we cannot decide with certainty; no notice of the marriage had as yet appeared, and so she did not write to her friends, as she would in that case have done, with the particulars of her present circumstances and address. Once the word "Deepdale," in capital letters, arrested her attention among the advertisements on the first sheet of the newspaper, and she read and re-read the following words:

"Deepdale.—G. A. is earnestly requested to send her address to J. Renshaw, at Deepdale, and to believe that she is concealing it under a mistaken idea, and that he has reasons of the utmost importance for making this request."

"Under a mistaken idea!" She thought she knew what this meant very well indeed. Good, kind Mr. Renshaw had busied himself in her affairs with the best intentions, and had probably succeeded in convincing William Brooks that it would be his duty to fulfil his first engagement.

As Grace pondered over these things, she unconsciously crushed up the newspaper in both her hands, and Mrs. Ashton, who just then came into the room, was surprised to find her gazing intently into the fire, with the crushed and battered journal on her knee.

"My love, the newspaper-boy will be here in ten minutes for the *Times*, and see how you have spoilt it!"

"Have I? We must pay for it, then," Grace answered; and presently added, "I really think that unintentional injuries are the worst"—a remark that Mrs. Ashton thought must refer to the injured newspaper.

They were still speaking when they heard the voice of Josiah and the name of Miss Ashton. "She will be glad to do it for you, I am sure," he was saying; "come in and ask her yourself." He opened the door immediately afterwards and came into the room, followed by Stephens with a parcel in his hand. He showed Grace a list of names, many of which were familiar to her now, and were associated in her mind with poverty, squalor, and uncleanliness.

"These here is about the wust in the parish," Stephens explained. "I've got a grant of tracks for 'em from the society, and I can send round convenient to each house to-morrow, as there won't be no day-school in the morning, and the scholars can take 'em out instead. If you'd be so kind as to make up the tracks and direct 'em, one track of each kind to every name on the list, you'd be doing a act of Christian charity; not as we ought to take credit to ourselves for what we does, miss."

Grace promised to do what he asked her, though she had little belief in the efficacy of the tract system.

"Both of these here has been wery much blest," Stephens continued; "there's words in season in 'em. One's called the Dedicated Soot-bag, by a Conwerted Sweep; there's real experience in that. T'other's a good un, too—Lessons from Bedlam; or, Sermons by an Enlightened Lunatic; and it was really wrote by one, miss."

"I dare say," Grace assented, dryly.

"And one of his keepers got conwerted by him, and is a patient there now himself through fretting night and day over his sins; so you see even a lunatic may have his spere of usefulness, miss, and may bring others to serious thought."

Grace, in the mean time, had been absently touching the tracts.

"Don't you think," she asked, "that as the scholars will be disengaged, they might manage to take out some heavier parcels—something with the tracts? I should like to send a pound of soap to every one of those houses, if it would not be overtasking the children."

Stephens stood aghast.

"Soap, miss!" he ejaculated. "What next? It's something for their souls as I wants to send 'em, and you wouldn't go for to mix up soap with it, would you? There ain't nothing about soap in the Scripture, nor starch, nor soda, nor blue-bag, as ever I heard of."

"No," Grace replied. "But it is by improving their condition, and making war upon dirt and disease, that we may hope to raise these poor people to a higher level, and fit them for receiving the Gospel message."

Stephens turned round to Josiah.

"To think as I should ever hear such doctrine in an 'ouse of yours, sir!" he exclaimed, reproachfully. "Salvation through soap!—the Gospel in a wash-tub! Then when Paul went for to preach to the Gentiles, I suppose he must have took a portable laundry with his luggage and a gross of clothes-pegs in his carpet-bag? This is what we're coming to now, in these here days of unbelief and reason-worship; it's wus than popery, that's wot it is. I'd rather believe in the sign of the cross itself than in the sign of the clothes-prop."

He emphasised his remark by spitting into the coal-scuttle, as Josiah's carpeted floor presented unusual difficulties in the way of this expression of his feelings.

"We'll send the soap another time," Josiah interposed. "It was a kind thought of Miss Ashton's, although I cannot admit either cleanliness, or morality, or any other good thing, as a preparation for Christianity," he added, looking at Grace with a smile. "We'll send the tracts now, and Miss Ashton's present in a little time."

"No, sir, no," Stephens replied, gathering up his tracts; "we won't have no temporising, no mixin' up of suds and souls. I'll find ways to get them tracks directed, without troubling them as would like to put a wash-house between the poor and heaven. I did think as your hair would have rose on your head, sir, at the mention of such a doctrine. It's wus to me than home-made sausages—a beastlier idea!"

He metaphorically shook the dust from his feet, and departed.

"What a dreadful fellow!"

"How can you tolerate him!"

These exclamations from the two ladies followed the slam of the street-door.

"He is terribly unrefined and uneducated," Josiah replied; "but still he is a very hard worker in the parish, a vestryman and churchwarden, and a thoroughly safe man to resist to the utmost any Romanising innovations. The standard of education here is very low, and Stephens is thought a great deal of as the leader of a party in the parish. He rather patronised me when I lodged with him; but just imagine what my predecessor, a Highchurchman, must have suffered from him! He means well, and is active on the right side; and I think I must call on him to-day, and make him understand that Grace did not intend to put cleanliness in the place of godliness—that is the idea that he has gone off with."

And, in fact, by taking very great pains, Josiah succeeded in convincing this zealous champion of the narrowest form of Christianity, that Miss Ashton was not resolutely opposed to the doctrines and precepts of the New Testament. Josiah was especially anxious to avoid any strifes and divisions in that section of the parish which he especially headed, and presently his efforts so far prevailed, that Stephens half apologised for having been too hasty in his judgment, and gave him a list of books and other things which he needed for the school.

"And please, sir," Stephens continued, "don't forget to horder two 'undred of them 'a-penny books with green covers, published by the Society for Promoting a stricter Observance of the Sabbath."

"What is the name of the book?" Josiah asked, taking out his tablets and a pencil.

"I can't call it to mind at this moment, sir; but there's a picter on the cover as you may know it by, of Satan a-contemplating of a clean pocket-handkercher, and a-howling over it with rage and despair, because the little boy with a cold had resisted the temptation to blow his nose on Sunday."

"I will order the book if you have found it useful," Josiah replied; "but the instance given appears to be rather an extreme one, works of necessity being permitted on the Sabbath."

"Yes, sir, because of the weakness of the flesh; but who knows how far the spirit can triumph over it till they tries? You don't suppose as Adam in Paradise ever left off his dewotions to use a handkercher? Such inwentions came in with the Fall, and was never wanted before, nor wouldn't be now, leastways of a Sunday, if our minds was wholly give to 'eavenly hobjects. I've a little boy in the school wot always blows his nose double of a Saturday night to save needless work on the Sabbath, and that same boy used once to fetch his mother's dinner from the bake 'us every Sunday morning of his sinful life!"

"I wish we could close the bakehouses altogether on Sundays," Josiah observed; "but as to the use of a pocket-handkerchief, I really think that, in this climate, and with the complaints that are prevalent in the winter, it becomes to most persons a positive necessity, even during the hours of divine service."

The sausage-maker shook his head reproachfully.

"Oh, sir, is it any wonder as worldly people derides us, when we sits in the sanctuary a-thinking of our noses instead of our sins? To think of the luxuries wot we must perwide ourselves with and carry about with us, all for the poor perishing body, as will soon be in a climate where we shan't ketch no more colds, if we would only remember it!"

During this particular epoch of Grace's life, she worked with great diligence in furtherance of Josiah's plans for the good of humanity—plans to which Josiah himself now gave nothing but outside attention. He did all that he was expected to do, and it was certainly a great deal; but he was glad when his work was over, and his attention released from duties in which he had once found so much pleasure and interest. Grace was beginning to take his place in the thinking and planning department; he wondered how it was that she took so vivid and personal an interest in the very poor and the deplorably ignorant, forgetting how his own heart had warmed to the work not so very long ago. He was concerned about the baby, that did not thrive, although it had now been nearly a month under the care of Grace and her mother, and one or other of them was almost always watching it. Its limbs were wofully thin and shrunken-looking, and its head appeared unnaturally large to Josiah; he thought it might as well have grown strong, as Grace was fond of it and anxious about it; it seemed as if the very fact of her loving it ought to make it expand into a fair and blooming baby.

One evening, Grace had been proposing to her mother that they should try some new kind of food, said to be a remedy for all the ills of babyhood, and had listened to Mrs. Ashton's opinion, which was unfavourable to any such experiments.

"I wish we could think of anything that would do her good," she said, wistfully.

"I wish so, too, dear; but I fear that the little creature misses her mother, and will not be brought up by us."

"Could we not engage some poor woman to nurse her? I know one who has lost her own baby."

Grace made the suggestion with an anxious face.

"I fear it would be useless; the poor child has forgotten all about her mother by this time, and does not know what it is that she misses. But, Grace, I did not know that you were so fond of little children. Did you know it yourself, or have you only found it out now?"

"I always liked children, mamma, but I had not been much in the way of very little ones. If baby is to be taken, I shall miss her, oh, so much!"

"Then think, my dear, how greatly you will miss all those sweet home ties that are so essential to a woman's happiness, unless she is unnaturally self-sufficient. Just think for a moment how you will be able to endure a loveless life, with none of the tender cares and anxieties that occupy a mother's attention every day and all day long, but also with none of the true heart-sunshine that falls upon her lot. Ah, Grace! do you remember the poem you were reading the other day on the coronation of Queen Victoria, and how the poet wished her, as the greatest possible happiness, to enjoy the blessings that fall to the lot of happy peasants?"

"Why do you tell me of these things?" Grace asked, falteringly.

But she knew why all the time, and her mother's words made the future look very dark and dreary to her. And just a little while afterwards, Josiah was warned by some nameless instinct that if he spoke again he would have a better chance; and he did speak accordingly. He did not tell Grace how much he loved her, because she knew that already; but he wisely told her how much she was to him, how much she could do for him, how happy she could make him by consenting to unite her lot with his. Grace answered him with grave composure.

"It is better that I should reply fully and frankly. You know how it happened that my prospects of earthly happiness were destroyed by what took place at Deepdale; but I think you ought to realise to yourself as fully as possible the effect that this must have upon my future life. I do not think that I could ever love again; and I do think that where there is a strong and passionate attachment on one side only, the seeds of unhappiness are sown, and only need to be developed by circumstances. Still it is quite true, as my mother says, that a lonely single life must be dreary and loveless as time goes on, and that I am, perhaps, even less fitted for it than the generality of women. And if, after this warning, you like to take me as I am, knowing how very little I have to give, I will try to do my duty in all respects, and I think that such a life will probably grow into a pleasanter one for me than the solitary life I spoke of. But my advice to you would certainly be not to enter upon such a marriage as this. The chances of happiness are sadly against you, because you love, and it is principally through our affections that we can suffer. I am tolerably safe, because Fate has already done the very worst that it can do for me."

Such an answer would have daunted any suitor, unless he happened to be obtuse, mercenary, or hopelessly blinded by passion. Josiah was in this last predicament, and from all that Grace had said he only perceived

one thing clearly, that she was willing to accept him, with a certain understanding between them. He seized this idea with all the powers of his mind; he had no perceptions left to expend upon the conditions, but passed over their existence at once.

"You make me so very happy," he said, "that I have no words left in which to thank you. My cup runs over, and I am satisfied that, when your life is one with mine, some of this overflowing happiness will fill up the measure of your cup, too. Believe it, Grace, I *know* that it will be so."

He leaned forward, his face all aglow with the earnestness of his speech, and for a moment he did not perceive that the door had opened, and that Mrs. Ashton had entered the room. She saw at a glance how matters stood, and she gently took Grace's hand in hers, and told her that she had done well. She told her, too, how great a load had been lifted from her own mind by the knowledge that Grace would not, through her fault, be excluded from the pure and natural sources of a woman's happiness. And Grace, as she listened, owned to herself that perhaps she had done well in thus taking from her mother one great cause of self-reproach, which might probably impede her entire recovery.

She did not know whether she might hope that Mrs. Ashton had indeed completely recovered, for she knew the strength and subtleness of a long-established delusion, and she had never dared to apply the one sure test, by speaking of the subject that had for years absorbed and perverted her mother's mental powers. Now she felt as if she might soon venture to do even this, her patient looked so radiantly happy and contented; and, after all, she had not sacrificed much, for all the heart-sunshine that she had ever known, or ever could know, had faded out of her life. Perhaps she could make other lives happy, and that ought to be something, surely.

But when Mrs. Ashton asked her to name some time in the spring or summer for her marriage, anticipating some degree of shy reluctance at the idea of the great change, some plea for a longer time that the preparations might be more complete, Grace answered that the matter was one of indifference to her, and that the marriage could take place at any time which might be convenient to Josiah. Mrs. Ashton inclined to the opinion that a suitable marriage, founded on mutual esteem, offered the best chance of lasting happiness, so that it did not trouble her at all to perceive that this would be no love-match, on Grace's side at least. But even with the idea in which she had been brought up, she did think it strange that Grace should be so little interested in this great event, and that she should not feel for herself all the little tremors and anxieties that her mother was feeling for her. She thought it strange, and was not quite happy about it; but still she believed with all her heart that this marriage would be the best thing possible for Grace—she never doubted that for a moment.

ABOUT NOVICES AND ADEPTS IN THE MELTING MOOD.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

I.—Novices.

When your stoic of the woods, your man without a tear,* is surprised into shedding tears wholesale, it becomes a phenomenon as strange and noteworthy as Horace's thunder out of a clear sky, or *bos locutus*, or any ἅπαξ λεγόμενον. The tragedy of the Moor of Venice culminates in his self-portraiture

> of one whose subdued eyes,
> Albeit unusèd to the melting mood,
> Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gum.†

It is the fact of his being a novice in the melting mood that makes this unrestrained effusion the more impressive. *Unused*,—therein lies the effect. Shakspeare's self applies the term to his own experience, in a passage of ravishing beauty in one of his Sonnets:

> When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
> I summon up remembrance of things past,
> I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
> And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
> Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
> For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
> And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
> And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.‡

Coriolanus, moved to tears, and so won over from his stern resolve, by the appeal of mother, wife, and child, turns to ask Aufidius whether *he*, to such supplications, and by such suppliants, could have found it in him to deny them. Aufidius owns, "I was moved withal." "I dare be sworn you were," Caius Marcius replies; adding half apologetically, half proudly—

> And, sir, it is no little thing to make
> Mine eyes to sweat compassion.§

Aufidius has his revenge, in an after scene, when he stigmatises Caius Marcius before the lords of Corioli, as one who gave up Rome for "certain drops of tears"—

> At his nurse's tears
> He whined and roared away your victory,
> That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
> Looked wondering each at other.
> *Cor.* Hear'st thou, Mars?
> *Auf.* Name not the god, thou boy of tears.‖

---

* Hartley Coleridge, by the way, contends that this is a very unusual character among savages; that barbarians are generally lachrymose.—See his Life of Captain Cook.

† Othello, Act V. Sc. 2.

‡ Shakspeare's Sonnets, xxx.

§ Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. 3.

‖ Ibid., Act V. Sc. 5.

Measureless liar, is the best invective the choking wrath of Coriolanus can retort on his slanderer. That measureless liar, Richard of Gloster, in his wooing and winning of the Lady Anne, expatiates on the power her eyes have of subduing his, albeit unused to the melting mood:

> Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
> Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops:
> These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—
> Not when my father York and Edward wept,
> To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
> When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him:
> Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
> Told the sad story of my father's death;
> And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
> That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
> Like trees bedashed with rain: in that sad time,
> My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:
> And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
> Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.*

Having won by thus wooing her, Gloster promises to solemnly inter, at Chertsey monastery, the royal corpse she is following,—"and wet his grave with my repentant tears." Crocodile tears, by which the credulous fair is caught.

The tools he employs for murdering the young princes in the Tower are more capable than the crookt-back king of tearful remorse. Of them Tyrell bears record,

> Dighton and Forest, whom I did suborn
> To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
> Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
> Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
> Wept like two children,†

in telling how the two children were by them done to death.

Hubert has to steel himself, as best he may, against the same kind of weakness, when about to fulfil the same kind of commission.

> Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How
> now, foolish rheum! [*Aside.*]
> Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
> I must be brief; lest resolution drop
> Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.‡

Happily, in this instance, the foolish rheum prevails; and through the dimness of Hubert's eyes, the brightness of young Arthur's is spared.

Fierce Soliman, in Tasso's epic, as Englished by Fairfax, when he beholds his Lesbine slain and lost, "his marble heart such soft impression tries, that midst his wrath his manly tears outswell. (Thou weepest, Soliman! thou that beheld thy kingdom lost, and not one tear couldst yield.")§

Otway's Pierre, in the parting execution scene that winds up the tragedy of "Venice Preserved," utters a "curse on this weakness" of

---

* King Richard III., Act I. Sc. 2.
† Ibid., Act IV. Sc. 3.
‡ King John, Act IV. Sc. 1.
§ Jerusalem Delivered, book ix.

his, that wrings from his astounded comrade the incredulous exclamation—

> Tears? amazement! tears?
> I never saw thee melted so before.*

Dryden's Ventidius is betrayed into the like weakness in the famous scene with Antony:

> Look, emperor, this is no common dew—
> I have not wept this forty years; but now
> My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
> I cannot help her softness.†

Racine shall give us Achilles melted at the doom of Iphigenia:

> Ce héros, si terrible au reste des humains,
> Qui ne connaît de pleurs que ceux qu'il fait répandre,
> Qui s'endurcit contre eux dès l'âge le plus tendre,
> . . . Elle l'a vu pleurer et changer de visage.‡

But Owen Feltham, a man of observations as well as resolves, gives it as a fact of his observing, in general, that the most illustrious heroes have approved themselves the possessors of compassion as well as courage, and "have often had wet eyes as well as wounding hands."§

Alexander of Pheræ—the tyrant who buried men alive; who dressed others in bears' skins and boars' skins, to be then baited with dogs, or despatched with darts; who perpetrated massacres wholesale without compunction; who consecrated the spear with which he slew his uncle Polyphron, and offered sacrifice to it, crowned and garlanded as to a god; this worthy had to quit the theatre once in undignified haste, lest the people should see how much he was overcome by the acting. To the actor—it was in the *Troades* of Euripides—whose skill had so wrought upon him, Alexander sent a complimentary message, importing that "he was ashamed the citizens should see him, who never pitied those he put to death, weep at the sufferings of Andromache and Hecuba."‖ For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba that he should weep for her?

Of Marcellus, as he gazed from the heights of Epipolæ on the fair view of Syracuse and its environs beneath, history relates that "even his rude nature was so affected by the beauty of the scene and the greatness of his success, that he burst into a flood of tears."¶ Old soldiers who had served with Marius shed tears at the restoration of his Cimbrian trophies, which had been thrown down by Sylla, and which in one night the popular Ædile, Cæsar, contrived to have set up again, with suitable inscriptions, so that at daybreak men were astonished by the unaccustomed sight.** Noteworthy in the life of so rugged and ruthless a soldier as Marius himself, is the fact of "iron tears" being seen to roll down his cheeks, while the audience at large sobbed aloud, at that sensational turn in the trial of M. Aquillius, when his advocate, the orator Antonius, concluded a pathetic appeal to the feelings of the jury by tearing open the tunic of the old soldier, his client, and displaying the scars which seamed his breast.††

---

* Venice Preserved, Act V. Sc. 3.
† All for Love, Act I. Sc. 1.
‡ Iphigénie, Acte IV. Sc. 1.
§ Feltham's Resolves.
‖ Plutarch, Life of Palopidas.
¶ Liddell, History of Rome, vol. i. book iv. ch. xxxii.
** Id. ibid., vol. ii., book vii. ch. lxiv.
†† Id. ibid., book vi. ch. lvi.

Marius once again was betrayed into a passion of tears, when imploring the sailors to save his life.* So was Cato of Utica, when interceding with extended hands in behalf of the senators.† Dr. Merivale, in describing the compassionate emotion of Titus at the taking of Jerusalem, exemplifies his remark, "But the Roman generals were often moved to tears,"‡ by Marcellus weeping over Syracuse, and Paulus Æmilius at the fate of Perseus. "Cet inconcevable mélange de pitié et d'inflexibilité est tout Romain," says M. Dubois-Guchan.§

Deprived by death of his son Paralus, which left his house without a legitimate representative, Pericles, though he strove to command himself as before, yet at the obsequies of the young man, writes the best historian of Greece, "when it became his duty to place a garland on the dead body," found his grief utterly beyond control, "and he burst out, for the first time in his life, into profuse tears and sobbing."‖ It is, according to the Roman satirist, terribly earnest in his satire, Nature's own avowal that she has bestowed on man a keenly susceptible heart, inasmuch as she has set up therein, and consecrated, a sacred fount of sympathetic tears:

> ——mollissima corda
> Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur,
> Quæ lachrymas dedit.¶

In Homer, the rugged companions of Odysseus, restored to their shape by the same magic wand of Circe which had before degradingly transformed them, clung to their master with a long embrace, while "with tears each eye ran o'er." Around him pressed "the weeping sailors, with cries and agonies of wild delight."** So, listening to the celestial strain which mourns Achilles dead and gone,

> Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
> And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.††

We are told of Clearchus, on his attempt to quell the mutiny in his ranks, that, on first appearing before the assembled soldiers, "this harsh and imperious officer stood for a long time silent, and even weeping; a remarkable point," is Mr. Grote's comment, "in Grecian manners—and exceedingly impressive to the soldiers, who looked on him with surprise and in silence."‡‡ From the same admirable historian may be cited the story of the news reaching Sparta of the "tearless battle," won by Archidamus over the Arcadians, at the cost to them (Diodorus says) of ten thousand men, to the Lacedæmonians of not a single one. So powerful was the emotion produced by the herald's report, that all the Spartans who heard it burst into tears; Agesilaus, the Senators, and the Ephors, setting the example. Mr. Grote compares this effect with the inflexible self-control which marked their reception of the disastrous tidings from Leuctra, and takes it to be a striking proof how much more irresistible is unexpected joy than unexpected grief, in working on those minds of iron temper.§§

---

* Plutarch, Life of Caius Marius. † Life of Cato the Younger.
‡ Merivale's History of the Romans under the Empire, vol. vii. p. 48.
§ Tacite et son Siècle, ii. 288. ‖ Grote, History of Greece.
¶ Juvenal, ** Odyssey, book x. †† Ibid., book xxiv.
‡‡ Grote's History of Greece, vol. ix. ch. lxix.
§§ Ibid., vol. x. ch. lxxvi.

At that "frightful ceremony," as Michelet terms it, the execution of the Maid of Orleans, the demeanour and expressions of the victim were so devout, humble, and touching, that "the Bishop of Beauvais melted into tears, the Bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the very English cried and wept as well, Winchester with the rest."*

When Columbus, after his arrival in Spain, in irons, appeared at court, on the 17th of December, 1500, Ferdinand and Isabella received the venerable man with "unqualified favour and distinction," and the Queen was even in tears as she saw him approach. Columbus, says his biographer, had borne up firmly against the rude conflicts of the world, —he had endured with lofty scorn the injuries and insults of ignoble men; but when he "beheld tears in the benign eyes of Isabella, his long-suppressed feelings burst forth; he threw himself on his knees, and for some time could not utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings.†

Montezuma's formal recognition of the supremacy of the Spanish emperor was pronounced in a voice choked by emotion; and it "even moved those hard men" who were present to enforce it; insomuch that, although, in the words of an old chronicler, "it was in the regular way of their own business, there was not a Spaniard who could look on the spectacle with a dry eye."‡ Cortés himself, on the *noche triste*, as he looked wistfully on the thinned and disordered ranks of his followers,— "though accustomed to control his emotions, or, at least, to conceal them," had to cover his face with his hands, and the "tears which trickled down revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul."§ Pizarro's narrative of his toilsome adventures, before Charles V., was so affecting, that "his royal auditor, though not easily moved,"‖ shed tears. Tears of Pizarro's own shedding are on record, when he turned away from the Inca's piteous supplication for life. "I myself," says Pedro Pizarro, "saw the general weep."¶ And when he received tidings of the death of his rival, Almagro, his whole frame, we read, was agitated, and he remained for some time with his eyes bent on the ground, showing signs of strong emotion. He even shed many tears, *muchas lagrimas*, according to Herrera, who, however, gives him small credit for them.**

At the abdication of Charles the Fifth in the great hall of the palace at Brussels (Oct. 25, 1555), sobs were heard from every side,—the Fleece Knights on the platform, and the burghers in the background, as Mr. Lothrop Motley depicts the scene, being all melted with the same emotion. The Emperor himself, ashy pale, "wept like a child." Charles was of a phlegmatic, stoical temperament, until shattered by age and disease; "a man without a sentiment and without a tear. It is said by Spaniards that he was never seen to weep, even at the death of his nearest relatives and friends, except on the solitary occasion of the

---

* Michelet, Histoire de France, t. v. l. x. ch. iv.
† Irving's Life and Voyages of Columbus, book xiv. ch. i.
‡ See Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, book iv. ch. v.
§ Ibid., book v. ch. iii.
‖ History of Conquest of Peru, book iii. ch. i.
¶ Cited in Prescott, book iii. ch. vii.
** Id. ibid., book iv. ch. iii., notes.

departure of Don Ferrante Gonzaga from court."* The icy Philip, his son, inherited this temperament; and though "almost softened" at the abdication scene, is not said to have wept. Alva, his rigid, frigid, ruthless general, is at any rate recorded to have wept once. At the execution of Count Egmont "tears fell from the eyes even of the Spanish soldiery;" and "tears were even seen upon the iron cheek of Alva," as, from a window in a house directly opposite the scaffold, he looked out upon the scene.† Other tears of Kaiser Karl's are on record—as when Metz could not be taken, and the imperial generals, after trying it for a couple of months, with one voice declared the feat impracticable, and pronounced for a retreat. "Karl listened in silence; but the tears were seen to run down his proud face, not now so young as it once was (1552): "Let us march, then!" he said, in a low voice, after some pause.‡

It makes one all the better disposed to that chilly potentate, William of the pious, glorious, and immortal memory, that the loss of Mary was sensibly felt by him. Anthony a Wood records the presentation of the University authorities to the King at Kensington, "with an address of condolement for the loss of his queen, which, while reading, caused tears to stand in his eyes."§—So it does, again, towards Mr. Carlyle's rough hero, Frederick William—to see his majesty "blubbering" at the death of Uncle George, the first of the royal Four. "And the rugged Majesty blubbered with great tenderness; having fountains of tears withal hidden in the rocky heart of him, not suspected by every one."‖

The sorrows and family affection of Marie Antoinette and the princesses caused the members of the Commune on one memorable occasion to regard each other with moistened eyes; and even the brutal Simon was seen to wipe *his*, and was heard to mutter, "I believe these infernal women would make me cry."¶ As soon would one expect tears from Peter Bell, the potter. And yet we know that Peter Bell was surprised into a flood of them:

> And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
> Sobs loud, he sobs ev'n like a child,
> "Oh! God, I can endure no more!"**

It was "with tears in his eyes" that iron old Blucher, in 1805, driven up to Rackan, in the extremity of German territory, agreed to a capitulation.††

Dr. Channing may be mentioned among good men unused to the melting mood. Very seldom, indeed, according to his biographer, was he known to exhibit the usual signs of grief. In the midst of persons excited by a pathetic appeal, some one said to him, "How can you be so unmoved?" "My tears," he answered, "do not lie so near my

---

* Motley, Hist. of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, part i. ch. i.
† Id. ibid., part iii. ch. ii.
‡ Carlyle's History of Friedrich II., book iii. ch. vii.
§ Life of Anthony a Wood, Jan. 31, 1695.
‖ Carlyle, History of Friedrich II., book vi. ch. ii.
¶ Lamartine, Histoire des Girondins, l. xxxii. § xvii.
** Wordsworth: Peter Bell, part iii.
†† Alison, Hist. of Europe, ch. xliii.

eyes."* Gentle Bernard Barton, again, bears witness of himself, "I never could cry—nor do I remember, since childhood, to have shed a tear, save once in a dream about Lucy's angel mother; when sleep had won from me what the waking reality of her loss never could."†

Turning next to classical and miscellaneous fiction for illustrations, mention may be made of those so piteous lamentations of Claudia, in Cervantes, which "forced tears even from the eyes of Roque, where they were seldom or never seen before.‡ In that scene of Fielding's masterpiece in which Mr. Allworthy, on a sick bed, takes leave of his assembled friends, as we are told of some of the company in general that they "shed tears at their parting," so are we of Mrs. Wilkins, in particular, that she dropped her pearls as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gums; and, also in particular, that "even the philosopher Square wiped his eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood."§

No lack of tears shall we find in Scott's novels, from eyes equally unused to the melting mood. Here are a few cases of ocular demonstration. Hugo de Lacy, stalwart warrior of the Crusade, overpowered by his feelings of tenderness for Eveline, pressed her hand "fervently to his lips, and, ere he parted with it, moistened it with one of the few tears which he was ever known to shed."‖ A tear stood in the eye of the rough Thane, Cedric the Saxon, at the devotion of his poor fool, Wamba —a mark of feeling which even the death of his kinsman Athelstane, hope of his house, had failed to extract.¶ The Templar even is moved to weep at Rebecca's resolve to face a cruel death: "Who would not weep for thee?—The tear that has been a stranger to these eyelids for twenty years, moistens them as I gaze on thee."** At good Master Holdenough's remembrance of the catastrophe which cost him his best friend, the tide of emotion, we read, was all the more fierce and agitating, that indulgence in strong mental feeling of any kind was foreign to the severe and ascetic character of the man: "large tears flowed down the trembling features of his thin and usually stern, or at least austere, countenance;" and loud sobs betokened how overpowering was the sorrow that had thus surmounted all restraints.†† Sir Edward Manley, the Solitary, better known as the Black Dwarf, is overcome, despite his severity of temper, at parting with Isabella Vere. He resists her entreaties, and stands fixed and motionless, till at length the large drops which gather on his eyelashes compel him to draw his hand across them. "I thought," he says, "that tears and I had done; but we shed them at our birth, and their spring dries not until we are in our graves."‡‡ And, once more; we have Rob Roy MacGregor Campbell himself moved to

---

* Memoir of Dr. Channing, vol. ii. pt. iii. ch, vii.

† Hence the stanza that concludes one of the mild Quaker's poems:

"I watch'd thee silently, and while
I mused on days gone by,
Thou gavest me one celestial smile,
One look that cannot die.
It was a moment worthy years!
I woke and found myself in tears."

Poems and Letters of BERNARD BARTON, p. 288.

‡ Don Quixote, part ii. ch. lx.

‖ The Betrothed, ch. xix.

** Ibid., ch. xl.

‡‡ Black Dwarf, ch. xvii.

§ Tom Jones, ch. xlviii.

¶ Ivanhoe, ch. xxxiii.

†† Woodstock, ch. xvii.

tears at contemplating the future of his sons. Much affected by the sight is Francis Osbaldistone—like most of us, the more readily melted by the distress under which a strong, proud, and powerful mind is compelled to give way, than by the more easily excited sorrows of softer dispositions. "I did not think the eye of man would again have seen a tear on MacGregor eyelash," says the Highlander, as he dashes the moisture from his long grey eyelash and shaggy red eyebrow with the back of his hand.*

In the passionate scene between the quasi-ruffian Heathcliff and Catherine Linton, on the night of her death, the two are at one period described by Ellis Bell as silent, their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. "At least," adds E[mily] B[route], "I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this."†

In Victor Hugo's romance of Notre Dame, we have frequent instances of those who are constitutionally and habitually unused to the melting mood, being surprised into tears. For example, when Paquette is heard bewailing the loss of her little child—whereby hangs a tale, *the* tale, in fact, that M. Hugo has to tell—"it was quite cutting, Oudarde!" exclaims one of the gossips, "and I assure you I saw a very hard-hearted man, Master Ponce Lucabre, the attorney, shed tears at it."‡ When Esmerelda, in answer to tortured Quasimodo's entreaties for water, hitherto unheeded, looses a gourd from her girdle, and nimbly mounting the platform, gently lifts the gourd to the parched lips of the exhausted wretch,—"a big tear," we read, "was seen to start from his dry and bloodshot eye, and to trickle slowly down his deformed face so long contracted by despair. It was perhaps the first that he had shed since he arrived at manhood."§ In the sensation scene at the close of the story, while the archdeacon, Claude Frollo, is clinging for dear life to the gutter, when thrust by Quasimodo from the tower of Notre Dame, the latter, ignoring even the presence of the priest, is intent on watching the Grève and the fate of the Egyptian there,—"whilst a stream flowed in silence from that eye, which," says M. Hugo, apparently forgetting what has gone before, "till then had not shed a single tear."‖ In the previous scene of recognition, too late, between mother and daughter,—when the agonised recluse began to speak, before provost and soldiers who had forced her little stronghold in the Trou-aux-Rats, it was, for her daughter's sake, "in a voice so suppliant, so meek, so subdued, so cutting, that more than one old trooper who could have eaten flesh had to wipe his eyes."¶ And when she had ended her wild, rambling, incoherent harangue, the provost, "Tristan l'Hermite, knitted his brow, but it was to conceal a tear which started into his tiger-like eye:"

> While eyes that mocked at tears before
> With bitter drops were running o'er.**

M. Dumas, père, gives us in Aramis a man neither imaginative nor sensitive; at fifty-five years of age, hard and indifferent of heart; who, however, on visiting the Bastille, is overcome by his feelings as he treads the worn stone steps, along which so many wretches had passed, and passed away—"his head was bowed, and his eye became dim, as he fol-

---

* Rob Roy, ch. xxxv.
† Wuthering Heights, ch. xv.
‡ Notre Dame, l. v. ch. ii.
§ Ibid., ch. iv.
‖ Ibid., l. x. ch. ii.
¶ Ibid., ch. i.
** Lady of the Lake, canto ii.

lowed Baisemeaux without uttering a syllable."* More than a hundred chapters later, in a work which comprises nearly three hundred chapters, Aramis is once again betrayed into the melting mood, by the death of his old comrade Porthos. He passed the night on the deck of the *Valancelle* which had taken him, leaning upon the *bastingage*. "Yves remarked next morning, that 'the night must have been very humid, for the wood upon which the bishop's head had rested was soaked with dew.' Who knows!—that dew was, perhaps, the first tears that had ever fallen from the eyes of Aramis.—What epitaph would have been worth that? Good Porthos!"† At the reading of which good Porthos's will, again, the company cannot help seeing "a large tear roll from the thick lid of D'Artagnan on to his aquiline nose, the luminous edge of which shone like a crescent enlightened by the sun"‡—whether the "which" refers to the large tear or the aquiline nose, being left, as translated, just a little uncertain.

To be constitutionally unused to the melting mood, undisposed to it, un-predisposed to it, may be a slight matter. But it is "hard lines" when the tears one fain would shed are not forthcoming.

Desdemona, in the bewilderment of her distress at the Moor's cruel insults, exclaims to her waiting-woman,

> Do not talk to me, Emilia;
> I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
> But what should go by water.§

Richard of Gloster professes a like incapacity when he and Edward his brother are told the tale of his princely father's death:

> I cannot weep: for all my body's moisture
> Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.
> * * * *
> To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
> Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!‖

"J'ai bien souffert, moi, Paul," declares Laura, in Frédéric Soulié's romance, "j'ai souffert des tortures qu'aucune autre femme n'a pu sentir. . . . Eh bien! tant que j'ai pleuré, je n'ai pas été tout à fait méchante; c'est le jour où la vengeance a tari les larmes dans mon cœur et dans mes yeux, que tous les germes du bien sont morts en moi, desséchés et dévorés à tout jamais. Regarde-moi. Je vis de fièvre et je mourrai jeune, parce que je ne pleure plus."¶ Creusa, in the second (and by far the second-best) of Talfourd's Grecian tragedies, bending over the urn of Creon, in the funeral grove at Corinth, opens the fourth Act with a soliloquy of perplexed self-questioning:

> 'Tis strange!—I cannot weep for him; I've tried
> To reckon every artifice of love
> . . . . . recall'd
> From Memory's never-failing book of pain
> My own neglects of dutiful regard
> Too frequent—all that should provoke a tear,
> And all in vain——

---

* Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. xcix. † Ibid., ch. cclviii.
‡ Ch. cclxii. § Othello, Act IV. Sc. 2.
‖ Third Part of King Henry IV., Act II. Sc. 1.
¶ Si Jeunesse Savait, si Vieillesse Pouvait, 144.

. . . . Gods, let me know again
A touch of natural grief, or I shall go
Distract.*

If Wordsworth's despondent Solitary was a sufferer when the household wreck occurred which made him a Solitary, words fail him, in the evening of his life, to tell what he suffers now,

——not seldom, from the thought
That I remember, and can weep no more.†

Clarissa writes to Lovelace—to whom she had never intended to write another line: "My head is gone. I have wept away all my brain, I believe; for I can weep no more."‡ If Lovelace, in his eventual remorse, had expressed a similar incompetency, it might have been in the strain of a modern stanza:

I could not weep: still raged in me
The agony that scars
The very brain: and can there be
Repentance without tears?§

Goethe's Young Werther, when he is getting to be at his worst, complains piteously that his eyes are now dry, and that his senses, no longer refreshed by the influence of soft tears, wither and consume his brain. "Oftentimes do I bend my knee to the earth, and implore God for the blessing of tears, as the desponding labourer, in some scorching climate, prays for the dews of heaven to moisten his parched corn."‖ Just before the end, however, in the farewell letter to Charlotte, the closing sentence records a change: "I was calm when I began this letter, but the recollection of these scenes makes me weep like a child."¶ Contrast with the Wertherian temperament—albeit resembling him for the nonce in the mere fact of an incapacity for tear-shedding—the Miller's wife in George Eliot's story, who tries to be lachrymose, but can't, at her sister Pullet's lackadaisicals. "Mrs. Tulliver felt that she ought to be affected, but she was a woman of sparse tears, stout and healthy—she couldn't cry so much as her sister Pullet did, and had often felt her deficiency at funerals. Her effort to bring tears into her eyes issued in an odd contruction of her face."**—In another of Goethe's tales there is a lady, a Charlotte, too, but not Werther's, who, like Mrs. Tulliver, is sparse of tears, and who, when she does cry, makes therefore almost a sensation. For example: "There were visible traces of emotion about her. She had been crying; and tears, which with weak persons detract from their graces, add immeasurably to the attractiveness of those whom we know commonly as strong and self-possessed."†† An earlier work of George Eliot's had given us another "soul feminine" chary of tear-shedding—in that Mrs. Sharp who was sufficiently overcome by the bereavement of Caterina, the heroine of Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, to "shed a small tear, though she was not at all subject to that weakness; indeed, she abstained from it on principle, because, as she often said, it was known to be the worst thing in the world for the eyes."‡‡

---

* The Athenian Captive, Act IV. Sc. 1.
† The Excursion, book iii.
‡ Clarissa Harlowe, vol. v. letter xxxvi.
§ C. H. Townsend: The Law of Love.
‖ Sorrows of Young Werther, Nov. 3.
¶ Ibid., Dec. 21.
** The Mill on the Floss, ch. ix.
†† Wahlverwandtschaften, c. xi.
‡‡ Scenes from Clerical Life: Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, ch. iii.

ALEXIS PIRON.

II.

For some time Piron laboured with varying success for the Opéra Comique. His most pressing anxieties were quieted, and his ambition slumbered upon the unexpected though modest height it had attained. He clung with easy-going contentment to the very meagre advantages afforded by his present position, and looked with disfavour upon whatever might tend to ruffle the tranquillity, poor and precarious as it was, that had fallen to his lot. Pressed, however, by Crébillon and others, and inwardly assured of possessing qualifications that pointed to a higher order of intellectual creation than he had yet aimed at, he entered upon a course which finally placed him upon the highest stage of the drama. His first essay in this direction was a piece entitled "Les Fils Ingrats," represented at the Théâtre Français in 1728. Though this production obtained for Piron little substantial success, it raised him to his rightful position in the literary world, gave a salutary impetus to his ambition, and is remarkable as being the first attempt to introduce the melo-dramatic species of the drama upon the French stage. Whether it was that this, being his first important and pretentious work, gave it a fictitious value in his estimation, or that he conscientiously placed it first in merit as it was in time, certain it is that Piron regarded it with an affection which surpassed even that which he entertained for the "Métromanie"—"a monster," he exclaimed, in a moment of testy humour, "which has devoured all my other children." Though no competent authority has ever doubted for a moment the injustice of this partiality, there can certainly be little hesitation in ranking Piron's first drama immediately below his greatest. But this inferiority being very considerable, it may be assumed that, though several of Piron's dramatic offspring are as worthy consideration as many of the best contemporary productions of a like character, not one of them enjoys sufficient importance to call for special mention, much less to encroach upon the limited space we can afford for remarks on the "Métromanie."

Possessing few elements of ability, and no element of character calculated to make more than an ephemeral impression upon the tragic Muse, Piron inevitably suffered disappointment in all his obviously elaborate attempts to win a noticable place among the list of her wooers. On the other hand, it would seem natural to have anticipated that Comedy, less fastidious in her exactions, and of a nature highly congenial and propitious, would not only grant him a smiling reception, but impart to his intellectual powers a degree of inspiration which would surely promise him the most brilliant successes; yet there is no doubt that—one instance apart—he made no greater advance in his addresses to her than the most favoured of his contemporary rivals. His wit sparkled with incomparable lustre when it flashed forth in impromptu utterances. At such times every hearer seemed disposed to echo the observation which Rousseau, overcome by the exciting vivacity of a conversation he had just had with

Piron, made to Dussault as they were descending the stairs: "I am fatigued, and actually out of breath! What a man! The Delphic Priestess herself could certainly never have been more animated and inspired." But when his wit had to wait upon premeditation—when it shone with an artificial polish, as in the bulk of his dramatic productions—it showed little brilliancy and often much embarrassment. Freed by the pressure of circumstances from the possibility of study or elaboration, as in the case of his first work, "Arlequin-Deucalion," which, at the pressing instances of Francisque, at that time director of the Opéra Comique, he composed in less than three days; or dealing with a subject intimately associated with his every-day thoughts and experiences—a subject with which he could identify his own feelings, and rarely stumble upon any cause of hesitation at the decisions of his own judgment—the beauty that he was able to impart to his writings almost rivalled the universally acknowledged charms with which he could adorn his conversation. In "Callisthène" and "Gustave-Wasa" he attempted to describe actions and states of mind beyond the powers of his appreciation or the scope of his feelings, and he sank at once to the level of a second-class writer. Without the sphere of his own inner consciousness, or the limited circuit of his external experiences, his mind groped about and stumbled. Rarely did his imagination fail, when disporting itself in such unaccustomed regions, not only to lead him astray, but to strip him even of those captivating ornaments of wit in which he seemed to possess a special property. In the "Métromanie," on the contrary, he introduced no character or event that could question his experience or affright him into hesitation. He is himself the hero of that drama, the subject-matter of which had been his chief study and the chief occupant of his thoughts from childhood. The conjunction of no other conditions, therefore, could possibly display his powers to better or fuller advantage. The "Métromanie" strikingly disproves the universal applicability of a maxim which, however, Piron himself sarcastically generalises on the following occasion: Being told that "Le Fat" (the Fop), a comedy acted at the Théâtre-Français in 1751, had been unsuccessful because the author failed to realise the principal aspects of such a character, Piron exclaimed, "I fully expected it; no man possesses sufficient self-acquaintance to portray himself in a manner perfectly natural."

Upon the "Métromanie," which was first represented in 1738 at the Théâtre Français, rests Piron's fame, and his chief claim to posthumous attention.* Nor is such consideration, to a certain extent, misplaced, for the "Métromanie" was not only unequalled by the dramatic production of any contemporary poet, but the most distinguished French critics fully subscribe the opinion of Jules Janin, that "no comedy of equal merit had appeared since the 'Misanthrope.'" If, then, it may be asked, the assumption be justifiable that Piron was "the legitimate successor of Molière," why should the popular neglect fasten upon him with such lasting tenacity—why should he fail to conciliate a just amount of consideration, whilst lavish applause is invariably bestowed upon his celebrated predecessor? There is no hesitationin answering, that the very

* The "Métromanie" was revived during the autumn of 1865 at the Théâtre-Français, the chief personage of the drama being ably sustained by M. Delaunay

foundations on which repose the most attractive features of his masterpiece furnish the principal, if not the sole, basis of this indifference.

The "Métromanie" admirably delineates and colours with the richest fancy a peculiar phase of human weakness, but then this weakness happens to be amenable as much to artificial as to natural causes. What it typifies is more strictly a human eccentricity than a human frailty, and therefore appeals to sympathies of very rare occurrence. In the estimation of the multitude, the many exquisite beauties it possesses cannot compensate its inability to touch any of the springs which set in motion the more widely-diffused feelings of our nature. It does not, however, forfeit its title to rank in the category of "works of genius," with which M. Villemain classes it, because of its very limited applicability.* No production of Molière, indeed, surpasses it in the finished polish and beauty of its poetry: none equals it in elevation of sentiment. The quiet keenness of its satire, and the easy, natural flow of its dialogue, have rarely been surpassed. The whole is crowned by a nobility of aim which presents a contrast, at that time unusually conspicuous, to the frivolous, often licentious, sometimes altogether aimless, nature of the dramatic literature which was then so prolific.

Keenly sensitive to the contumely and even insult to which poets—especially those who were unpropped by riches—had long been subjected, Piron was anxious to create—we cannot say restore, for that would imply too remote a retrospection—a juster and more considerate feeling towards the contemned poor of the class to which he belonged. If he doubted the possibility of imparting to others his own faith in the divinity with which his imagination loved to "hedge" the Muses, at least he strove in the "Métromanie" to render current a high and in many respects just estimation of the position and capabilities of poetry. He was especially anxious that diversity of external circumstances should colour but faintly the respect due to the poet. That his efforts failed to produce even the least appreciable amelioration in the relationship which then subsisted between the world and the class to which he belonged is what might have been expected from the peculiarly unpropitious disposition of society at that time to favour any but the grossest material claims to consideration. The object of the poet's enthusiastic efforts, if not altogether illusory, anticipates what must be the slow growth of many generations. If, however, his aim was far too lofty, Piron might reasonably have expected from the class for whose exaltation he laboured at least some outward show of gratitude. But even this poor recompense was denied to him. The scorned, poverty-stricken littérateur gave him no thanks for insisting

> ——qu'un ouvrage d'éclat
> Anoblit bien autant que le capitoulat.

On the contrary, both authors and actors conspired with unflagging pertinacity to prevent the appearance of the "Métromanie." Voltaire was the chief inspirer of this malicious host: he was, indeed, as much a slave to envy as to vanity, and had for many years deliberately sought to injure Piron. Besides, he was rich and influential, and then the

* Laharpe calls it a "chef-d'œuvre d'intrigue, de style, de verve comique et de gaîté."

"Métromanie" was an eloquent protest against the literary supremacy he had assumed. In accents eminently persuasive, it sought to instil heretical opinions upon certain social dogmas in reference to which Voltaire was perhaps the most orthodox and bigoted of his generation. This opposition from his ancient persecutor Piron, no doubt, fully anticipated; but that the poor-devil author, the man patronised and despised, should emulate, or, we would rather believe simulate, Voltaire's horror of innovation in such a direction was, indeed, a wondrous triumph of envy. In vain Piron pleaded his cause; in vain, by the mouth of Francaleu, the banker, he gave a semblance of reality to that which, in the imagination of a poet-habitant of a garret, had heretofore been supposed for ever relegated to the land of dreams:

Ma fille est riche et belle. En un mot, je la donne
Au premier qui lui plaît; je n'excepte personne.

LISETTE.

Pas même le poëte?

M. FRANCALEU.

Au contraire, c'est lui
Que je préfèrerois à tout autre aujourd'hui.

LISETTE.

Je ne le crois pas riche.

M. FRANCALEU.

Eh bien! j'en ai de reste.
J'aurai fait un heureux. C'est passe-temps céleste.
Favorisant ainsi l'honnête homme indigent,
Le mérite, une fois, aura valu l'argent.

Then, again, Damis, the poet, unhesitatingly and proudly affirms that

Le bel-esprit en nous n'exclut pas la bravoure,

casting, in the fervour of his enthusiasm, a halo of chivalry around the members of a class, until that time little suspected of harbouring a claim to participate in what, clothed in its higher conventional forms, was regarded as appertaining in a special manner to the aristocracy. It was all no use. The votaries of the Muses, whether rich or poor, distinguished or insignificant, united to prevent the brilliant pleading of their champion from being heard upon the stage. Nothing less than a peremptory order from M. Maurepas, at that time a very influential member of the government, could induce the authorities of the Théâtre Français to permit the representation of Piron's drama. The great success which the "Métromanie" achieved could not be denied; but, in spite even of that potent modifier of ill-will, an overflowing exchequer, the comedians, after a few nights' concession to authority, thrust malignantly the noble production into the darkest corner of the darkest shelf, where for ten years it was consigned to the sleepless guardianship of envy in her most despicable form. In the provinces, however, especially at Toulouse, so renowned aforetime as a cherished seat of the Muses, the high appreciation and applause which attended its representation tended to soothe Piron's vexation at the perverse ingratitude and spiteful opposition which immediately surrounded him.

The depressing influences of prejudice and petty jealousy which, at its

first appearance, the "Métromanie" had to encounter have not even yet, perhaps, completely passed away. But, whilst the beauties of Piron's great drama remain as consummate and incontestable as ever, the evil genius that presided at its birth has slunk into obscurity. Many of the chief causes which contributed to the unmerited ostracism of the "Métromanie" from the boards of the Théâtre Français are not far to seek. Is it possible that the most credulous imagination can refer any one of them to the indignation of a highly sensitive virtue? During the regency and the reign of Louis XV. morality in France stood conspicuously low; it was an epoch when, as Voltaire says, every act was possible but that of penitence. Are we to suppose, then, that, at such a time, an isolated act of impropriety committed in a past generation could account for the smallest grain in the crushing weight of opposition which the "Métromanie" experienced? The idea is preposterous. Piron nowhere hints at the existence of such a gross inconsistency. He was fully aware that there existed very little super-sensitive virtue to look askance at him. By all—high or low, rich or poor—his company was highly esteemed; so much so, that rarely was there heard an expression of dislike towards him. Yet, in spite of all this, Piron was perpetually suffering from a shamefaced ill-will, actively working in the dark, which he could not but be aware was ascribable, at least in most part, to that fearless spirit of independence, to that complete freedom of thought and behaviour, which he would never sacrifice, and to the generous, broad action of his mind which kept him away from all petty cabals and intrigues. The distinguished and more fortunate, because less scrupulous, poets despised him on account of his poverty; and this contempt was embittered by the presence of an uneasy feeling nearly akin to malice, that his genius was equal, if not superior, to their own: and they feared him, because his disinterested sarcasm went straight to its mark, never deviating to the right or the left in deference to adventitious environments. The jealous feelings of minor and less fortunate poets were chafed because his intellectual resources were not, as were his worldly means, on the same humble level as their own: "he stood among them, but not of them." Then, again, his sympathies were radically at variance with the general tendency which showed itself among the writers of the day to represent and glorify extravagant or premature social changes. He was heartily loyal to the existing institutions. He was ever among the first to celebrate the birth of a Dauphin, or the rare occurrence of any kingly act performed by Louis XV. As a song writer, indeed, he ranked in popularity next to his friend Collé, whom the people in their admiration were wont to call "the King of Paris." Often would Piron wend his way to the Pont-Neuf, and loiter there listening with intense satisfaction to some one of his numerous ballads hummed or shouted by the passing peasant or artisan. His pleasure on such occasions was complete. He had neither the ability nor the wish to interpret the signs of the time. He would have mourned and regarded as impious all attempts to cramp the proper work of centuries into decades. Yet such attempts were close at hand, and were destined virtually to place ages between him and the very next generation of his countrymen. "We hear no more," says a French writer, "the frank and joyous songs which delighted our fathers; Collé and Piron seem to us as antiquated and peruked as Corneille and Racine."

No dissentient voice was heard in the French Academy when it was proposed in 1753 to elect Piron a member of that body. This unanimity was surely a valid, if not an infallible, proof of the poet's eligibility—affording, it may be presumed, besides the most direct evidence of his intellectual ability, a very satisfactory inference as to the impression which his character had made upon those who should have been best qualified to estimate it fairly and judiciously. But, on this occasion, the moral sensibility of Louis XV. surpassed in susceptibility that of the illustrious Forty of the Academy. The king's latent delicacy was shocked by an intimation of the Abbé Boyer, Bishop of Mirepoix, that the elect of the Academy had in his youth written a few indecorous lines which had been treasured up against him, and, in consequence, the royal pen erased indignantly the poet's name from the renowned list. Even the customary efficacious intercession of Madame de Pompadour failed on the present consistent and just occasion to dissuade the king, momentarily possessed by a ludicrous spirit of morality, from sacrificing the unlucky poet. Through life Piron had endured, with rare and brief intermissions, the frowns and buffets of Fortune, and this was her crowning insult. It was, indeed, a merciless retribution which thus, for the perpetration of one long-since expiated sin against decorum, forced upon him the ignominy of bending before the moral scrupulosity of Louis XV.! Yet it should not be forgotten that, in a very short time, influenced by weighty protestations and a little reflection, the king—not naturally disposed to inflict wrong—was induced to lighten the effects of his egregious injustice by granting, principally through the representations of Montesquieu, a pension of one thousand livres to the injured poet. This concession to the strongly expressed opinion of those who ranked, with few exceptions, among the most worthy both in intellect and in moral character—this confessing the wrongful perpetuation of a stigma which the most exacting justice must have declared fully effaced by forty years of irreproachable behaviour, could not, to the upright and unprejudiced, legitimate the exclusion of the author of the "Métromanie" from the Academy. Fontenelle and Crébillon had been foremost in promoting the election of Piron; and the boldest repudiator of the king's veto was Montesquieu, who persisted in always addressing the poet as "mon cher confrère."

Unjust as Piron had often been in the sarcasms which he had not unfrequently directed against the members of the Academy—on one occasion pointing them out as "Forty with the wit of Four," on another, designating them as "Les invalides du bel-esprit"—for a time the satirist disappeared behind the man so inconsistently smitten and besalved, and, unsatisfactory as the compensation made to Piron for his disappointment appeared, the Academy hastened to confer upon him the unusual honour of deputing four of its body—Mirabeau, Mairan, the Abbé du Resnel, and Duclos—to congratulate him upon the pecuniary consolation which the king had been induced to afford him. It appears extraordinary that Piron, usually so independent and unaffectedly direct in his dealings with the world, should on this conspicuous occasion have diverged with inexplicable perversity into a tortuous and inconsistent course. Yet so it was. To say that he had no serious desire to be numbered among the most illustrious literary assembly in France would unfairly assume his insensibility to legitimate ambition, and would, indeed, be in direct con-

tradiction to his own oft-expressed aspirations. The riddle is insoluble. The man who

A tout l'or du Péron préfère un beau laurier,

could not be induced to pass through the few slight formalities prescribed to those upon whom it was proposed to bestow the highest honour which France had decreed to literary merit! Rarely amenable to the charge of harbouring the meaner passions, he suffered envy, and, we are constrained to believe, no slight degree of malice, towards the assembly that had unanimously recognised his merits to take up their permanent abode in his mind, and to show themselves conspicuously even in his celebrated epitaph:

Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien.

It was invariably the lot of Piron, in the few successes which brightened his life, to pass into the same dubious light of fortune which shone upon his attempts to enter the Academy. He enjoyed ample liberty, but it was a liberty always dreading the apparition of want. The fame he achieved was so depressed, and disfigured by malevolence so completely a stranger to fortune, that it usually yielded more pangs than pleasures. He was endowed with a handsome person and an engaging presence, but his shallow means obliged him to defer marriage until late in life; and although he was blessed beyond ordinary measure with a good wife, who was also a most congenial companion, he endured the agony at the end of five short years of beholding her acute and well-cultivated mind shaken and deranged through the attacks of a severe illness; and thus with shattered intellect the bosom friend, so lately obtained, continued for five long years to sadden him with her presence. His spirit, which had hitherto borne him triumphantly over many a dangerous pitfall of disappointment, failed under the weight of this calamity to maintain its elasticity. To the assaults of poverty—persistent as they often were—Piron never allowed his mind to succumb. It is known, indeed, that by some ingenious stratagem he managed to wring from out his poor means a pension—strange as the word may sound coupled in such a way with the needy poet—to his mother. Equally incapable of permanently depressing his buoyant nature were the far more dangerous attacks of calumny and envy. He had a firm persuasion—arrived at through much unpleasant experience—of the futility of any attempt to rectify the false light in which contemporary critics persisted in viewing his character and the scope of his genius; but he appealed with full confidence from the injustice of his own generation to "the indulgence of posterity." In friendship he was no less sensitively steadfast than in love, presenting at these broad inlets of the affections the only sure approaches by which to wound his peace of mind. These were, indeed, traits of steadfastness that, from their rarity in those days, merit peculiar notice and eulogy. Most of the other qualities which form the complement of his character afford remarkably faithful representations of the corresponding qualities which distinguished the French people, though not in many aspects French society, at that period. Piron was no bastard Frenchman; he did not attempt to associate philosophy with licentiousness, nor to reconcile the "rights of man" with the principles of

the existing absolute monarchy. Speculations of this nature, however specious, had no charms for him. He was satisfied to follow the path which the tramp of many generations had made palpable and easy. He cared not to look back: of to-morrow he was little inquisitive. Like the vast mass of his countrymen, he had not forsworn his character: neither the plausible sophistry of a crowd of social-system mongers, nor the palpable defects in nearly every department of the Church and State, could induce him to damp, either by a breath of religious doubt or an aspiration towards objects only dimly figured to the imagination, the full enjoyment of the present. But this concentration of attention upon the passing moment—a cramp of the intellectual faculties conspicuous in most Frenchmen during the eighteenth century—led naturally enough to an obliteration from his mind, and from the minds of his countrymen, of nearly every vestige of both religious and political faith. The superficiality and frivolity of feeling thus engendered finally lacquered over even the present with a scoffing, though often elegant, wit. "Reckless jesting," says Montesquieu, "imparts an obtrusively distinctive colouring to the whole French character: it makes its appearance everywhere, on all occasions—there is jesting at the council-board, jesting at the head of an army, and there is a vein of jesting running throughout even the most momentous diplomatic discussions." Upon the whole, then, Piron may be accepted as a very passable representative of the old French society—a society so notoriously impatient of all restraint, that it put neither a curb upon the licence of its actions, nor modified the jesting character of its discourse, even when it had reached the very brink of destruction.

THE BURIAL OF A YOUNG OFFICER AT SEA.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

Sickening, he died, far on the Tropic Ocean,
Where skies seem flame,
His last words, as he quiver'd with emotion,
His mother's name.

The sun was dropping westward, slowly, slowly,
Winds lull'd away;
Each wave caught heaven's rich splendour; something holy
On Nature lay.

The nautilus his painted shell was guiding,
Dolphins gleam'd past;
The vessel, on the burnish'd billow riding,
Long shadows cast.

We brought him upon deck, the awning under,
Bravery now low,
No more to hear the cannon's rolling thunder,
Or front the foe.

We look'd again upon his face, and, stooping,
Kiss'd his young brow,
Then placed him in his serge-shroud, colours drooping,
All silent now.

There lay he ready—he late mirth and gladness—
For his sea-grave;
And many a heart, ne'er touch'd before by sadness,
A deep sigh gave.

We stood with folded hands, and heads uncover'd,
Before the dead;
The albatross above the vessel hover'd,
As the priest read.

Oh, didst thou hear those solemn words, thou Ocean,
Making low moan?
Thou azure sepulchre, with murmuring motion,
Asking thine own!

The clay to thy cold keeping must be given,
The soul above;
One would have died to save him—pity, Heaven!
That heart of love!

How would she weep when told the mournful story!
Her darling brave,
Not slain in fight, and giv'n a wreath of glory,
But this sad grave?

We lower'd him slowly, gently to the billow;
We gazed once more;
Sleep, much-loved comrade, sleep on thy cold pillow!
One splash—'twas o'er.

Thus to the depths mysterious we committed
The mother's pride;
The waves above him swept, the sea-bird flitted,
And low winds sigh'd.

On ocean's verge the golden sun was resting,
Twilight brought balm,
Beauty, solemnity, the scene investing
With holiest calm.

There let him slumber, far from gentle weepers,
In coral caves,
Till the last trumpet calls the long, long sleepers
From their sea-graves.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXXVI.

Wrapped in a large silk shawl, Christine descended to the carriage, and in the unwonted enjoyment of driving along the streets her elastic spirits rose to a state of great buoyancy. On entering the theatre, her father hurried her into a small stageibox on the third tier, where, ensconced in a dark corner, she could sit concealed while seeing and hearing all that was going on around her. The entertainment—composed of alternate instrumental and vocal music—did great credit to the dilettanti of Palermo, and the débutante listened with extreme pleasure to a treat so new to her as an amateur concert. This treat was not the less agreeable that it inspired no fear on her own account; on the contrary, when some solos from favourite operas were given, she felt an intense desire to go down on the stage and sing them herself, detecting, as she so frequently did, a want of expression, power, or finish of execution. San Isidora sat opposite to his daughter, watching every change of her eloquent countenance. He had well calculated his chances in bringing her forward for the first time among private performers. It inspired confidence in her own talents to hear singing more defective than that of people purely professional would have been; and when to this advantage was added her youth, extreme beauty, and her appearing in the midst of her high-born connexions, he felt that his forethought and management had secured her success. At length her turn came. It had been settled that she was to sing before the last great piece of orchestral music which was to close the entertainment; and while a celebrated violoncello player was melting the souls of all present with the mellowed tones which he drew from his instrument, the youthful cantatrice descended the stairs with her father to wait at the side-scenes the moment when she was to appear upon the stage. During this trying interval, San Isidora felt his daughter shiver slightly as she clung to his arm. He looked down at her fair face, and almost started at the lustrous paleness of her polished cheek.

"Mia figlia!" he softly whispered, "surely you cannot have any fear in singing after the bunglers you have heard to-night?"

"No, father," she answered, hesitatingly, while gazing at the crowded house with an appalled expression. "I do not fear to sing, nor am I much afraid to show myself before that sea of heads; but yet I feel as if my destiny hung on this night. I have sensations of awe which oppress me."

"Throw them off, my child," hurriedly answered her parent, perceiving that in a minute she must appear—"throw them bravely off, and think only of how much depends upon this moment; that your success is necessary to render us both independent and happy. Coraggio! now for it!"

His words dissolved the icy spell that had fallen on his daughter's faculties; it brought realities before her eyes, and roused the powers of her bright imagination and energetic character. She hastily cast aside the shawl that enveloped her, and giving one hand to her father, while she held her music in the other, she advanced at the proper moment on the stage. A buzz greeted her appearance, accompanied by a universal movement throughout the house. "La Signorina San Isidora—la cugina del Principe—la figlia di Ascanio—quanto è bella!" was murmured round and round, until she could have no doubt whatever of the favourable impression she had made. It is needless to talk of people carrying desired aims by force of mind alone: this seldom or never occurs; and had our débutante, with all her genius and amiable qualities, appeared an ugly, awkward, ill-dressed person before the Palermo audience, the effect would have been very different.

Christine not only "se sentait belle," as the French aptly express it, but she likewise knew that she was attired in a manner that enhanced her beauty, while it could not excite any animadversion. She therefore walked forward and took her position with the quiet self-possession of one who is equally secure in major and minor points. During the first minute her cheek retained its singular dazzling paleness, making her appear like an alabaster figure draped with black, while an indescribable feeling of awe hindered her raising her beautiful eyes from the ground; but when the prelude to her recitative began, everything seemed to change around her. It was so exquisitely played that she felt as if she imbibed inspiration in the melody-laden air she breathed, while the words uttered by her father fixed her mind on the necessity of her present appearance. She glanced aside at him as he sat at the piano regarding her with anxious attention, and seeking to awaken her musical feelings by his masterly symphony. She saw his uneasiness, and gave him a reassuring smile; then, turning round, she took one rapid survey of the house before fixing her attention on the music in her hand. That sweet smile, that bright glance, had a magical influence on the assembled crowd. There reigned the stillness of death when the first thrilling words of the recitative came forth from her chiselled lips, and as she continued the deep, distinct, and touching tones, a spell seemed to fall on all those who were present, binding them in motionless silence. At last, when she had concluded the more impressive part of her piece, and burst into the flow of song, the effect was electrifying; the delicious gust of youthful juicy voice, the ringing tones of happiness, the extraordinary facility with which she executed the most complex passages, the clearness and fulness of her very high notes, and the strength and roundness of her low ones, were marvellous to hear combined in one human organ.

The effect produced by her splendid singing was little less than wonderful, while the beauty of her face, the remarkable gracefulness of her least movement, even in turning over the leaves of her music, conveyed to the spectators the conviction of her being the possessor of mental as well as of physical distinction, equally powerful, and as much under her control as her extraordinary gift of voice, of which she had so completely acquired the management. The bravura concluded

by some passages of intricate composition, which tried to the utmost the united properties of accuracy of ear, variety of expression, and brilliant execution. Christine stole another rapid glance at her father, conveying the assurance of the perfect confidence she felt, and then threw herself into those complex roulades with as complete an *abandon* as if she had a positive luxury in revelling in the midst of musical difficulties. So immense was the sensation she excited, that when the last beautiful cadence died away on the air, there was a burst of universal enthusiasm throughout the theatre. San Isidora rose in triumph from the piano.

"Brava, brava, figlia mia!" he exclaimed, with exultation, as he extended his hand to conduct her from the stage. "Your fortune is made from this night, cara."

The cries of "Fuori, fuori!"* did not, however, permit Christine an instant either for congratulation or reflection. Her father was again obliged to lead her on. Forward she came with her elastic and graceful step, while her eyes, smiles, and glowing cheeks all harmonised in a dazzling expression of gratified feeling in receiving the almost frantic plaudits that greeted her reappearance. She was in the act of curtseying round her thanks, when her eye suddenly rested on the stage-box in the second tier, just under the one which she had occupied the beginning of the evening. In the front of this box sat a beautiful girl, seemingly about fifteen, whose large blue eyes, light-brown curls, and clear, fair face proclaimed her English, while an old lady, with hair as white as snow, and of a singularly pleasing but melancholy expression of physiognomy, sat beside her. It was true that those two figures at first arrested Christine's attention, not only as something sympathetic with her feelings, but likewise as conveying an impression peculiarly gratifying to her vanity by the excess of their approbation, particularly on the part of the youthful beauty, who sought in every way to testify her extreme admiration; but a second view discovered a third person in the box, who, by a kind of magnetic attraction, riveted the triumphant songstress so as to make her forget for a moment all that was before and around her. Drawn up behind stood a gentleman with folded arms, tall, grave, and pale; he might have been taken for a statue had it not been for the glance of living light that shot from his large dark eyes, and fascinated the young girl upon whom he fixed them. So remarkable was the effect produced by his intense observation, that when their eyes met it seemed as if a ray of mutual intelligence was communicated which blended their thoughts and feelings. He did not approve of her—no, she *felt* that he did not approve of her—standing curtseying there to that superficial multitude; he gave no sign of applause himself, and yet the expression of his face left no doubt that he observed her with a fixed and absorbing interest. There was a singular reaction instantly operating in her mind. She experienced no more gratification in being the object of so much approbation; on the contrary, she felt degraded by it, and, regardless of the thundering plaudits, she almost immediately withdrew. She was not to escape thus, however; she was again

* To come forward.

called forth, but she only appeared at the bottom of the stage, and, like a pure sparkling star just setting, gleamed for a moment in the distance and disappeared. Great excitement reigned in the house, for everything in Christine's début was calculated to give her singular notoriety; her extraordinary vocal powers and excessive beauty, her high connexions and dubious position with a father of bad character, all tended to throw a certain halo of mysterious interest around her. A more universal and unqualified feeling of admiration was, perhaps, never before inspired; the ladies, in their surprise, threw aside jealousy, and joined with the gentlemen in lauding her; and even la Principessa San Isidora had caught the infection. In a flutter of excitement and delight she had listened to the beautiful piece so exquisitely sung, and when it finished gave noisy demonstration of her approbation. Her dignified caro sposo smiled at her unwonted enthusiasm, and he was in the act of leaving his seat to hasten behind the scenes in order to congratulate his young relative on her wonderful powers and universal success, when, all at once, he was arrested in his progress by his lady calling out in an excited manner, waving her fan at the same time in the direction of the stage:

"Gregorio, Gregorio! Dio mio! Dio mio!"

"Che c'e mia, moglie?"* asked the prince, with much surprise, not perceiving anything to create alarm in the lovely cantatrice curtseying her thanks to the audience.

"Oh, Gregorio, Gregorio, siamo rovinati—ecco Tadeo!"† replied in despairing tones the unhappy mother, pointing to a box near the orchestra, from which her beloved son appeared, bending forward in a frantic state of rapturous animation, as if he were ready to jump on the stage and eat up his beautiful cousin.

The prince quietly levelled his glass in that direction, then shrugged up his shoulders, and soothingly replied to his wife's appealing looks of misery:

"Why are you in such a fright, Gianetta? In a few weeks Tadeo will be married to the Albertini, so what harm can come of his admiring la bella Cristina?"

"Oh, Gregorio, you do not know our Tadeo!" replied the more quick-sighted lady. "If he becomes innamorato della cugina‡, he will not, in his madness, care if the sposa, you, and I, with all our possessions, were at the bottom of the sea. I know his way, well; he fell so quickly in love with the Albertini that he will very soon come out of it, having had no opposition to fix him in his fancy; but with that vera strega di bellezza, la Cristina§, he will never get cured; for, besides its having the attraction, for *him*, of being out of all rule in his position, quella ragazza‖ is endowed with everything calculated to obtain an empire over a man, and to fix it when it is obtained."

"But Tadeo has a good heart and high principles of honour," observed the father, rather anxiously.

"Bah!" replied the lady, "what signify a man's heart and his high principles of honour when his head is bewildered by a beautiful woman,

---

* What is the matter, my wife? † We are ruined—there is Tadeo.
‡ Smitten with his cousin. § Very witch of beauty. ‖ That girl.

who sings to his senses? Oh, Gregorio, Gregorio! remember how you were yourself committed with the Catterina!"

"Well, well, may be so," replied rather nervously the husband, fearing the turn the subject was taking. "But there is another view of the affair, mia moglie; perhaps la Cristina may not fall in love with Tadeo."

"*Impossibile!*" frowningly answered the princess, haughtily tossing her head as she spoke, being almost more offended at a supposition so degrading to the dignity of her son than she was afraid of the danger of his becoming a captive to his cousin. Her mind would not have been at all tranquillised had she at that moment peeped behind the scenes, where she would have beheld her beloved Tadeo enveloping la cantatrice* in her silk shawl, while professing his rapture in having been fortunate enough to come from Naples in time to hear his bella cugina cantare come una vera angela.†

From this night of triumphant success the world became quite a new world to Christine; everything grew bright and animated; visits, complimentary messages and notes poured upon her; musical professors flocked around her whenever she appeared abroad; and even San Isidora became courted for his daughter's sake, whose fortune the world *now* knew to be secure by her great natural gifts, genius, and beauty. He continued, however, to guard his treasure carefully. She was permitted to receive no visits, on the plea of being engaged in busy preparation for another exhibition. To hear her sing in opera was the universal cry, and at last her father *allowed* himself to be prevailed upon to permit her appearance in that of "Roberto il Diavolo," provided the parts were sustained by amateurs, the purpose charity, and the audience to be select.

This announcement was hailed with delight, and innumerable applications for permission to perform were made to the committee who charged themselves with the arrangements. San Isidora—though acting as king, on the strength of his daughter's importance—left, nevertheless, all the responsibility of casting the parts to those gentlemen, except in that of Roberto, which he insisted on taking himself; for as his daughter was to appear in Isabella, he did not choose to permit her being associated with a stranger. This was all very right and proper, although it was to be regretted the general effect should be spoiled by the hero being represented by a man no longer young, and whose voice was not adapted for the part. The thing progressed rapidly, however; the rehearsals took place almost every morning at the theatre where the concert had been held, and regularly at those rehearsals attended Tadeo, devoting his attentions to his fascinating cousin.

As a relation, Christine liked the young man amazingly; she admired his polished manners and aristocratic appearance, and she had much pleasure in watching the lightning changes of expression passing over his handsome countenance, more particularly as he never said or did anything that could offend, but, on the contrary, was full of talent and good feeling. His fine grey eyes, it is true, did look unutterable

---

* The singer.

† His beautiful cousin sing like a real angel.

things occasionally at the bewitching cantatrice; but, nevertheless, those languishing glances had no other effect on Christine than to make her smile, for she had the conviction that *if* Tadeo were really in love with her—for she was far from being sure on the subject—it would not prove a deep passion; in short, she was convinced that nothing very serious *could* happen to her volatile relative. And yet she felt a great regard for him. He was the only one of her father's family whom she really liked; but not one spark of the tender passion mixed itself up with her purely friendly sentiments; no, the deeper feelings of her soul were absorbed by the recollection of the melancholy marble-looking countenance which she had seen in the stage-box. She had ventured to ask her father one day if he knew who the party were, describing them personally as she did so; and she had been startled by his answering that it was the English family who lived in the villa Zernini.

"The young person," he continued, "is, I believe, the gentleman's daughter, and the old one her dame de compagnie, but they rarely show themselves. The ladies seldom leave their grounds, and the gentleman is almost always at sea in his yacht; he is reported to be immensely rich, but, like un vero Inglese,* he keeps all his luxury and grandeur to himself."

"Ah! no," thought Christine; "he could quit his luxuries to watch over and sustain poor Ernest Arnheim on his death-bed, and he could so far forget his grandeur as to visit the chapel where lay the cold remains of his humble friend—ay, and to bring his lovely daughter too, for *she* is Emmeline. But where is his wife?"

Christine ruminated on the subject until she believed that she quite understood it, and from the recollection of his mournful reflections and quotation, as she had heard them in the church, when coupled with his saddened tone of voice, she concluded her musing thus:

"His wife is dead, and the world has lost all charm for him. It must be so; he mourns a fond, devoted partner, who has been everything to him, and now he only wishes to be laid at rest beside her. No won derhe despised a poor silly girl like me, on hearing me sing, and in seeing me curtseying before a crowd of idle, trifling people. But he does not know how I am situated; if he did, I am sure that he would not condemn me."

In this way Christine settled the matter, while almost persuading herself that the next time her father took her in a carriage to the Marina she should see him. But her expectation was in vain; she beheld him no more, and even the villa was still concealed by the full foliage of the trees, whose luxuriance was yet undiminished by the approach of winter.

---

* A true Englishman.

XXXVII.

The night of the opera at length arrived, a night in every way calculated to attract great attention, not only from the marvellous reputation which the beautiful young prima donna had acquired in her appearance in concert, but likewise from its being the first time that the celebrated German composition of "Robert le Diable" had ever been brought forward in Palermo. It had been carefully translated into Italian, and the choruses and orchestra selected and rehearsed with much attention. A professional German girl had been chosen to perform the part of Alice, San Isidora having declined it for his daughter on the plea of its being too fatiguing; and that of Bertramo was likewise to be represented by a much-admired public basso, whose conception of the character was wonderfully successful; the others were amateurs, and all, without exception, excellent singers. The getting up of the piece, in short, was first rate, and, from the scene of the opera being laid in Sicily, the *dramatis personæ* felt themselves quite at home, and entered with wonderful zest into all the mystic parts of it. The ballet-dancers were, at a considerable expense, brought from Naples expressly for that night, and with them came the impresario* of San Carlo, in order to judge himself of the new cantatrice, no one having the least doubt that San Isidora destined his daughter for a public career. On their way to the theatre her father never ceased to impress on Christine the necessity of her saving her strength for the sleeping-scene, well knowing his daughter's inspired manner of singing the admired piece of "Roberto, Roberto, non amo che te,"† and fearing that by over-exertion in the preceding parts she might fatigue herself too much to give it in her usual impassioned style. She only replied by smilingly vaunting her strength, and assured her father that she considered as nothing what she had to perform in the opera with the exception of that single piece, which she professed to like above everything else she sang. On reaching the theatre, she immediately retired to prepare herself, and was quickly arrayed in the singular ancient Sicilian costume in which Isabella is always represented. When her toilet was finished, she left her room to seek her father, in order to hear if he thought she was dressed according to rule, and knocked at his door with that intention. He did not answer immediately, and, after waiting for a minute, the bolt was undrawn, the door thrown open, and Roberto, splendidly attired, and looking like a youthful Apollo, stood before her; but it was not San Isidora—it was Tadeo! Christine remained motionless, gazing at the brilliant apparition as if she doubted the evidence of her senses, not being able to understand what appeared at the first instant a miraculous metamorphosis; and it was only on her cousin approaching, and playfully assuring her that he had all along been intended for the part, and had privately rehearsed for it, that she recovered in some sort from her astonishment. Tadeo ran on explaining that, il padre e la madre essendo molto puntigliosi,‡ he had despaired of obtaining

* Manager.

† Robert, Robert, I love none but thee!

‡ His father and mother being very captious.

their consent, and, thinking it better not to risk a refusal, had therefore arranged with il buon Ascanio that he should insist upon taking it himself, in order to reserve for him the honour e felicitá of enacting the adoratore della cugina. San Isidora saw a cloud gathering on his daughter's brow, and hastened to settle matters by assuring her that Tadeo was one of the finest tenors in Italy, and as he had carefully instructed him in all the minute points to be attended to in the character, there was no doubt whatever of his making furore. "Besides your having the advantage of performing with a first-rate singer, Christine," he continued, "this arrangement leaves me the liberty of being beside you when you are not engaged in acting, for it is not desirable for a young woman to remain alone at the side-scenes awaiting the moment when she must appear on the stage."

This observation was enough to silence the remonstrance that was rising to her lips, particularly when it was followed up by his observing that it was so great a relief to him to find a substitute for a part—neither suited to his age nor to his voice—in so near a relation and a giovanotto tanto buono come Tadeo.* The sound of the overture, however, left no more time either for explanation or discussion, and Roberto was called upon to hold himself in readiness for the first scene. On the handsome youth stepping forth in answer to the summons, there was a shout among the assembled amateur performers, very few of whom were in the secret of the transfer made by Ascanio; and when he appeared on the stage, the whole house seemed mystified as to who il bell' giovanotto† could possibly be. Conscious of his extreme personal beauty, as well as being confident in his fine vocal powers, and delighting in the wonder and speculation he occasioned, Tadeo made a most imposing and fearless début. Christine, leaning on her father's arm, watched his progress with much interest and curiosity, clearly perceiving that on his first appearance he was not recognised. Then her eye rested on the princess, his mother, who was bending forward, intently observing him with a disturbed countenance; but the moment he began to sing she sprang upon her feet, and, turning towards her husband, seemed in so great a state of nervous agitation as to be in danger of going into convulsions. The prince, however, succeeded in calming her to a certain degree; for, after a little, she sat back in her box and continued to fan herself violently, which exercise she only discontinued to glance hastily at the stage from time to time, then to strike the cushion before her with her closed fan whilst nodding her head at her husband in significant despair.

The gaming-scene went off with immense éclat: the chorus was excellent, Bertramo as sinister as possible, both in his tones and looks, and Roberto himself inimitable, the reckless, dare-devil part he represented being quite in keeping with his natural character. The attention he drew, however, immediately gave way when Christine's turn came to appear; while his success inspired her with courage, and prevented any feeling of nervousness which she might otherwise have had. If she had astonished and charmed in merely singing in

---

* A young man so amiable as Tadeo.

† Handsome youth.

concert, the effect may be imagined when to her magnificent voice was added her extreme beauty and exquisite acting. There was nothing in the part of Isabella that called forth much power in the commencement of the piece; but her loveliness of person, enhanced as it was by the singular dress she wore, her harmony of motion, her repose of appearance, created an immense sensation, and proved that she possessed a combination of qualities which approached as nearly as possible to perfection. The little she had at first to sing sounded superlatively fine, from the fulness and fineness of her *organ*, in contrast to that of Alice, whose voice, though true, was thin and shrill, while her intonation was so admirably adapted to the sense of the words, that passages came with splendid effect from her, which from an inferior performer would have passed without notice. The truth must also be acknowledged that Christine felt herself in her element; the excitement of acting aided her vocal power; she had got a character to sustain pecularly adapted to her taste; and, what was more, the unexpected circumstance of having her handsome cousin for her amoroso amused her mind, and gave her an élan which she could not possibly have had if her father had represented her half-demon lover. Several times she glanced furtively at the well-remembered stage-box, to find out if it were occupied by the inhabitants of the villa Zernini. The first time only showed her an immense bouquet of beautiful flowers which lay on the front cushion, but a minute after she descried the lovely face of the young girl behind it. She looked paler and thinner than on the former occasion, and at the commencement of the evening leaned languidly back in her seat; the benevolent-looking old lady sat behind her, and in the opposite corner, half-concealed from view, was the gentleman.

The opera progressed with much spirit, the ghosts of the nuns came gliding in with great effect, and, when transformed into ballet-dancers, performed their parts to the satisfaction of all present. Still more approbation did they elicit in their exit, however, when the demons rushed in to seize their prey, in all sorts of whimsical forms, suited to the Italian taste. With cloven feet, long tails, and frightful heads, they whisked round and round, grappling hold of the wicked sisterhood, of whom one particular sinner was distinguished by being dragged off the stage enfolded in the coils of an immense serpent. Another fell a victim to a nondescript imp, with the body of a lion, long wings like those of a bat, and the head of a huge owl; while the licentious Abbess Eleanor, being seized upon by a most sinister-looking dragon, was carried away to the top of the stage, kicking with her legs in the air in agony of spirit—as may well be supposed—in having exchanged the wild and handsome Roberto for so ruthless and disgusting a partner. So unbounded was the animation occasioned by the German mysticity of plot, and this novel kind of ballet, that Christine's young buoyant spirits rose high in proportion, so that when her great sleeping-scene arrived she felt so much inspired that she thought of nothing but of what she had to represent.

Tadeo, quite delighted with his success, appeared in an equally triumphant vein, and perhaps never before or since was given that beautiful piece of opera music with an effect so electrifying. Christine's

exquisite grace in the imploring action of throwing herself on her knees to her lover, the impassioned tones of her voice in the acknowledgment of her heart's secret preference and in her supplication for mercy, her superlative loveliness of face and power of expression combined to create an effect almost magical. The purity of her complexion, her silky fair hair even, aided in the scenic delusion, as being more peculiarly adapted to the innocence and helplessness of the character she represented, than would have been the countenance, however beautiful, of a black-eyed, dark-haired woman. The thunders of applause which were elicited brought on an encore; but if the scene were effective the first time, it was even more so the second, and the enthusiasm of the audience arose to absolute frenzy.

"Ecco dei veri San Isidora! ecco dei veri San Isidora!"* resounded on all sides, until even the unhappy principessa was obliged to smile in the midst of her anguish of mind at this involuntary compliment to the musical talent for which her husband's family had always been remarkable.

"Do not be in despair, Gianetta," said the prince, looking at his wife compassionately; "believe me, cara, that Tadeo's singing mania will quickly evaporate, and if it does not his voice will soon give way. A few more nights' excitement like this will speedily wear it out; he has no physical force to keep up with the exertion; he is merely inspired by a transient love-fit."

"Ma la ragazza allora," said the principessa, anxiously; "her voice, Gregorio, will it wear out also?"

"Oh no, no!" answered the husband, musingly; "that girl is all music; her step, with all her motions, are in harmony; her very grace arises in a great measure from the physical strength which gives such immense command of voice." The prince had got upon a subject which he thoroughly understood, and he continued, therefore, pouring out his ideas as if he were thinking aloud. "La Cristina never gets husky in her notes, nor exhausted in tone, as a slight-made female would do; and her muscles are so elastic that her movements cause her no fatigue. No, if she lives till she is fifty, still at that age she will sing beautifully; but our Tadeo, though gifted with a splendid tenor, has no strength of chest to stand exertion. What would only develop her powers would kill him!"

"Oh, my poor infatuated boy!" groaned out the despairing mother. "Then this fantasia per la cugina† will be the end of him, and he will sink singing into his grave. Ah, misera me!"‡

The prince could not help smiling at the droll idea.

"Listen, my wife," he quietly said, "it is just as likely that he will sink into his grave drinking, or rattling the dice-box over his head. Did you ever in your life recollect seeing our Tadeo follow one pursuit for six weeks consecutively? You never did, and you never will; it is not his nature. Moreover, he is in no danger with the Christina; she does not care a straw for him—I mean as a lover. I have observed her narrowly all throughout the piece, and she acted far too

---

* These are of the genuine race of San Isidora.

† This fancy for his cousin.

‡ Miserable me!

well to have the least real feeling for Tadeo. I caught a glimpse of her beautiful face several times peeping from the side scenes, and watching with that vivid smile of hers his natural powerful style of performing his part, and there was admiration and glee in her expression, but not a vestige of love. She is born to rise high, quella ragazza," he pursued; "circumstances have stamped her mind with immense energy; her feelings, like her powers, are under her control, and not even Ascanio, with all his wit, will ever succeed in warping her to evil. Sia contenta, mia moglie non c'e pericolo pel, nostro figlio."*

The princess became soothed by the confidence with which her husband spoke, well knowing that he was sound in his conclusions on any subject which interested him sufficiently to fix his attention; and the absorbing performance continued. On the curtain descending, the cries of "Fuori, fuori!" compelled the cousins to appear; and when Tadeo handed the beautiful prima donna to the front of the stage, it really might have been said that a more matchless couple never before stood on the boards of any theatre. Bouquets from all directions fell round Christine, until at last she seemed to stand in a bed of sweets; although she raised but one of those tasteful nosegays from the ground. On coming forward, she had observed the lovely English girl in the stage-box seize the magnificent bunch of flowers—which had lain before her all the evening—and, on her near approach, fling it, with a bright smile, at her feet; she stooped and picked it up at the instant, raising, as she did so, her eyes to that spot of mysterious attraction, while she curtseyed. The sweet young face was gazing down upon her, and the old lady, with a nervous and anxious expression, was looking over her shoulder; the gentleman had left his half-concealed position, and was standing in the front of the box, but his countenance was no longer of a marble paleness, for a bright hectic spot burned on each cheek, while his eyes were intently fixed on the lovely creature before him. Christine's breath came short; there was something in the faces of those three individuals that seized on her mind with irresistible force. She felt a strong wish to press her lips to that candid girlish brow; she earnestly longed to hear the tone of the old lady's voice and that of the gentleman. She started and sighed, for from him she had received from the first an impression unlike anything that she ever before experienced—a deep, fixed idea, which hung about her like her own shadow, and became visible or indistinct according as shade or sunshine predominated in her mind. He was a man no longer young—Christine believed he might be nearly forty—and there were lines of care upon his face, though certainly not imprinted there by the wear and tear of mind arising from bad sources. The features bore the stamp of intellect, more than the power which proceeds from the force of the passions; or if strong passions had originally existed, their baneful fires were now extinct; but there was past sorrow and present anxiety still depicted in that magnificent face, though the compression of the finely cut mouth betrayed stern energy of purpose —iron determination of character. Again and again had the admired

* Be tranquil, my wife; our son is in no danger.

cantatrice to return on the stage to meet the frantic plaudits; but her ear was only open to the ringing youthful laugh of triumphant glee which, from the box of fascination, greeted the reiterated demonstration of the general enthusiasm, and her eye, unconscious of all before her but the majestic figure of the melancholy-looking stranger, whose piercing gaze was riveted on her blushing countenance, as if he had read every thought and scanned every feeling with which she was at the moment agitated. When at last she was permitted to withdraw, it was only to meet new marks of public favour, which the Italians, with their usual celerity and taste, had hastily concerted and arranged to do her honour. Without being permitted to lay aside her stage-dress, she was hurried to the great entrance, where she found a triumphal car prepared to receive her and convey her home. The horses that drew it were gaily caparisoned, and were preceded by a troop of floriste,* who scattered flowers on the way, while a band of music with choristers surrounded the carriage and sang an ode in her praise as it moved slowly along. Standing at her back was Tadeo, arrayed as Apollo, and holding a flag above her head, on which was an inscription proclaiming her the favourite of the Nine; and there, as she sat in the singular Sicilian costume, she indeed looked like the genius of music, who had suddenly descended to visit the earth on the silvery beams of the moon, which lighted up the surrounding scene into a kind of mimic day. At last, arrived at the ancient palace of her family, she left her fairy-looking seat, and, on alighting at the entrance, bowed and smiled her thanks for the honour done to her by the adulating crowd, who, preceded by her father and Tadeo in the car, were in the act of turning to retrace their course. She was preparing to pass into the court with Nina, when her eyes—at the moment filled with tears of gratitude and pleasure—fell upon a figure that was leaning against one of the columns of the portico under which she stood. The fine melancholy countenance had returned to its usual marble hue; but the penetrating and powerful glance was fixed on her own eloquent face, while two words were breathed forth in a low and mournful intonation, only loud enough to convey them to the ear for which they were intended. Those two little words were simply "Che peccato!"† but the tone in which they were articulated spoke volumes to the sensitive and conscious hearer.

---

* Flower-girls. † What a pity!

A NARRATIVE OF A SHORT RESIDENCE IN LOWER CANADA, AND A VISIT TO THE FALLS.

I.

I PASS over my notes descriptive of the preparations for the voyage, as also the account of the crossing the Atlantic in one of Cunard's monster steamers. I find that such matters are better treated of in advertisements and in guide-books. I do not give any details of the events which took place during the transit from Liverpool to Halifax. All the passengers on board were strangers to me—most of them merchants—and my acquaintance with them such as might be called ephemeral. As to the vast Atlantic and its wonders, I must leave their description to other pens, and ask the reader to imagine my having made so much of the voyage as comprised my passage from Liverpool to Halifax.

I was, then, one beautiful night in autumn, on the deck of the *Africa*, in the bay of Fundy. We had just left Halifax, and were in the highest state of contentment at the prospect of having to finish our course the next day. The next morning, when we rose and went on deck, we found ourselves steaming into Boston, which is situated on a peninsula. This town is certainly admirably calculated to impress a stranger with the sense of the opening grandeur, new force, thriving prosperity, and commercial enterprise of the New World; the spacious harbour, deep, commodious, and supplied with natural and artificial requisites for the lie of ships; the extensive range of hills, wooded, spangled with every feature which cultivation and a richly populated neighbourhood can impart; the country mansion, the lordly palace, the neat villa, the well-appointed farm, the rich herbage, and well-clothed fields, form a background to a newly built city which girds the bay, inhabited by a race of as wealthy and as energetic a mercantile community as any which are to be found in the two hemispheres. Here we saw the coup d'œil of the vast basin which forms the bay; here lay ships from all nations far too numerous to count, and the harbour is well able to give accommodation to a thousand sail; and waters deep, glassy, and extending in width for a distance of ten miles, are so well adapted for all manner of craft, that vessels of a thousand tons burden can approach the quays and unlade their cargoes. The range of dockyard, wharf accommodation, depôts for stores, cranes, floating bridges, plying between the long wharf and the mainland, and bearing carriages, horses, and crowds to and fro; the vast mass of buildings of glistening white, of which the city is composed; the conspicuous buildings peering here and there amongst the new, bright edifices, where nothing was indicative of decay or ruin, but all fresh and glowing; the handiwork of a new race and new settlers; the creation of yesterday. I noticed most pre-eminent in the mass of objects the House of Legislature and Fanuel Hall. It would be prostitution of classical language to call to one's aid a comparison drawn from antiquity in speaking of a town so new, so trade-born, and so wedded to vulgar traffic; but these towering buildings, standing so much more lofty, so surpassingly superior to all the other houses, reminded me of the lines in Virgil,

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros
Gradiens que Deas supereminet omnes.

The wharf near which the vessel was moored was convenient for the passengers. In fact, nothing was to impede the landing, and the vast Cunard steamer which we were on board of did not cease plying her steam till we actually came alongside it. After this ensued the lifting up the piles of luggage by the cranes, depositing them in huge waggons, and taking them to the depôt, as they called the series of spacious sheds which lay on the long wharf ready for their reception. Doubtless I had a long time to wait. It was quite impossible to expect, with such a cargo and such a number of passengers, that one could at once put one's hand on the property which one brought about with one; but after I had seen my boxes taken up by the cranes, I found neither difficulty nor expense in passing them through the custom-house depôt; no attempt at extra demand; no officious agent of the attorney school to proffer his assistance, and to fleece you of your coin, as would inevitably have been the case in England. The official to whom I spoke heard me readily, examined willingly, and transacted his business quickly, plainly, and manfully. I left the numerous boxes in his charge, and determined to come back myself in the course of the day, and deliver them over in charge of an agent, to be sent across the country to Quebec.

As soon as all had been left in his charge, I went with my light portmanteau to the entrance of the depôt, and saw standing there numerous vehicles, which were ready for the purpose of taking passengers to the numerous hotels whice are to be found in East Boston. Each of these carriages had three rows of seats, so that the numbers that they would carry with close packing would be about twelve. We had not quite so many in our conveyance, which I was glad of, as it was excessively warm. We were drawn by two horses. The driver took us through the west part of the town, where are the wharves, the commercial depôts, and the dockyards, and came to a large floating bridge, which, without more ado, he drove on to, and almost immediately afterwards we, in common with about forty other vehicles and crowds of foot passengers, also some horsemen, found ourselves steaming along on this moving platform to East Boston. Not more than a few moments elapsed, when we found ourselves on the other side, and in the most frequented part of the town. I was very glad that the sides of the carriage were open, both on account of the state of the atmosphere and from my wish to see what the place looked like. Here, every house which I saw had its lower story taken up with a shop or a store. Nothing but trade certainly could find its footing here. I was struck with the contrast which these rows of houses presented as put in comparison with the houses comprising streets in London, or some other great city of the old country. The names of the proprietors in Boston generally represented the mass of the gentry, the persons whom you would meet in the hotels, boarding-houses, the clubs, travellers on the railway, and, generally speaking, the owners of the country houses in the neighbourhood. Now, in London the names of the shopkeepers, which are lettered over the doors, and which you read in thousands as you drive through the streets, are not the names of the gentry whom you meet in society. They do not belong to a class which

you find either in your club-rooms or your coteries in the evening; they know their place, and keep themselves in the second-class herd, which own the patronage and pay the homage to the aristocracy; and, unlike the mass of New World republicans, who form one gregarious assemblage, each unit claiming his share in upholding the common welfare, they trust the safety and the well-being of their country to those whom education, property, and ancestral rank have elevated into the position of being its natural guardians. But these men appeared to be not only what Napoleon called the English, "a nation of shopkeepers," but a nation that were not ashamed to own themselves shopkeepers.

Now, to say that the English are a nation of shopkeepers appears to me quite an error. Surely it must be obvious to any person that one never meets an Englishman of any station or presentable appearance that does not soar in mind far above being thought a shopkeeper; and though he may be a man in trade or a plebeian, and with his own class may profess to contemn the aristocracy, still he shows by his conduct that in his heart of hearts he respects and almost idolises a lord. But *here* in Boston, where there are no lords to awe the populace with their coroneted coaches, or to dazzle the fair sex with their brilliant and fashionable manners, there must still be something that rises to admiration and forms the nucleus of emulation and hope, and this object of attraction seems to be the Dagon Mammon. This is virtually the object of contemplation and adoration to all classes. The traveller in India sees the whole mass of the population throughout all the cities of Hindostan, in whatever city he may pass through, devote one day and night in the year to the actual worship, the rites and ceremonies, and consecration of offerings to the shrine of good fortune, named in their language Luchmee. This is a positive and genuinely avowed day of worship; it is called the Dewalee. But what is the one day set apart by these benighted and misguided fanatics compared to the pervading practice of those whose end and aim is virtually and really in the service of the same goddess, and whose every day is a painstaking Dewalee without its ceremony? I must own, however, that if these American shopkeepers want the civility of the English, they are also free from that servile and cringing manner which in England

> The tradesman meek, and much a liar,

is too often found with.

The quantity of business here going on seemed wonderful. All the men whom I observed were dressed in a manner peculiar to themselves. Their clothes were of a slovenly, unshapely make, great numbers of them in their shirt-sleeves, it being excessively warm. The hats were of a slouching sort of wide-awake, and I did not see an individual dressed like a gentleman. The streets were paved with very large stones, they were sufficiently wide, and there were several fine buildings and churches. Numerous were the shops, or, as they called them, stores, in which every sort of beverage was being sold for small sums. They had either in their centres or round the apartment large tables, in which were dug reservoirs coated with lead. In further bases lay ice in enormous blocks. Ice I saw carried about in large barrows; ice was being taken through the streets suspended from huge nippers from one end of the street to the other.

I thought it preferable to put up at some place which was the general resort of the American gentry than to go to a grand fashionable hotel, where I should be sure to find hosts of English travellers; I therefore told the driver to take us to an hotel which was near the railway station, from whose terminus I was going to travel from Boston to Portland, and so onwards to Quebec. This was a large, cleanly building. At the door was no porter or servant, but it opened into a large hall, on one side of which was an office, where the accountant of the establishment sat, and where he received the money which all the guests who frequented the house paid him before leaving it. He also superintended the different departments of business, and ordered the servants as to the rooms which the visitors should be shown into.

Two young men were fencing with sticks as we entered, laughing, jesting, and capering about—in short, amusing themselves in the way which schoolboys call skylarking—from one end of this spacious hall to the other. These two were servants, or rather helps, as they were called here. They desisted after keeping us waiting a little time, and one of them showed us to an apartment up-stairs. When I had settled myself in my temporary abode, and finished bathing and dressing, I was determined to go through the city on foot in search of the agent for my goods to whom I was recommended. I found that the walk through the town quite realised the ideas which I had formed of it when driving through it a few hours before. I must say, that both at the time I transacted business with the agent, and afterwards on finding the safe arrival of my boxes at Quebec, I had reason to be perfectly satisfied with the manner in which the matter was carried on. The agent accompanied me to the dock; I saw all the boxes taken away in his waggon, and I had no further trouble about them until about four days after I arrived at Quebec. On my way back, I went into one of the numerous houses where beverages of all descriptions were sold, and had a glass of iced lemonade. There were no end of the number of different sorts of drinks which were sold here—sherry-cobbler, cocktail, sangaree, gin-twist, &c. &c.—and all of them iced. The man who gave it to me said, àpropos to nothing, "Well, when are you going to Canada?" and this question, which I answered by "I should think very soon now," I am confident was not meant as a piece of impertinence, although, had a shopboy in London made such a query, I should have certainly thought so. But the free-and-easy style, also the brisk readiness with which they engage in conversation on any subject, is truly American. When I had transacted all the business which I had to do, I returned to my hotel, and found that I was too late for the general dinner-hour at the table-d'hôte, which was held every afternoon in the salle-à-manger at two P.M. I found that it was not usual to have a separate dinner for parties who come afterwards, but I was obliged to prevail on the superintendent to allow my family and myself to break through his rules so far as to let us have ours, so we sat down at three. The dishes and the vegetables were laid down on minute plates; tomatoes, and potatoes, and cauliflowers were in small earthenware red-coloured plates; and the dishes of meat were served up in plates of delph of similar minute dimensions. A young American attended in his shirt-sleeves, and when I told him that he need not remain, as we did not require him, he answered,

laconically, "Just so," and still remained in the same attitude behind us, and seemed rather offended at being thus addressed.

I had not much more to remark upon in this hotel, and, as my time was limited, I did not leave it again until the same afternoon at five, when I decided upon taking my departure by the railway for Portland, and subsequently on through Island Pond to Quebec. I did not feel inclined to visit any of the newly-raised buildings or houses of assembly in this town. The New World does not present any such which are invested with associations of classical interest; and as to the prisons, public institutions, and other places of a general character, they have been treated of ably and fully by many writers. In this town two circumstances recur to one's mind which seem to make it of historical importance—its being the site of the first rising of the colonists to declare their independence, and its being also the birthplace of Franklin. As to its extreme excellence as a situation for trading purposes, no doubt can exist. On the Long Wharf—the name of the tongue of land which, running into the bay, displays a level for the easy landing of cargoes of all descriptions—there is a stream of fresh water, which, under proper restrictions, such as are observed always by the authorities there, affords an ample supply for watering the craft which come into the harbour. There are four bridges which connect the peninsula, upon which it stands, with the mainland.

In the afternoon I went to take my place in the train for Portland. At five o'clock it was to start, and we were shown into a very long carriage, with seats ranged at right angles to its sides, just in the same way as the forms are in a school or lecture-room, the carriage containing about fifty forms on each side, and midway was a passage sufficiently wide for two men to walk. Between each form or seat was a partition high enough to form a prop for the back, but not such as to hinder one conversing with one's neighbour in the adjacent compartment. The forms were cushioned, but the entrances to each range were open. This was the accommodation for parties of all ranks; and I found, on inquiry, that the custom of the country would not tolerate a distinction such as we have, of first class, second class, &c.

There is no law more effective in practice than the law of opinion, as Locke has most logically laid down, and every day's experience serves to convince one of the truth. But it seemed to me extraordinary that a national objection should arise to the circumstance of one possessing more wealth, or more wish for comfort than another, being unable to avail himself of the means of procuring better accommodation for his money.

After we had seated ourselves, and gone some distance, a man with a large tray, containing a number of small tumblers and a large earthern watercroft, came down the passage which I spoke of, and distributed a tumbler of iced water to each individual who required it. The tumblers were set in the tray in the way that they fix such articles of glass on board ship when it is stormy weather. The man passed on in silence, offering them to all parties, and they were certainly very refreshing.

The water was kept in one of the vans, and there was a mode of

passing from one carriage to another, which made it practicable to hold communication with every individual travelling in the train. The ice—that agreeable luxury here universally found—was also kept in the van. This ceremony of handing round the iced water occurred three or four times between the terminus from which we started and the first place of resting. It was exceedingly close; and just before this welcome servitor had come round I thought to myself if, by any chance, one could procure a glass of iced water what a boon it would be—supposing it was quite a visionary expectation—when I was agreeably surprised by the welcome visitor. Seeing that many persons got up from their seats when the train stopped, I also rose, and I found that there was at the farther end of the carriage in which we were seated a saloon fitted for the accommodation of three or four people, and which was quite apart and secluded from the sight of anyone. I found, also, that it was meant for ladies, and that no additional charge was made for sitting in it. I proceeded, therefore, to the carriage where the conductor sat, and requested from him that he might permit my family to be accommodated in this saloon. He consented immediately, and, as there was room enough for me also, we travelled in it undisturbed all the way to Portland. We had light with us till near seven o'clock, and were very much pleased with the views of the different grounds, plantations, villas, and fields, as we travelled along. It was a very well-cultivated and populous country which we passed through. We made very few stoppages on the way, and those only for a few minutes.

When we got to the Maine it was about half-past seven o'clock in the evening, and shortly afterwards we stopped at a station where was a refreshment-house. I went into the refreshment-room, and found a very large table full of apparatus for tea, coffee, lemonade, ginger-beer, and iced water; but nothing in the way of wine, beer, or spirits, was to be had. The very mention of the name of any of these liquors caused a stare of surprise from the attendants. I asked one of them for a glass of beer, and she seemed quite shocked, and said that it was against the law. Now I, for my part, think that such a law is not by any means an improper one. If it were enforced in the United Kingdom I am almost sure that half the misery, crime, and disease which exists at present in the United Kingdom would, humanly speaking, cease to exist. The very rare circumstance of any of these liquids being requisite for the preservation of the health of an invalid might be easily provided for, and the appalling effects of the indulgence in intemperance would be averted from the ignorant and reckless of the community. It is for such and for the depraved that laws are enacted, and as is laid down by the apostle—"The law is not made for the righteous, but for the lawless and disobedient."

This invariable practice of refusing to sell anything intoxicating prevails throughout the whole state of the Maine, and the healthful condition and steady appearance of the people whom we met, and observed at the different places where the train stopped, contrasted very forcibly with the appearance of those whom we afterwards saw at the station-houses which we stopped at in Canada.

We arrived at Portland at ten P.M. that night. As it was too dark and too late to make any observations, we hurried to the hotel from the

terminus in one of the carriages, which seem to be universally used in this country, with three seats inside. When we arrived at the hotel, of course we were anxious to get all our trunks and light luggage into our apartment, and I found that the way in which the services of the helps at the hotels is given is really quite a matter of annoyance and wonder to an inhabitant of the old country. Their attendance was barely that of lifting and bringing up one's portmanteau, and then hurrying away; no regard paid to our requisitions for water, taking away boots, or anything of that kind.

We sat down to the supper-table, which was not wanting in plentiful solids; but there was no milk, no butter but what was salt. There were little stone dishes full of vegetables, meat preserves, and fruits. When we had finished our supper, the servants sat down before our faces at the same table and coolly commenced theirs. The feelings of persons of irascible disposition at such an inroad on the privacy which ladies and gentlemen generally like to live in may be easily imagined; but with such an overwhelming majority in favour of the custom which prevails in the country, I fancy it would be very useless to exhibit any demonstration of resistance. We had a very hot night, and the closeness of the atmosphere on shore was really most overpowering after our sojourn on board ship.

The next day I awoke very early, and looked out of the window to see what sort of place this new American town was. The houses were all newly constructed. Some of them contained stores—belonging to those who had made money and had settled down in life—some hotels, and others public buildings. The houses were not joined together in streets, but rows of large trees in front and at the sides gave them the appearance of so many stately villas.

I saw several vehicles going by hung upon immensely large wheels, with no body, but merely a small seat scarcely larger than a board, on which the driver sat, and, flourishing a long whip, drove the horses on at a very rapid pace. The horses were invariably in good condition. This I observed with all the horses which I had seen since I came to the country—even the hacks driven in the public conveyances looked very well and went very swiftly. In this the Americans show their good sense, as well as humanity, for nothing can be more improvident, as well as cruel, than the custom which prevails in many countries in Europe of overworking and ill-treating horses.

The train for Island Pond was to start at a very early hour—eight o'clock was named—so we had to finish our meal quickly, and, as is usual in this country, hurry forward on our journey. I was enabled to procure a saloon for my family, and certainly the very liberal system which prevails in this country of providing every accommodation for ladies is truly to its credit. This practice of giving place to the ladies when any meal is announced, and of letting them have the choice of everything at table in a manner that is at once recognised as the due course of proceeding, has been frequently adverted to by travellers in America. A very good system exists with regard to the luggage carried by each individual in a railway carriage. He is not permitted to take it with him into the same department unless it be very small, but he is given a metal check, and a similar check is tied to the box, or

portmanteau. At the end of his destination he produces his checks, and invariably finds that his boxes are easily distinguished by the railway official, being all labelled with duplicate checks to those which he produces. I took one of the copies of the Portland paper with me, but I found that half an hour was quite a sufficient time to master all the intelligence contained in this New World production. The wood-ashes from the engine, which were constantly blown in small pulverised particles, were tormenting accompaniments to the train in its progress. Never did I put my head out of the window without experiencing this during the whole course of our journey that day. Soon after our departure from Portland, the forest scenery and wild interminable woods of the new country formed our line of route. Through these one single line of rails, roughly laid over the new hewn and parted forest, was marked as our track. To describe the continuous forests of thickly grown and varied trees—the larch, the fir, the holm, the maple, the oak, the birch, the willow; the multiplied hosts of phases of scenery which exhibited pathless wastes of plantations; the gigantic immensity of scale which accumulated tracts of country resembling the Black Forest of Germany, or any other large wild wood in the old continent, multiplied to such an extent as to seem in comparison to these mere minute vignettes—would be a vain attempt. I saw, as I passed along this day, more variety of wooded plantation than I witnessed in all my travels through Italy, France, Spain, Greece, or Germany. It did not resemble in its plants the jungles of India, for in these the wild reeds, the shrubby creepers, and thick bamboos are more indicative of the rank luxuriance of the tropics; but in its immense continuity, its "boundless contiguity of shade," its unexplored beauty, its picture of pathless solitude, it brought forcibly to my mind a recollection of these jungles, though the magnitude of its trees rendered it much more picturesque and striking.

Here and there as we passed the woods were cleared, and the rude settlers had built their huts of wood, surrounded by a close, dense, impervious forest, the few huts rugged, wholly of wood, and just a small patch surrounding each where the stumps of trees had been uprooted, and where the industrious coloniser was cultivating his corn or vegetables. About fifty such huts—some few of which were stocked with provisions for sale to the rustic community of the hamlet—comprised the extent of the majority of the places which we either stopped at or passed through, and which, with singular inappropriateness of nomenclature, had been called Paris, Durham, Brentford, and many other names which I cannot call to mind, but all of them taken from English or continental types of flourishing and densely populated localities. Some few were much smaller than what I described. All the houses had galleries around them of wood, and the pathways of their streets were formed of wood. Such profusion of wood is to be found everywhere, that it forms the ingredient of constructions which in other countries are made of brick or stone; also the fuel of the engines and of the houses is solely composed of wood. I certainly during the whole of my journey never ceased to keep in mind, with feelings of admiration, the striking fact of what energy, enterprise, and industry is exhibited by the settlers in this new country. First, the regularity of the railway train, which is sure to be able to bring to these remote localities any articles required in the way of stores or implements,

and which guards against the visitors and the inhabitants being left destitute of provisions or means of work; next, the untiring energy of the new occupants, which is sure to urge them to improve their situations and to cultivate the soil; lastly, the fact that never are these settlers discouraged from their arduous tasks, which appear at first so hopeless;—all indicating the existence of these characteristics. They also must be well on the watch daily and hourly for the passage of the locomotive, for counting from the hour of eight A.M., when we left Portland, never at any of the places of stopping did the conducteur (who was given the name of the French official) allow it to stop longer than three minutes until we reached Island Pond. This happened about three P.M. I began to get accustomed to this man's proceedings. He invariably, on our arrival at these stations for three minutes' halt, twisted a quid to the corner of his mouth, got off on the platform, had a few seconds' conversation with some individual or individuals who were standing in waiting, allowed time for any passenger who chose it to alight or for another passenger to get in, then said, "All aboard—go ahead!" These four words, addressed to the leading stoker, were used so frequently during this journey, that they remained on my mind several days afterwards, and haunted me as it were a dizzy dream. A few minutes after we had left Portland, this man came into my saloon and asked me if I had a check for my carpet-bag. I thought that I had one for this amongst the numerous checks which I had received at the station-house, so I answered him in the affirmative. He then turned the everlasting quid in his mouth, and said, "I guess no!" and left me abruptly. The next place which we stopped at he gave me the requisite check for it, and asked for a ticket which was necessary for my place in the train. I had got in so hurriedly at Portland, that I had not been asked to pay previous to my entrance. I told him this, and then he said, laconically, "I'll fix you presently," and bounded away, leaving me in doubt of his meaning. The train proceeded. At the next place of stopping he came in again, and brought to my remembrance the settling for the train, for which purpose he had change with him; so now I understood what he meant by fixing me. The latter part of the journey to Island Pond we passed through much mountain scenery, by cataracts, and over rivers. Parts of Switzerland recurred to my mind in traversing it, but here it is much more clad with woods, more rich in herbage, than in that country, and not near so wildly romantic; however, the grand extent of the uncultivated country made one think that the whole of Switzerland might have been inserted several times over in the gigantic tracts of this vast continent of "deserts idle" which we passed through. Like a changing panorama of vistas, more bright, more varied, more beautiful in the colour of the foliage and the nature of rocks than any which art could conjure or ingenuity pourtray, seemed the scenery which met our view as we whirled along in the train. I could imagine the contempt which an inhabitant of this continent would look on the insignificant rills, the shallow streams, the circumscribed patches of woodland which are pointed out as natural beauties in Europe when his ideas are formed of such things by the grandeur of Niagara, the vastness of the St. Lawrence, and the immensity of the backwoods of North America all throughout its range.

We arrived at Island Pond at the proper time, and were shown into a

very nice cleanly hotel. The neatness and the simple style of the house was very pleasing; no carpets, but floors as bright and clean as scrubbing and care could make them; the rooms very large, and the fixtures most commodious. The salle-à-manger was in excellent style, and though only half an hour was allowed for the dinner-meal, still the attendance was so good that one did not feel oneself straitened. The conducteur sat down with us. He showed himself a person evidently well informed upon all the topics of interest which exist in the country. He was the only man whom I saw that I had the least acquaintance with, and in a scene so new, and which embraces such a diversity of features about which one is anxious to procure information, one naturally resorts to any informant who is at hand. He was certainly much less laconic at table than he was during the journey.

After our half-hour was finished, we proceeded onward to Richmond, at which place our baggage was overhauled by the custom-house authorities, and from thence to Quebec. But the process of examination here, as indeed throughout America, is a very light affair, and one which does not subject the traveller to any inconvenience. After leaving Richmond we entered the Canadian territory, and it became dark. The stations at which we stopped gave us striking evidence of the absence of the Maine liquor law. We perceived numbers of people drunk standing near the places where were the platforms for passengers alighting. The face of the country presented a much more level appearance; but still the densely planted woods were here, as in the former part of the journey, the marked peculiarity of the scenery. We arrived at the station of Point Levi, which is on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence to that of Quebec, at ten o'clock at night. Here we were fortunate enough to find a very nice cleanly country hotel, which was quiet, private, and kept by respectable English people.

In the morning I rose early, and went out to see Point Levi, which I found to be a long straggling street, or partly road, extending along the St. Lawrence from the heights opposite the citadel of Quebec for a distance of two miles, the houses all built of wood; the poorer ones, belonging to the tradespeople of the lowest order, very small, but as neat as circumstances could possibly admit of their being, the pathway on each side of the road of wood; the inhabitants almost all French-Canadians and Roman Catholics. I went over in one of the steam ferry-boats which ply between this side and Quebec, and landed at one of the numerous wooden wharves which stand by the side of the St. Lawrence. Numerous vehicles, which are here called "calashes," evidently from the French word calèche, were standing at hand for any person who wished to drive through the town. These calashes were simply gigs, with a board in front of the seat, which board the driver sat on, and there was room for two persons to occupy the seats behind him. I went up to the citadel, and also transacted the necessary business of changing money in the town. I found a great puzzle about the country money. For every shilling which you produce you get credit for fifteen-pence, which is called currency, and one desiring to make a profitable outlay, and about to proceed to Canada, should, previous to leaving the port in England, change all his money into silver; for it is positively the fact that he would, on arrival in any of the towns in Canada, be able to realise five

shillings in every pound's worth of silver he changed there. I found the exchange favourable for English notes, but that all articles of English manufacture were exceedingly expensive. The town is divided into two portions, both very distinctly marked; the upper one, in which we may include the citadel, comprising the quarter where the gentry and first-rate shops are to be found, also the respectable hotels. These all are situated on the high ground which forms the citadel hill, and the land entrance to this citadel is fortified with a line of works stretching from the citadel entrance to the small river of St. Charles, which discharges its waters into the grand stream, the St. Lawrence. The site of the town is itself so commanding, that to the river side it might be supposed impregnable. The lower town, which is an assemblage of houses occupied by the traders, warehouse-keepers, bankers, and all the dealers, except the fashionable shopkeepers, is separated by a barrier gate, which stands in the rock from the upper town. It is also strongly fortified by bastions to the river side; but the impossibility of any craft making impression upon it, or bringing troops to land on its wharves, is evident from the extensive command of the river, which is held by the guns of the citadel.

The houses of both towns, occupied by any but those of the poorest order, are built of stone. At the barrier which separates the two towns there formerly stood a very large government-house, and from the shell that is left one can form an idea how grand the building must have been before it was burnt down. Immediately under the citadel the rock is exceedingly steep, and just in the centre of the steepest part is an inscription cut in the solid stone, which has merely these words: "Here Montgomery fell." Since his daring attempt in 1775, the rock has been cut and rendered more impracticable for ascent; but even in any case it must have been an adventure of desperate hardihood to attempt the scaling of this rock, whereon stands the citadel of Quebec. There is a great difference between the two quarters of the town, the airy, stately built streets of the upper part, and the narrow, dingy, cooped-up, and shabby appearance of the quarter which lay alongside of the river.

The time of the year was certainly the most favourable for seeing the country. The autumn, or, as it is called here, the fall, is really the pleasantest part of the year. It is then that one sees to perfection the varied foliage which every plantation of trees exhibits when the changes to crimson, yellow, brown, pink, grey, orange, and white, are taking place in the trees, which had been in summer so richly clothed in green. It is not too hot, and on a sunny day it is really delightful. Every tint of loveliness which you can discern in any sky is to be seen in the sunrise and sunset of Quebec, both in the dewy morn of September, when the vast expanse of continental scenery is refreshed by the "breathing incense of morn,"

Ηως μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν,

and the mild softness of sunset. The different shades of colouring in the changing foliage, the outline of the scenery, diversified with small villas surrounded with wood, long, straggling towns also, whose neat and well-finished houses are solely built of wood. In the midst of these, and amidst varied other phases of landscape, the mighty St. Lawrence—

> More like the outlet of an inland sea,
> Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
> Of a new world, than only thus to be . .
> Parent of rivers—

with its grand bulk of waters, which here are in breadth a mile across at the shortest transit. It is three hundred and twenty miles from the mouth, where it falls into the Atlantic, bearing numerous sail of every description, from the man-of-war to the collier. The different steamers which ply to and fro, both the superbly fitted-out Montreal steamer passage-boat, and the tug and ferry steamers which ply between the wharves and Point Levi, the Isle of Orleans, and from up the country, make the river a great scene of animation. In viewing the town and surrounding scenery from the citadel, one is struck by the number of large buildings, principally churches, all of which are, on the roofs and pinnacles, covered with metal. This is for the purpose of preserving them from combustibles, and the number of fires which take place here, especially in the suburbs and low town, where the meaner houses are built of wood, evince the necessity of this precaution.

The bright, glistening effect which these metal roofs give in a glowing sun is very striking. The strength of the citadel, from its commanding situation, and its access being a bare rock, as well as the well placed embrasures which are fixed around its circuit, also its containing a prodigious number of ordnance and small arms of all description, would lead us to classify it as being next in importance to Gibraltar or Malta.

Two monuments stand to bear record to the memory of the heroic Wolfe, one on the plains of Abraham, and another in a plantation placed in the middle of the town, called the Governor's Garden. The latter is much the finer of the two. What a spirit-stirring sight for a Briton is the citadel! What a very leading position he sees his countrymen in possession of! What immense importance is it both as a fortress and as a defence for a fleet! What a story attaches to its capture one hundred years ago! When we reflect on the career of the young, the noble, the chivalrous hero—who more deserves the name of hero than any soldier who ever figured in the annals of our different wars—when we follow his fortunes from the date of his defeat at Montmorency to his fall, at the age of thirty-six, in the arms of victory, what English mind can view unmoved his monument? What a surpassing feat of youthful daring was the ascent of the glen, called still by his name, Wolfe's Cove; the surprising of the French sentries; the heroic combat with the possessors of the town; and *their* leader nearly equal in heroism to our own! What British soldier can forget

> My 'prenticeship I past
> Where my leader breathed his last,
> And the bloody die was cast
> On the heights of Abraham?

A monument is raised to the memory of the noble Montcalm, and it stands opposite to that of Wolfe, in the Government Gardens. Also a monument is raised on one of the roads leading from the town to the memory of the gallant soldiers who fell on that day. It is stated that only thirty-five English were killed.

THE ENCHANTRESS;

OR, NOTES FROM KIT KELSON'S LOG.

I.

THE LAUNCH.

STRAINS of lively music sounded across the calm waters of the harbour, on which floated boats of all sizes and rigs, some rowing and others sailing, or attempting to sail, filled with eager, and gaudily if not fashionably dressed passengers; while on shore flags were streaming from numerous flag-staffs, and crowds were assembling from all directions, and taking up positions on rows of seats placed tier above tier on either side of a large vessel, resting in beautiful proportions on the stocks, her stern-post just laved by the rising tide. Bright flags fluttered above her deck, on which stood a number of persons prepared to accompany her on to the element to be her home for the future. All the vessels in the harbour were also dressed to the best of their abilities, some from truck to jib-boom and main-boom end with the whole of Marryat's signals and the ensigns of all the civilised nations of the world, while others could only sport a few tattered and coal-dust begrimed pieces of bunting at their mastheads and peaks.

But there was one group which attracted especial attention, and well worthy (I may venture to say, though I formed one of its units) it was of attention; for there stood the captain-superintendent of the dockyard and the able architect of the beautiful craft, and several post-captains and commanders and lieutenants, all in glittering uniforms; and still more likely to attract attention, there was the fair niece of the captain-superintendent, sweet May Lascelles, and several other young ladies, who, if not to be compared to her in beauty of mind or person, were exceedingly well dressed, and very charming creatures each in her own peculiar way.

Though I saw May Lascelles for the first time on that occasion, I do not think that it will take away from the interest of my story if I confess at once that I then and there fell desperately in love with her. I mention the circumstance, for though matrimony may be looked upon as a very dull business, love at first sight, and all its consecutive consequences, cannot fail to create an interest of a more or less exciting character.

There she and her companions stood, looking up at the vast fabric before her, and the somewhat colossal figure, with streaming hair, red cheeks, and a green flowing gown, which smiled benignantly down on them. Our *Enchantress* was not to be compared to the sea-green lady with the weird or fiend-like look described by Cooper, although I have no doubt that the sculptor thought very highly of his work. She was an ordinary well-proportioned damsel, rather *embonpoint*, with a book in one hand, and a cat-o'-nine-tails, or a bundle of snakes, in the other, I could never exactly make out which.

A bottle of wine, which hung suspended by a rope at the bows, and

vibrating in the air, was an object of considerable interest. First one officer, and then another, lifted it to show Miss Lascelles how she was to let it swing forcibly against the bows. I was convinced that she would not send it with sufficient strength, and so stepped forward to give her another lesson, and very nearly let the bottle go and broke it. Men were, meantime, busily knocking away the blocks and wedges, and greasing the ways. Their work was nearly done; one single blow more, and she will begin to move. The signal was given; a gun was fired; Miss Lascelles nervously grasped the bottle, and then threw it with such right good will that it was splintered into fragments, and the ruddy wine spilt against the bows, a libation to Neptune, and the name of the *Enchantress* pronounced, away glided the vessel, stately as a swan, towards the water, while deafening shouts from the spectators rent the air—at least I have no doubt they did, for at that moment the enchantress who stood near, in all her maiden beauty, was throwing charms around me from which I was never again to be free—so I was fully convinced.

The *Enchantress* took the water in good style; guns continued firing; the people cheered again and again; and the favoured few, among whom I had the happiness of being numbered, went into the captain-superintendent's house to luncheon; while the people outside, in boats and on shore, regaled themselves in a variety of ways according to their tastes.

I had not long before, for the first time, donned a bran-new lieutenant's uniform, which, resplendent in gold lace, had not yet had an opportunity of contracting that peculiar tarry bilge-water odour with which long-used naval coats are often impregnated, and I felt that I was especially well got up, and flattered myself not slightly attractive. Many of the officers present were married men, or not calculated to make way with the fairer portion of the company. Commander Puffin, for instance, though a bachelor, was round and red-nosed, and addicted to strong tobacco and old rum, with a limited addition of water. Captain Boreas had lost his wife—the widow of a colour-sergeant. His voice was far from mellifluous, and some of the assertions and narratives with which he frequently indulged his auditors were of so incredible a nature that his character for veracity did not stand high. There was a tall weather-beaten Captain Tarbrush, a first-rate sailor, I believe, but a remarkably bad officer; and a Lieutenant d'Erville, who was neither sailor nor officer, but he wrote poetry, and held himself and his poetry in considerable estimation. All these, and two or three more, were bachelors; but I had no reason to consider them as formidable rivals. The other ladies present were worthy of description, but just then I had eyes and ears only for one, and I can say very little about them. There was a Lady Jane Puzzleton and an Honourable Miss Susan Dasher, and several married ladies, to which circumstance I owed the happiness I enjoyed of being able to sit next to Miss Lascelles, for her mamma, being present, acted as lady of the house—and she, therefore, being one of the last young ladies to be led into the breakfast-room, fell to the lot of Commander Puffin, after whom came a rush of us lieutenants. I kept my eye on Puffin's bald crown, and, with an unusual flutter at the heart, made for the seat next to his fair companion. I saw that another officer was aiming at the same point; but ignoring this, and dashing on, I slipped into the chair,

from which, as I instantly began an animated conversation with Miss Lascelles, I could not well be ejected. I felt triumphant and jubilant. Puffin would not, I knew, interfere with me, for he was certainly no ladies' man. I rather flattered myself that I was, and determined to make hay while the sun shone. I did make hay pretty briskly, and to some effect. Miss Lascelles laughed and smiled, and sometimes looked sad, and the tears stood in her eyes. I have no intention of repeating what I said to her, or what she said in reply. I only wished that I had mounted the swab on my right shoulder.

"Captain Puffin, I may, I find, congratulate you on your appointment to that fine craft, for I hear that you are certainly to have her," exclaimed the Honourable Susan Dasher, who, having a cousin a lord of the Admiralty, professed to know everything which took place there.

"Am I? I did not know it," answered the commander, looking round at Miss Lascelles with a marked manner. "She's an *Enchantress*, and, as she can work wonders, I suppose she has selected me."

"What reward will you bestow on me if you find that I am right?" asked the Honourable Miss Dasher, with an irresistible glance.

"I can't very well offer myself, madam, as I must own at once that I am not a marrying man; but I'll bring you home a green parrot, a big baboon, or a young hippopotamus, or an alligator, whichever you may choose," answered the captain, bowing across the table.

Miss Dasher looked daggers, and well she might, for the honest commander's speech was most unpolite; but I rather think that she had previously given him cause of offence, which he had not forgotten. She turned away her head with a curl of her lip, and I heard her whisper to the gentleman next to her,

"I won't ask for a baboon, for the beast would remind me of him."

"It is a fact, though, Puffin," said the captain-superintendent. "You are to have the *Enchantress*, I believe; and she could not be commanded by a better man."

"Much obliged to you for the compliment, Captain Seymour; and I only hope that you and my fair vis-à-vis have been rightly informed," answered Commander Puffin, who, I suspect, knew perfectly well that they were right.

The next day he got his appointment, with directions to fit out the corvette with all possible despatch, and a few days afterwards I received mine as her second-lieutenant. Simon Short, an old shipmate of mine, joined as first. His name was no indication of his style of appearance, which could best be described as lanky. He was tall and thin, with carroty hair and a countenance expressive of the deepest melancholy; but never was there a countenance which less exhibited the character of the mind within, for he was a fellow of infinite wit and humour, brimful of good nature and kindliness of heart, and, I may say, revered and loved by all youngsters as he was respected by his equals and superiors. It spoke much in Puffin's favour that he had had the discernment to select him, and that Short had consented to accept the appointment. The surgeon, a Welshman, Owen Jones by name, the master, Thomas Smith, and the purser, or paymaster, as he would now be called, John Brown, made up our mess. Their characteristics will come out as I proceed. They were one and all something out of the common way.

We had a pretty large berthful of young gentlemen, several of whom were older than I was, and one old mate, Dick Hose, had a head as white as snow and a nose——But similes are odious. The gunner, boatswain, and carpenter deserve honourable mention. The dockyard people proceeded with their work with unusual rapidity; I wished that they had been much slower. Captain Seymour had been an old shipmate of my father's, and gave me a standing invitation to his house, of which I did not fail to avail myself. I had an excuse for going, that I might report the daily progress of the ship, in which it might be presumed that Miss Lascelles would take an especial interest. I was very proud when she, and her mother, and Captain Seymour, and a host of other people, including the Honourable Miss Dasher, came on board, and admired the fittings of the craft. I thought that they turned a pleased look especially at my cabin, for I certainly had done it up in a very natty style. At length the *Enchantress* was reported ready for sea. All the officers had joined, and we had picked up a very tolerable crew. Captain Puffin was a favourite with all who knew him, so that many good men had joined for his sake, and I had got together several former shipmates, two or three of them thorough old sea-dogs, lions afloat, but literally babies, as far as sense went, ashore. Invariably each time they had been paid off they had been fleeced by the same people and in the same way, and when I found them their worldly possessions consisted of the clothes on their backs, a clasp-knife, and an empty tobacco-box, though a fortnight before they could not have had much less than fifty pounds apiece in their pockets.

The most important question now asked on board was the station for which we were destined. Some said it was India, some the Pacific, others the West Indies, and the washerwomen assured us it was the coast of Africa. The latter industrious personages are generally right, though how they get their information I am at a loss to say. They were, to our sorrow we found, right in this instance. I had, in my vanity, a latent hope that when I should tell Miss Lascelles she would faint, or cry, or look very melancholy. She did neither one thing nor the other. She opened her large blue eyes in a way I had never seen them opened before, with surprise, I believe, at my rueful countenance, and answered, calmly,

"Oh, I thought that it had been the West Indies. They are both warm stations, but I suppose that you will not mind the heat. Naval officers must be pretty well inured to freezing at one time and roasting at another."

How my heart sank within me. Not a word of sympathy, not an approach to sentiment. Still her voice was as sweet and she was looking as enchanting as ever. I wish that she could but have croaked or frowned ever so little, or said something rude; it would have been an excuse to me for getting angry, for quarrelling, if possible. Anything would have been better than that calm, sweet indifference. Oh, it was horrible!

"Certainly we poor wretches are pretty well tried one way and another," I answered, brusquely. "If there were an expedition fitting for the North Pole, to remain away for five or six years, I would volunteer immediately; and, as it is, I dare say that I shall find my way up the Niger, and perhaps to Timbuctoo. It matters little whether or not I ever return."

She looked up quickly with an expression of surprise in her sweet countenance, for she had before been looking down, and said:

"It matters much, I should think, to those who are interested in your welfare, and to yourself too, with a noble career before you. You disparage your profession if you do not believe that."

It was now my turn to look up, and, puppy that I was, I expected to discover some emotion in her countenance, but it was as calm as before; there might have been a slightly increased roseate tinge on her cheek, but no indifferent eye would have detected it, and her mamma coming in prevented me from replying. I left the house knowing that I had in her, and Mrs. Lascelles, and her worthy uncle sincere friends, but as much in the dark as ever with regard to her feelings towards me. I saw her again, but it was only for a short time to take leave, and that afternoon the order came down for us to proceed at once to sea. The capstern was manned—the drummer and fifer, who represented our band, struck up "The girl I left behind me"—the topsails were loosed—gun after gun was fired to recal all absentees—the stewards of the respective messes were seen hurrying off laden with fresh provisions—the boats were hoisted in—the last from the shore arrived with John Brown, the purser—merrily round went the capstern—shrilly sounded the boatswain's whistle. "The anchor is away!" I sung out. "In sight!" I cried. It was catted and fished; the topsails were sheeted home, and, with a fine breeze, we stood down Channel, bound out to that most detestable of British dependencies, Sierra Leone.

CHAPTER II.

THE SLAVER.

Our employment was to be slave-hunting, compared to which the chase of the cunning fox or lordly stag is the tamest of tame work—cream-cheese to butter-milk.

As soon as we got into the latitude where slavers might possibly be fallen in with we kept a bright look-out. Short was indefatigable. It would be no fault of his if we did not make prizes. He nominally only kept the morning watch, that he might have the satisfaction of superintending the operation of holystoning and washing decks, stowing hammocks, scraping down masts, and in other ways putting the ship into order after the work of the night, as a nurse washes and dresses her charges, and turns them out fresh and blooming for inspection. But he was constantly on deck day and night; at all odd hours; the men believed that he never slept more than ten minutes together, and many an hour he spent aloft, spy-glass in hand, sweeping the horizon for a sail, if haply he could find a suspicious one, after which we might make chase. His example animated the rest of us, and his vigilance kept the men wide awake and attentive to their duty.

But we discovered a truth of which all people do not seem to be aware—that it is impossible to find what is not there. Night and day we kept a bright look-out, but nothing was seen till we sighted the bold and picturesque coast of Sierra Leone, and soon after dropped our anchor in the harbour of Free Town. I have never been more surprised at the appearance of a place of which I have formed a previous conception than

I was at this. Before us, at the base of a series of serrated heights, appeared a large, neat, and well laid-out town, with stores, and shops, and vessels, and canoes, and boats of all descriptions at anchor before it. Black skins predominated both afloat and on shore; a black regiment was parading on the quay with a very good band, black boatmen were pulling about the harbour, and black porters were hurrying to and fro on the beach; indeed, I should say that the descendants of Ham must find it a far more agreeable residence than do their brethren with white faces. Of these latter, however, there are a good many officials, merchants, and traders; but though some get acclimatised, and live on, the climate is evidently not suited to the constitutions of Europeans. I knew very little about Sierra Leone till I went there, and as probably many of my readers may not know more, I will describe it. The province consists of a mountainous peninsula, nearly thirty miles long from north to south, and rather less in width. It is bounded on the north and east by the bay and river of Sierra Leone, and on the other two sides by the Atlantic. The rugged mountain range which forms its backbone, sloping down to the river on one side and to the sea on the other, varies in height from two to three thousand feet, and is clothed with trees, now, however, partially cleared away to make room for the villages of the liberated blacks. Free Town, backed by a superb amphitheatre of hills, is situated on the south side of the river, and contains some seventeen thousand inhabitants, while the whole province contains nearly seventy thousand. The province was purchased by the English from certain negro claimants towards the end of the last century, and some hundred blacks, mostly runaway slaves from the Southern States of America, with a few white people, were sent there. They were followed by a party of Maroons from Jamaica, but a large portion died from disease, a still larger were cut off in an attack made on them by some of the neighbouring tribes, and when a still further supply of colonists arrived, many of them whites, and the colony had begun to flourish, they were visited by a French man-of-war, which plundered them of all their most valuable property, and reduced them to the greatest extremity. In the memorable year of 1807, when the slave trade was declared piracy, a squadron was sent out to put it down, and the province was handed over by the company which had at first superintended its colonisation to the British government. All the blacks captured by the English ships of war on board the slavers were brought here, land was given them, and every assistance to enable them to provide for themselves. This they have not been slow in doing, and the numerous thriving villages and well-cultivated fields attest their industry. They have proved themselves adepts in commercial pursuits, especially in retail businesses, though many have become possessed of several thousand pounds, and their credit stands well among the merchants of London and Liverpool. Coloured men of education have come over from the West Indies and taken a leading part in the government of the province, schools have been established, and nearly the whole of the rising generation have attended them, and have received a sound moral and intellectual training, while the Church Missionary Society and the Wesleyan Missionary Society have, through their missionaries, widely disseminated religious knowledge among all classes. There is a college established by the Church Missionary Society, where some twenty or more young

negroes, or men of colour, are studying Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and most of the higher branches of the natural sciences. Among the liberated blacks the lowest class live in the country as agriculturists, or act as water-carriers and porters in the town; the next above them are generally small hawkers, or artisans, tailors, shoemakers, masons; a third live in comfortable frame-houses, nicely furnished, and are mostly shopkeepers, while the upper class, who have become wealthy merchants, live in two-storied houses, furnished with mahogany chairs, tables, and sofas, pier-glasses, and floorcloths. Their mode of proceeding in business matters gives them a great advantage over the white dealers. They are strictly honest in their transactions with each other, and by clubbing together they are able to make large purchases, at a low rate, of articles which they retail out and sell to traders from the interior of distant places along the coast. Altogether, from what I saw and heard of the dark-skinned inhabitants of Sierra Leone, I came over to the opinion that the negro possesses qualities which make him as fit as are his white brethren to undertake all the ordinary pursuits of life, and I left the place with my sympathies enlisted strongly in blackie's favour, and eager to assist in liberating as many of their race as possible, and placing them in a position where they might enjoy far greater advantages than had they remained in their native territories, no thanks to the slave-dealers and slave-carriers; but out of their detestable evil I discovered that much good might come.

Once more we were under weigh, standing to the southward, in which direction we had a far greater chance of falling in with slavers than we had hitherto enjoyed. We had been several days at sea, steering south, and had sighted only three steady-going merchantmen. Smith, in which opinion he was supported by Brown, boldly declared that, thanks to the vigilance of the squadron, the slave-trade had been knocked on the head, and that probably we should not capture a prize.

"Have patience, my boys, and we'll see what we can do," observed Short. "We know of at least twenty slave vessels expected out on the coast from various ports in South America and Cuba, and it will be hard if we don't put a stop to the career of some of them."

I should have said that we had received on board at Sierra Leone two gentlemen, for the benefit of whose health a cruise had been recommended. One, a government official, was a friend of the skipper's, and was berthed in his cabin; the other, a merchant, an enterprising middle-aged gentleman with a bald pate, who had seen a good deal of the world and the ups and downs of life, a cousin of Short's, was our guest. I do not know where our friend Dick Larkin had not been or what he had not been. He had been to sea in his youth in the merchant service, in later years had been supercargo of a large ship, and was not a bad sailor. He had been a lawyer and doctor, and I am not certain that he had not tried his hand at preaching; at least, he now and then indulged us with a lecture—a regular weathercock, or a rolling-stone, as he used to describe himself—but, withal, a very good fellow, with talent, and, all had to acknowledge, with right feeling, in which point he was no weathercock.

Our official shipmate, as we used to call him, the Honourable Samuel Froth, was also a fellow of talent; his chief complaint was chronic impecuniosity, he asserted, and his creditors would, I suspect, have endorsed the

statement from practical experience of its truth. He had been a yachting-man, and was fond of enlarging on the beauty and fast-sailing qualities of his yachts and the number of his yachting friends. He was a great talker and something, if not a good deal, of an author, so that he was also good natured and obliging; always in spirits, and never put out, we found him a most agreeable addition to our limited society.

We ran down the coast under easy sail till we got to the latitude of that snug little island, Fernando Po, nestling cozily in the Bight of Biafra, a spot rather too warm and moist to be pleasant, and then, furling all sails, we allowed the corvette to dip her sides into the smooth shining undulations, which rose ever and anon from under her keel, and rolled on towards the unseen coast.

We were aware that the slave-dealers had agents at Free Town, and that our arrival and the probable date of our departure would be made known to them, and we hoped by delay to throw them out of their calculation, and lead them to suppose that we had gone farther to the southward. Our passengers did not particularly like the fun of this rolling about on the ocean to no purpose, as it appeared.

"I say, Puffin, can't you do something to steady this ship of yours just while we have dinner, at all events?" exclaimed Mr. Froth. "What do you say to casting three anchors out of the stern? Wouldn't that have a good effect?"

"That they would foul themselves to a certainty, and that we should have much trouble in taking them up again," gravely answered Puffin, who did not find out that his friend was joking.

"Ah, I thought so," exclaimed Froth, bursting out into a fit of laughter. "You see, my dear Larkin, it isn't to be done. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' is a trite saying, but painfully true. I've had to acknowledge it with many a wry face throughout life. Besides, to say the truth, sea-sickness often does a man good."

"Very unpleasant way to have good done to one, though," groaned out poor Larkin, who was really very sick, if his yellow and unusually wobegone countenance was any index of his inside. "I wish some other way had been invented, that's all."

"So there is, my dear fellow. Plenty of ways," put in the Honourable Sam. "A dose of ipecacuanha, for instance, or a piece of fat bacon, or an invitation to dine with a Fiji Islander or New Zealander."

"Hold, hold—enough! You've effected what many a storm that I have encountered on the wide ocean has been unable to bring about," exclaimed Larkin, rushing to the gangway.

"A sail on the starboard bow," cried the look-out aloft.

The ship happened at the moment to have her head towards the north-east.

"Ay, ay," answered Mr. Short, slinging his glass over his shoulder, prepared to mount the rigging. "She is bringing up a breeze with her," he exclaimed, as he stood on the topmast cross-trees, after he had taken a steady glance at her through the tube.

He very quickly descended. The fact of a strange sail being in sight was announced to the commander, who instantly appeared on deck, and all hands stood ready to make sail directly the corvette should be discovered by the stranger. On came the latter, evidently ignorant of the

lion in her way. Many a visit was paid to the mast-head, and there was but one opinion, that she was not a man-of-war nor an honest trader. The excitement would have been greater had we been less powerful, and had it been likely that she would show fight. She drew nearer and nearer. Still her course was not altered.

"They must be keeping a bad look-out aboard her," observed the commander, "or they must mistake us for a friend."

A large ship, and a very fast one, was expected on the coast about this time. The stranger was a remarkably large schooner, and probably well armed, yet she would not for a moment attempt to resist a British ship of war of the size of the *Enchantress*. Our great wish was to get the breeze. We could see it forming a long line as it turned up the surface of the water in its advance, already ahead of the stranger. Now a cat's paw played for an instant close to us and quickly vanished; another swept the polished mirror-like ocean. The dog-vane blew out. The pennant at the mast-head began to move.

"She sees us now, and suspects us too," exclaimed the skipper, from the main rigging, from which he was watching the stranger with his glass. He came on deck and shouted, "All hands make sail! Away aloft, lads!"

In two minutes the corvette was under a crowd of snowy canvas, bowling away in chase of the schooner which had hauled her wind, and was now standing about north-west. We lay up closer than she did, and in another hour it was evident that we were overhauling her fast. We had sighted her at about three bells in the forenoon, so that we had a good many hours of daylight before us. We had little doubt that we should capture her. The *Enchantress* behaved beautifully. In two hours more we had got her almost within range of our guns. Every eye on board was turned toward the schooner. She mounted ten guns, and had a strong crew on board. Would she attempt resistance? In case she should, we were prepared for her, and of course there could not be a moment's doubt as to the result. Larkin rather hoped that there would be a fight, observing:

"I've seen many curious sights, but I never saw anything of that sort."

But Froth curled up his lip at the notion.

"You see, my dear fellow, I've no fancy for such work," he remarked. "It may be all very right for Short and Kelson to be shot at. But I make it a rule never to undertake what I am not paid for."

"Hillo! what are the fellows about?" cried Jones, who had borrowed my glass. "Why, they are heaving something overboard. A human being, as I am a man!"

"I've seen that trick played before; but we'll save the poor wretch, and catch the scoundrel slavers into the bargain," cried the captain.

And he forthwith gave directions to Short to have one of the quarter-boats provided with provisions, sails, a compass, and arms, and ready to lower at a moment's notice. The mate who had charge of her was directed to follow in our course, and to pick up any of the poor wretches hove overboard.

We stood on till we were up to the negro, who, lashed to a spar, was still struggling for life. The ship was then thrown suddenly up into the

wind, and as soon as she had lost sufficient way the boat was lowered. Immediately filling again, she stood after the chase. We had lost some of our distance, but hoped soon to regain it. As was to be expected, the slaver, seeing that we had had the weakness to heave-to in order to pick up one black, thought that we should do so again to pick up others. A second negro was hove overboard with parts of a broken oar under his arms. The boat was coming up fast, and we hoped would be in time to save him, so we stood on. I shall not forget the look of horror and despair in the countenance of the poor negro as we passed by him. He possibly had not observed the boat coming to his rescue. Still the slaver had hopes that we should again heave-to, and another slave was hove overboard lashed to a spar. He held out his hands imploringly to us as he saw the corvette approaching. We pointed to the boat coming up. I was standing in the mizzen rigging, and as my eye glanced down casually into the water, I saw a dark fin rise up, as it were, from the depths of ocean, and a pair of fierce eyes a little way beyond it, the body of the creature being scarcely distinguishable. The fin moved rapidly on in the direction of the negro. I held my breath. The catastrophe I dreaded took place. A piercing shriek came across the water. The hapless negro was drawn suddenly under, in spite of the spars which had buoyed him up, and an ensanguined spot, which the bright rays of the sun made visible at that distance, alone marked where he had just been. I hoped that the slavers had seen what had occurred, that it might prevent them from uselessly throwing away the lives of the unfortunate beings they had in their power.

For some time it seemed to have that effect. Then finding that we were overhauling them, the villains cast another unfortunate wretch into the sea. All we could do as we passed was to heave a piece of a spar or a broken grating to support him till the boat came up; but that would not keep his legs out of the way of the voracious sharks. I dared not look to see what was his fate. I could only hope that the boat would pick him up before the sharks had discovered him. Larkin was in a state of great agitation at what he saw, and would, I fully believe, have jumped overboard to try and save the poor fellow's life if he had not been held back by Froth.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, don't agitate yourself!" exclaimed the latter. "It is possible that they feel as much as white men, though that is to be doubted, and, at all events, they are used to it."

The *Enchantress* fully kept up her character, and must have astonished the slaver by the way we overhauled him. He soon saw that he must yield or fight, and come off victorious, or, at all events, cripple us, so as to get away. The odds were fearfully against him. Still he kept dropping his "black bait," as Froth insisted on calling the poor negroes, on the chance of our stopping to pick them up. The wind might change or drop, and the light schooner would have a better chance of moving through the water than the heavier covette. So enraged were our men at the cruel expedient to which the slavers had resorted to help their escape, that I believe, had our crew had their will, they would have hove every Spaniard, or Portuguese, or Brazilian they could have found after their victims. The wind freshened. This was in our favour.

"I'd give a year's pay rather than that fellow should escape us!" cried Short.

Considering that my gallant superior had nothing else to live on, the expression was a proof of the ardour of his feelings. Still the schooner was beyond the range of our shot. There was a possibility of her getting away. Our foremost gun was got ready. Short himself at last went forward.

"I think that we may wing the fellow," he said, addressing the gunner. "We shall be sure of him if we can knock away a few spars."

"Shall I fire, sir?" asked the gunner.

Short sung out to the captain that he thought the schooner was within range.

"Fire, then," was the answer. "Aim at his rigging."

There was a report and a puff of white smoke in the pure blue air, through which the iron missile went flying, but it did no damage, though it passed close to the schooner's mast.

"Try again," said the first lieutenant.

The gunner's eye was out of practice, for the shot flew still wider of its mark. Once more the gun was run in and loaded.

"Now I will try what I can do!" exclaimed Short, who had been eager from the first to have a shot, as a means of venting his indignation at the slaver's cruelty. A cheer burst from the throats of our crew. Down came the schooner's maintop-sail. It hung overboard, and slightly impeded his progress; but as he was dead before the wind the loss of the spar made but little difference at the time, and it was quickly hauled on board. It showed us, however, what we might do. The next shot went through the fellow's foretop-gallant-sail. We continued firing as fast as we could, but as we had to yaw each time, this prevented our coming up with him as fast as we might have done.

The order, therefore, was given to cease firing. We were now to trust to our heels. They served us well. We bounded buoyantly over the waves in a manner delightful to seamen, though undoubtedly very trying to the Honourable Mr. Froth. At last the slaver hauled down the Brazilian flag which she carried at her peak, and directly after shortened sail. We did the same, keeping a watchful eye on her, however, for it was more than probable that she would make sail again as we drew near, and firing a broadside into our rigging, endeavour to get away to windward. Such tricks had often been played successfully with our cruisers. Commander Puffin, however, knew very well what he was about. As we got up with the schooner and prepared to heave to, he shouted through his speaking-trumpet, ordering the slaver to lower every stich of canvas, making a signal to the same effect with his hand. He seemed at first not to understand the order, but a shot across his bows made him very quickly obey it. As soon as the corvette's way was deadened, a boat was lowered, and I went in her with a well-armed crew to take possession of our prize. A rather refined-looking young gentleman received me with a polite bow on the quarter-deck. He was quite the hero of a young lady's romance; but the rest of the people I saw around were as villanous a set of cut-throats as I ever came across, and there was that in the young captain's eye and mouth which would have made me greatly mistrust his professions wherever I had met him. When I told him that he must go on board the corvette, he made no demur, but seemed rather in a hurry to obey my orders, as did all the officers. Another boat now

arrived alongside to assist in conveying them with some of the men who were to form the prize crew. As the prize was an important one, Puffin directed me to take charge of her. Before leaving the ship, I had given directions to my servant to pack up such things as I might require. As it was already late in the day, I was in a hurry to get rid of the slave crew and to make all necessary arrangements before dark. Instead, therefore, of at once opening the hatches and attending to the slaves in the hold, I thought it best to get rid first of the officers and crew.

As the boats, therefore, came alongside, I told them to get in, an order they obeyed with surprising alacrity. Directly they were gone I bethought me that I would go below and run my eye over the cabin to see if there was anything wanting, which I might wish to send for. At least, to the best of my recollection, that was the reason which made me go below. As I was passing a side cabin, the door of which was closed, I fancied that I saw a ray of red light passing through a chink. I opened the door, when, for a moment, I confess that my breath came quickly, my heart throbbed with an unusual sensation. There were several casks, with the appearance of which I was well acquainted, full of black grains, and in the centre of one of them burnt a candle with a cauliflower head, ready to drop off into the black substance below. "Heaven have mercy on us!" I ejaculated. IT WAS GUNPOWDER!—a store sufficient to blow the schooner and everybody on board into eternity. I might have called for a bucket of water and drowned the candle and the powder, but delay might be fatal. Prompt, energetic action was required. Any moment the little hot ball at the top of the wick might fall. I walked steadily forward, with my hands ready to press the flames between them. There must be no violent movement; the slightest breath might blow off that little mass of fire. Steady, now. I stood over the powder, placing my hands in the form of a cup round the candle. Slowly I pressed them together, till I was sure that I had the whole mass of light between my palms—what mattered the burning they got—then I sprang back with the candle dangling by the wick, and flew up the companion-ladder, butting my head against that part of the human body which descends first on board ship, belonging to my friend Larkin, whom I sent by the concussion up on deck again almost as fast as if the powder had exploded; and there he lay, sprawling and spluttering, not being able to make out why he had been so summarily ejected from the cabin. At length he was assisted to his feet by one of the prize crew, who stood gazing with looks of astonishment, utterly unable to account for my scared expression of countenance and unusual actions.

"Why was it you, Kelson, who just now turned your head into a catapult, and treated me as if I were a mere missile to hurl at a foeman's head?" exclaimed Larkin, with imperturbable good humour. "I came on board to see what a slaver is like, and——"

"You were very nearly gaining some terrible experience on the subject," I answered, interrupting him, and holding out my greased hands with the black wick and the end of the candle crushed between them. "What do you think of that? Do you see those black grains sticking round that candle? What are they, think you?"

"Gunpowder!" exclaimed Larkin, his ruddy countenance becoming

of pallid hue as he guessed before I told my story what had happened. When I had finished my account, the men were so indignant that they proposed requesting Captain Puffin to heave all the officers of the slaver overboard without trial.

"That's the only way as how, sir, we can give them their deserts; hanging is too good for them, and if they lives on, such rogues are sure to be doing more mischief," said the chief speaker of the crew, a red-bearded boatswain's mate, Dick Budd by name, who was always put forward as having more brass than his messmates.

I replied that as soon as we had put the schooner a little to rights, and got rid of the gunpowder, I would return on board the corvette and report the treacherous conduct of the slaver's officers. The first thing we did was to heave all the powder overboard. It was providential that the slavers had placed the candle in the magazine, where it might not have been perceived, and we and all the poor Africans below would in an instant have been sent where I shuddered to think of. Having got rid of the powder, and ascertained that there were no more slow matches burning about the vessel, I commenced what is always the most trying operation on first capturing a slaver—opening the hold. This had been closed-in during the chase to prevent any risk, should the slaves break loose, of their coming on deck. Larkin was very eager to look down it, little dreaming of what he was to see and smell; had he, I suspect that he would not have been quite so ready to inspect those regions of darkness. The schooner all this time was hove to, it must be understood, close to the corvette. The crew, of course, were armed. We could not tell, from the tremendous noise below, whether any of the slaves had broken loose or not, and if so, whether they might not rush on deck and attack us as soon as the hatches were off. We therefore stood by, ready for such a contingency. I gave the order to lift the hatch. Faugh! With the chorus of yells, and shrieks, and groans which ascended, there arose an odour which sent poor Larkin reeling backwards almost as fast as I had just before propelled him forward. I was nearly knocked over with the horrible effluvium, and even the strong-stomached boatswain's mate drew back with a look of disgust. When we could once more approach the edge of the fœtid-smelling pit, the sight which met our eyes was fearful in the extreme. The hold was closely packed with human beings, chained to the deck. Some had wrenched themselves partly clear from the manacles which confined their limbs, others were still struggling frantically to get free, while numbers had died in the effort, and their companions had no means of escaping from the contact of their dead bodies. A few of the stronger ones had broken altogether loose, and now sprang up on deck, and the slavers having told them that our custom was to kill all the blacks we took, and eat them, would have jumped overboard had we not prevented them. We had two negroes with us who could speak the dialect of a large portion of them. It was not without much difficulty that these men at length tranquillised their minds, and assured them that we came as friends, and would assuredly send them back to Africa. We now by degrees got the living ones up, and ranged along the deck in rows. To save my own men I picked out a dozen of the most intelligent and strongest-looking of the negroes, and directed them to bring up the bodies of the dead. In a short time three dozen

corpses were handed up, and, after due examination, hove overboard. I observed the eye of one of them wink, I thought; she was a young woman, a handsome-looking creature, though black as jet. I fanned her face and poured a few drops of brandy-and-water down her throat. In a few minutes she revived, but, judging from the expression of her countenance, it did not seem that she considered I had rendered her any essential service. It took some time to clear out the hold of its accumulated filth, and to fumigate it thoroughly. While these cleansing processes were going on I signalled for an officer to come on board to take charge, while I visited the corvette.

"What brings you back, Kelson?" asked Captain Puffin, in astonishment.

I asked him what he thought of the prisoners I had sent him.

"Decent quiet fellows for a slaver's crew. Their captain especially is a remarkably well-mannered young man," he answered.

"A great scoundrel, notwithstanding that," I remarked; and told him of the plot I had discovered and frustrated to blow up the schooner.

"The atrocious scoundrel!" cried the captain. "I have a great mind to hang him forthwith at the yard-arm. We will send for him, and ask him what he has to say for himself."

Our elegant young acquaintance was soon brought in between two marines, heavily handcuffed. Mr. Allan, a half-caste young man, who was rated as captain's clerk and acted as interpreter, was told to tax the captain with his guilt. He did not deny it for a moment, but shrugged his shoulders, and turning to me, said:

"You acted cleverly to save yourselves. It is a wonder you were not all blown up. I thought that you would have been."

"Oh! You are an impudent scoundrel!" observed Puffin; a remark which was duly translated.

The Spaniard smiled and bowed, as if he had been paid a compliment.

"We must take him for trial to Sierra Leone," said Puffin. "It is a pity we cannot hang him and his companions off hand. Some such summary mode of proceeding would tend considerably to make slaving unpopular. I should like to hang every white man taken on board a slave-ship with slaves on board."

"I am afraid the slavers might occasionally retaliate if they got any of us into their power," I observed.

"The fortune of war, Kelson. That possibility should not stand in the way," he observed.

"Certainly not, sir," I said. "Any further commands?"

"No. A pleasant passage," he answered. "Keep a sharp watch over the slaves. They may prove treacherous, though I hope they will be quiet."

On reaching the slaver I found Larkin walking the deck.

"I thought that you would have been glad enough to get out of this craft," I observed.

"So I should under some circumstances, but the fact is, my dear Kelson, I think it is shabby to desert you," he answered. "I conclude that the *Enchantress* will be up a few days after us, and in the mean time I shall have occupation in settling a matter or two on shore."

At nightfall all the blacks were sent below with the exception of about

fifty, who were allowed to remain on deck at a time under charge of sentries. During the day I allowed a hundred to be always on deck, and by this means, I believe, preserved the lives of many who would otherwise have died.

CHAPTER III.

A BLOW-UP, AND NOTES IN THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE next morning we were alone on the waste of waters with our black cargo of living souls. In spite of our care, three died during the night; I believe, however, that it was in consequence of their previous suffering. We had fine weather, but light winds, and made but little progress. Larkin seemed perfectly happy on board, contrary to my expectation, and made himself thoroughly at home, spinning no end of amusing yarns for my benefit and for that of my second in command, Tommy Minton, one of the sharpest of sharp young midshipmen.

It used to be said that the fool of the family was always sent to sea; in his case the tribe he belonged to must have been a very clever one if he deserved that appellation. I would sooner have trusted him in a case of emergency than many of his seniors, though he was very young, and there was not much of him. Two days after leaving the corvette a strange sail was seen on our weather bow, standing across our course. As we drew nearer we made her out to be a large schooner very similar to the prize. She seemed desirous of speaking us, for directly after we made her out she altered her course and stood towards us. As we drew near each other we perceived that the stranger was a larger and even more powerful vessel than the *Andorinha*. She was probably, too, from her general appearance, engaged in the same pursuits. We sent the gang of blacks below, and hoisted Brazilian colours. We had guns enough to fight her, should she attack us, with every prospect of success unless she should attempt to run us aboard, but we had not men enough to work the vessel and the guns at the same time. I consulted with the interpreter. He thought that a dozen or two of the blacks might be entrusted on deck to help us to pull and haul, and work the guns, and that, at all events, they would assist in repelling boarders. The matter was put before them. They at once comprehended what they were expected to do, and grinned with delight at the proposal. They had themselves been warriors—some of them had been chiefs—they were pleased to fight for their liberators. My plan was to exhibit no sign of fear, not to attack, but if attacked to avoid being boarded. Larkin, as before, was full of fight. He undertook, with one seaman and four blacks, to work a couple of guns—that is, one on either side. We neared the enemy; as we did so, we hauled down the Brazilian, and hoisted the English flag. Her decks were crowded with men very much in appearance like the fellows we had turned out of the *Andorinha*, cut-throats all, only there were more of them. When they saw my men at their guns there seemed to be some confusion among them, as if some wanted to fight and others to get clear. I at once determined to show them that I was in earnest, so I fired a shot across the bow of their craft, for of course I had no right to attack them unless they first attacked me, or I had reason to believe that there were slaves on board, or that she was fitted up as a slaver. I

was in hopes that we were clear of her, for she hauled her tacks on board, as if about to leave us. Presently, however, she bore up again in chase. Seeing that an action was inevitable, I determined to rid myself of as many of my opponents as possible, that should the enemy board we might have the fewer to contend with. Each gun was, therefore, loaded with langrage, and I ordered my men to aim so as to sweep the deck of our opponents.

"How do you feel, eh?" asked Larkin, as I passed him while he stood at his gun with his coat off and his sleeves tucked up. "Rather curious, eh? I don't much like the thought of sending so many villains out of the world on a sudden as I must do if I aim properly."

"It will not do to think about that; and, at all events, they bring on their fate by their own misdeeds," said I.

The enemy was now fast closing with us with the evident intention of boarding, hoping to overwhelm our crew by superior numbers. I waited till the muzzles of our guns almost touched, and then gave the word to fire. Never was a broadside better delivered. Shrieks, cries, and groans followed it. A third of the slaver's crew must have been laid low. Only two or three of her guns went off, and instead of running alongside she sheered off, as if she had had more than enough of it. I, on this, instantly went about, so as to bring my other broadside to bear. This time I ordered my men to aim at the slaver's rigging. They had been well practised at their guns, and there were two very fine long brass pieces, which, directed by a skilful shot, were likely to do damage. They did not disappoint us. The fore-topmast was badly wounded and the jaws of the maingaff, while the schooner received other minor damages. She fired at us in return but slowly, but her guns were ill served, and did us no harm. We could, I believe, have taken her, but, as we could not make her crew walk the plank, a punishment they richly deserved, I did not know what to do with them. My crew could do no more than work the prize, and we should have been utterly unable to guard a fresh batch of prisoners, to man a large vessel, and to look after the negroes. I therefore contented myself with sailing round and round the enemy, and doing her spars and rigging as much damage as I possibly could. Her crew, after firing a few more shots at us, had evidently had enough of our quality, and fled below. I suspected from this that she had no slaves on board, but was probably a vessel laden with stores to supply the slavers with stores and goods suited to the African market, come out from the Brazils. Often it is said that they get their goods out of regular traders from Liverpool, sent to the coast for the express purpose of supplying them, the merchants well knowing the objects for which the goods are purchased. We heard of another class of vessels, fitted out by speculative and not over-scrupulous individuals, hoisting any flag which might be most suitable for their purpose at the time. They supply themselves with goods from Liverpool, and then lie in wait for a full slaver. Their vessels being powerful and well armed, they take possession of her—or rather her living cargo—and give her supercargo the choice of receiving payment in goods, or of being, with everybody on board, sent to the bottom. To which of these classes our friend belonged we could not tell, and he was not likely to inform us. Having knocked away all his spars and wounded his masts, we left him, hoping that the *Enchantress*

might fall in with him and take possession. Not a soul was on deck. We had just fired a last broadside, when the crew suddenly rushed up from below, several leaping overboard, and swimming towards us. We were wondering at the cause of this strange proceeding, when the masts were seen suddenly to ascend like rocket-sticks. Up went the decks; there was a loud roar; sheets of flame burst forth; the sides burnt out; and while the hull disappeared beneath the waves, an avalanche of broken spars, splinters, ropes, blocks, and all sorts of things from below came rattling and hissing down, many of them falling on our deck. The slaves had treated themselves, whether intentionally or by accident, as their friends had intended to treat us. We instantly hove-to and lowered a boat, that we might pick up the men who had leaped overboard, but short handed as we were, that operation was not performed as rapidly as it would have been on board the *Enchantress*. I heard Larkin utter an exclamation of horror, and looking in the direction he pointed, I heard a shriek, and saw a man's arms lifted up for a moment above the waters, while he was being dragged down to the depths below. Another and another unhappy wretch followed, with a similar scream of agony and horror. I know no sound like it, as when a strong man is grasped suddenly by the arms of death. Our people hurried off in the boat, but by the time they reached the spot where the swimmers had been seen, a few still ensanguined marks on the water were the only traces of them remaining. Once more we made sail, saddened, but thankful that we had escaped so great a danger.

"This is what people bring on themselves. All these horrors and suffering they would escape if they would but try and do their duty," observed Larkin.

In about ten minutes he was as merry and talkative as ever. We had a tolerably pleasant passage to Sierra Leone.

The *Enchantress* came in soon after. The captain and crew of the *Andorinha* were tried for the attempt to blow her up, but as there was no proof who placed the candle in the powder, and the captain's own words were not found sufficient, they were all acquitted. They were, however, kept in prison some time, and then sent off in a vessel to the Brazils, with a large party of slave-dealers and their clerks, who had been turned out of Galinas. It has been asserted that the squadron on the coast has been of little service in suppressing the slave-trade. Now, I will give a short account of what took place while we were on the coast. There had been for some years a very extensive trade carried on with the interior up the Sherbro river from Sierra Leone. The tribes, however, inhabiting the banks of the river, instigated by the slave-dealers at Galinas, went to war with each other, and as they took to plundering the canoes when manned by people of a hostile tribe, of course the trade was very soon stopped. The object of the slave-dealers in fomenting war is that they may obtain the prisoners taken on either side.

The commodore and Captain D., who was a man who saw the importance of striking at the root of an evil, determined to put a stop to the war, and so to cut off the slave-dealers' supplies. Captain D. therefore, with a strong force of friendly natives, ascended the Sherbro to communicate with the chiefs at war with each other. He showed them the folly of their proceeding; that they were destroying each other and

gaining nothing; and he then pointed out the advantages they might obtain by legitimate trading. They listened to him respectfully, and promised faithfully to follow his advice. Having succeeded thus far, he was encouraged to proceed, and on a second visit he got them to sign a treaty with the Queen of England, in which they undertook by every means in their power to assist in suppressing the slave-trade. While he was up the river on this occasion, he discovered that the slave-dealers at Galinas supplied themselves with the goods they required for their trade from Sierra Leone by means of the inland water communication which exists between the river Sherbro and the river Galinas. They thus made null the efforts of the British squadron, which had cut off their supplies by sea. To this trade of course it became necessary at once to put a stop. Eight large canoes were at that time waiting to convey goods and provisions to Galinas. The chiefs of the Galinas, instigated by the slave-dealers, had made enemies of all the surrounding tribes, especially of those inhabiting the country to the east of their territory. They had also, trusting to the slave-trade, ceased to cultivate their lands or to carry on any legitimate commerce. The consequence was that they depended entirely on the supplies which they could procure from Sierra Leone with the dollars paid to them by the slave-dealers by the water communication of which I have just spoken. Captain D. at once saw that the chiefs of the Galinas as well as their evil counsellors, the slave-dealers, were in his power. He applied forthwith to the Governor of Sierra Leone to stop the canoes, but the queen's judge advocate decided that such would be an unlawful proceeding.

What we naval officers thought about that does not matter. Captain D. immediately started up the river and explained to the chiefs, with whom he had just concluded a treaty, that as the goods in the canoes were for the purpose of carrying on the slave-trade, it was their duty, in accordance with the spirit of the treaty, to seize them, and that they might have them for their pains. This mode of proceeding was of course very well suited to their tastes, and was a very effectual mode of starving the Galinas people into reason. The canoes were seized, and when a second fleet arrived they were treated in the same way. It was done very quietly and very completely, so that the Galinas people could get no food, and the slave-dealers no goods to pay for the slaves brought them. They had already a thousand or more at the barracoons ready for shipment, but so strict a blockade was maintained that they could not get them off. They were therefore compelled to disperse them through the country that they might obtain food. The chiefs at length were starved into the belief that friendship with the English was better than with the slave-dealers. They therefore sent a letter to Captain D., asking him to allow the canoes to return with provisions, or they should die. His reply was that they should have peace and friendship with England and the provisions they required if they would sign a treaty agreeing to have nothing to do with the slave-trade, if they would deliver up all the slaves belonging to the slave-dealers in their territories, and turn the slave-dealers themselves out of them. As the slaves were no longer of any value, but were rather consuming the few provisions they possessed, and as the slave-dealers could no longer pay them, they very readily agreed to these terms. The slave-dealers, who were mostly Spaniards, and their

clerks Brazilians, numbering together sixty people, were in great dismay on hearing of these proceedings, having no ships to take them off, and knowing that if they were driven to the country to the eastward they would all be murdered. They therefore humbly petitioned Captain D. that they might be taken away and conveyed to Sierra Leone. This he agreed to do, and afterwards allowed them to charter a vessel in which to return to the Brazils. He ascertained that there were upwards of a thousand slaves up the country belonging to the slave-dealers, and that the chiefs owed them for goods advanced about six thousand, so that whatever profit they formerly might have made, their business must of late have been a losing one. The Galinas chiefs very faithfully fulfilled their agreement. The slaves received, who were taken from a distance, were sent by their own wish to Sierra Leone, with the exception of about two hundred, who belonged to tribes friendly to the English. These were returned to their own country. Every slave was questioned as to whence he came, what had been his destination, and what he wished to do.

The good faith kept by the chiefs in these transactions is much to their credit. Captain D. found it necessary to be on shore for some weeks at Galinas, and, unwilling to expose his own men to the dangers of the climate, he sent to a friendly chief for a guard of a hundred and fifty men. They, with their chief, immediately came up, and the same number followed shortly after. Though in an enemy's country, they were guilty of no plundering or other disorderly act, and behaved in all respects as well as the most disciplined troops. They remained with him for eight weeks, receiving no pay or other recompense, having even brought their own provisions. These services were rendered by the chief and his people simply to show their sincerity and attachment to the English. Had the slaves not been removed, the Brazilians would before long, of course, have sent a vessel to try and carry them off. They would also naturally be desirous of returning to obtain the balance due to them. Now, however, the chiefs, who would be glad of an excuse not to pay them, would say that, having entered into an agreement with the English, they could no longer allow any slaves to pass through their country. The loss in money to the slave-dealers would not have been short of 250,000*l.*—that is, supposing they had landed the slaves they expected to have received.

In twelve months, including part of 1847 and 1848, there were imported into the Brazils twenty thousand slaves, not a third of the number carried across before the squadron was placed on the coast. But suppose the squadron was withdrawn, instantly more lands in the Brazils would be brought under cultivation, the demand for slaves would increase, wars would be encouraged in Africa, legitimate commerce would be overthrown, speculators of all sorts would rush into the trade, all sorts of vessels would be employed, many of them unseaworthy, and the miseries of the poor slaves—all the horrors of the middle passage—would be increased fourfold.

No sooner were matters arranged at Galinas than several small merchants from Sierra Leone, some of whom were liberated slaves, came down and settled there, and, in a few weeks, it was ascertained had exported the produce of the country—country cloths, ground nuts, palm

oil, and other articles—to the value of 2000*l*. I have mentioned these facts, taken from my log, because they are interesting in themselves. They show the service the squadron renders to the cause of civilisation and humanity and to English commerce when under the command of intelligent officers, and they show that the Africans of that region, at all events, are possessed of more intelligence and superior moral qualities than we are in general ready to give them credit for. Once more we were at sea with our friends Larkin and Froth still on board, and, from what we had seen and heard, from the captain down to the smallest boy, more eager than ever to catch the slavers, and to put a stop to the slave-trade.

This is only the commencement of my log. If anybody wishes to read more of it, and how I again met a certain young lady who shall at present be nameless, I shall be happy to give a further portion; if not, we'll pipe to dinner, and drink each other's good healths in the liquor which suits us best.

EGYPT: AND A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE, *VIA* MOUNT SINAI AND PETRA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

Sunday, March 19.—We halted this day, and Divine service was performed in the saloon tent, as on the previous Sundays. The weather was beautiful, and thanks to a delightful breeze from the northward, and the absence of dust, the heat from the sun's rays was not found to be too oppressive or even uncomfortable to prevent our strolling about in the vicinity of the camp. Having noticed some of the camel-drivers busy gathering—here and there at intervals few and far between, for the articles were not abundant, but rather scarce than otherwise—small plants wherewith they fed with these "tit-bits" of green food the particular animals they "petted," and for which they showed more affection than for the others.

I inquired the names of these particular plants in their own language, and I here give the same for the benefit of those of my readers who may feel interested in the same, and who may be fond of botanical pursuits. Their equivalent in English, and their scientific or Latin names will be found on a reference to an Arabic and English dictionary, of which I unfortunately do not possess a copy. During each day's march, the whole way from Suez, I had particularly remarked that some of the camel-drivers would, as they walked by the sides of their animals, stoop down and gather, whenever they came across the same, or pluck up by the roots either one or other of these particular plants, and give them to their favoured beasts, whose fine large, rounded, and coal-black as well as shining eyes would eagerly watch for the same reaching their expec-

tant mouths, as their long, attenuated, and flexible necks would instinctively stretch forward and bend to receive the coveted food.

First, the *Yĕkh-mēĕn* (a word of two syllables), having a small white flower.

Second, the *Oŏ'm-rārā* (a word of two syllables), a dandelion-looking plant, with thorns, and having small pods, resembling diminutive thorn-apples, out of which the thorns seemed to grow.

Third, the *Kŏŏ-bā-ĕĕss* (a word of three syllables), with leaves resembling, in some small degree, those of our geraniums, and having nasturtium-looking pods.

Fourth, the *Yth-hămā* (a word of two syllables), the sort most devoured, most plentiful, as well as most relished by the camels. In outward appearance it struck me as resembling our own "colewort," and its leaves were covered with a hairy-looking down.

The *Jootsĕĕ* plant was most plentiful, and was noticed during every day's march from Moses' Wells to Mount Hor. This is the plant which the Hindoos regard as being of so holy and sacred, and of so acceptable a nature to their gods, that they consider the placing of a few of its leaves, or even a small sprig thereof, in a *lotah* (a brass drinking-vessel) of Ganges water, causes persons to make a more solemn declaration when holding the same in the palms of both their hands, and that it renders more valid and more binding on the conscience the obligation of the oath or affirmation so administered.

Monday, March 20.—Left our old ground at 7.10 this morning, and reached our new ground at 2.30 P.M., at the foot of the range of hills which form the western "coasts" of the land of Edom, and which bound "Mount Hor" on the west, and serve as a barrier to it from the extensive "Wilderness of Zin." The day was also a most delightful one, and the weather cool and fine, thanks to the pure, fresh air on the rising ground, which we had now attained, the wind being from the north. Flies, however, continued to be a great plague and a sad pest in camp. Our path led through quantities of tamarisk bushes, with here and there small patches of the white broom, in flower, besides bushes of the asphodel in abundance for the whole distance of the ground we had passed over. Our caravan started, or rather, I should say, put up, no less than eight hares, and a bevy of partridges, also a curious-looking bird, swift of foot, resembling a peafowl, the feathers of whose body were all white, but whose head, as well as the tips of the wings were set off in contrast by those of a black colour. Two of our Arab escort fired at it with their matchlock guns, having taken advantage of the bird's remaining still for a minute or so, for it was far from being wild, to take a "pot-shot" at it. Both missed it, nevertheless, although the distance was but a few yards! A fine fat quail was shot, however, by our "sportsman," who was the only one of our numerous party who had "mounted" a fowling-piece for amusement previous to our departure from Cairo. One of the "clericos" in camp told us a gun in his hand would have been perfectly useless, as he had never fired off one, or even

a pistol, in the course of his whole life, and his age was the wrong side of forty!

As we entered the land of Edom by the long narrow road, or gorge, or valley which led out of the "Wady Usabah," right up to Petra, and through it on to "Maon" and thence to Mecca, I could not help recalling very forcibly to my mind David's exclamation before he had himself visited Edom, which he felt most anxious to do, in order to inflict summary punishment, as well as a wholesome chastisement, on the blood-thirsty Edomites ("a people that were given to ravage and war"), and which we find recorded in one of his Psalms (lx. 9), "*Who will lead me into Edom?*"

Now that we were fairly within the precincts of the country wherein Esau had dwelt, and had likewise, in by-gone ages, ruled over, we noticed a couple of small stone buildings, which, owing to their distance from us, looked to be not larger than huts, each of which was furnished with a square, or rather oblong, doorway for entrance, and both perched, as it were, like a couple of eagles' nests, on the summit of isolated rocks of rose-coloured sandstone, which served, no doubt, as "watch-towers," from whence immediate notice was forwarded on to the capital of Edom of the arrival of strangers, or caravans, from the plains below. After having passed these two solitary buildings—the only ones that were visible, the one on our right, and the other on our left hand, although our strained and anxiously eager eyesight swept the cliffs and rocks and ridges of the surrounding mountains in every direction to discover other watch-towers—we observed on our right-hand, on the opposite side of a very broad and deep ravine, a single Bédouin, who was awaiting at that spot the approach of one of our own Allowēēn tribe, to hold a parley with him across the gorge, which only lasted a couple of minutes, when the former passed on to the westward, and crossing the ravine at a spot that was more feasible, he approached and addressed a couple of our men, who were by way of protection and a safeguard, along with five of our party, who had loitered a short distance in the rear of the entire caravan, to make hurried sketches, as well as to take within the full range of their vision the "bearings" as well as the particular features of this most barren country.

The hackneyed quotation of "Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise," was very forcibly exemplified this morning at the breakfast-table, when the merits of the different sorts of preserves and jams, which we had just been discussing at our morning meal, happening to be brought upon the *tapis*, one of the party observed he had a *penchant* for quince marmalade, on hearing which, the same "clerico," who had never handled or fired off a gun or pistol in his whole life, inquired in the most sedate mannner, and with all the innocence in the world, what sort of *thing* a "quince" was, and if it was a fruit, as it was the first time he had ever heard mention made of the word. Had I not "booked" this fact at once, and on the spot where it occurred, in the pages of my pocket *carnet*, and which I have at this present moment under my eyes whilst I am copying off my notes for publication, my readers might be induced to exclaim, *Si non è vero, è ben trovato!* I once heard an English military officer who had just returned from Russia after the peace, relate his experience of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and declare that

he had had scarcely a moment's peace during the whole time he was residing in those two cities during the months of June or July, owing to his having been so cruelly tormented by the *morpions*, with which the whole country is more or less infested, and which tease and worry travellers and tourists to death. One cannot take a drive in a "drosky"—the open cab of the country—for howsoever short a time, he said, but you are obliged to hasten to your bedroom as soon as you return home, and throw off all your clothes, and proceed to constitute a thorough as well as a rigorous inspection of particular portions of your skin, to ascertain you have not got one of these vile and odious insects about you. A fellow-countryman who was present, a married man, and of mature age, on hearing this loathsome insect called by its English name, inquired what it was like, as he had never either seen, met with, or even heard of it before that day! In this last case, ignorance had been bliss indeed to the party hitherto unenlightened upon this subject; but it is a question whether the knowledge he had just had imparted to him may not have rendered him both "fidgety" and "uncomfortable" in his mind for the rest of his life!

Almost every English (especially) traveller who has visited Russia, and resided for only a week even at either of the two cities above alluded to, will, from his own *personal experience*, be able to corroborate the truth of what the English officer stated. This diminutive insect is such a dire pest and abominable nuisance even to the Russians themselves, from the emperor downwards—for where you are surrounded by and waited on by Russian servants it is hopeless to escape from the persecution as well as state of irritation which the presence of these insects is sure to cause—that all ladies as well as gentlemen are in the habit, and are, indeed, compelled by the "force of circumstances" and "custom of the country," to carry about with them when they travel, as well as to have always on their toilet-table, a box of "Persian powder" (which is of a whitish colour, and said to be a preparation of mercury—query, "corrosive sublimate"), which is well rubbed over different parts of the body on getting up of a morning, and again previous to going to bed at night; hence the frequent (indeed, in almost all cases where gentlemen as well as ladies wish for peace, comfort, and cleanliness) as well as the daily use of warm baths in Russia, which, with the constant use of the above-named powder, renders life and existence bearable in that country. The very servants, especially the lower order of menials, are not only covered, but are positively alive with these insects, and whenever these domestics scratch themselves, which is of frequent occurrence, they detach from their own bodies or from their clothes, maybe but one or two *morpions*; but then these insects find a fresh as well as an immediate home in the shape of the very next person who may happen to stand for a few moments on that identical spot. The cloth cushions in the "droschkies" are always sure to contain a few of them, for their drivers frequently leave their narrow and uncomfortable box to sit inside on the soft cloth cushion, and leave one or two *morpions* for the benefit of the next fare! A traveller must have gone to St. Petersburg as well as on to Moscow to be enabled to say he has realised in his own person, from practical experience, the truth of the above observations.

The fashionable world in the west of Europe is at the present moment

tormented by the frightful idea of the new plague imported into female society by the use of *chignons*, which is all the mode now-a-days, and which articles of feminine "head furniture," according to the papers of the day, are said to be the *berceaux* of small, most repulsively odious, and scarcely visible insects, called *gregarines*, which have the peculiar property, inherent in this breed of vermin, of bringing on a horrible skin disease!

Our journey through the narrow valley which led into Edom was a delightful change after the dry and barren "Wady Arăbah," for we passed a spring of fresh water, while the sides of the road, or "pass," were lined in some few places, where the trees and plants had found sufficient soil to take root, with the oleander, whose red flowers were just beginning to burst forth, as well as with the wild tulip, the red poppy, and quantities of a sort of aloe.

Tuesday, March 21.—It had quite escaped my recollection to have observed, in its proper place, that, previous to our quitting Akăbah, Shaick Mahomed, with the view of ensuring our safe journey to Petra as well as on to Hebron, had assigned to us for our protection, as well as to see that all went smoothly on our route, one of his own relatives (an uncle, if my memory serves me aright), an old-looking man of about fifty or fifty-five years of age, if not more. He travelled with our caravan, and rode on his own white mare, a sorry-looking animal, but which was accustomed to a desert life, and could put up with the coarsest grass and the rankest vegetation, and was also inured to go a long time without tasting water. I find I also omitted to note down our time of starting this morning. Mount Hor, when first seen from the "Wady Arăbah," presented a striking appearance. As we approached it, it looked still more so, for it had two small peaks when first seen outside of Edom; but, now that we were close under it, these two peaks seemed as one only, in consequence of the northerly one being shut out from view, or covered by the southerly one. The road from our last encamping-ground, which led to "Mount Hor," was one long as well as continuous ascent, and in some parts rather steep—rather too much so for the baggage-camels—and up the left side of the deep gorge or narrow ravine through which the direct road led to Petra, and which our path now overhung at a very considerable elevation. In the gorge was a spring of fresh water, with a few shrubs and stunted oleanders around it.

On reaching a point of the road which was about due south of Mount Hor, our guide halted, and told our dragoman to inform us that this was the usual place for tourists to dismount from their dromedaries, and commence the ascent of "Jebel Flor," and that the baggage camels would go on under his charge to Petra, where the camp could be got ready and the tents all in readiness for pitching; whilst our dragoman with the dromedaries was to remain at a spot further on, and at about half way from where we then stood to our camp, as we should descend on the east side of the mountain, and so find our dromedaries close to us on our reaching the lower, as well as high, road to Petra. Having dismounted, and got our lesson by heart, and taking with us one of our Arab servants to serve as an interpreter, and also three of our camel men as a protection to our party, we all scrambled down into the narrow *khud*, or valley, which separated the road-path on the elevated ground by which we had

arrived from the base of the Rocky Mountain, up whose sides—appearing as they did to our eyes almost perpendicular—we had to clamber; and we commenced the ascent in a vigorous manner, just like so many school-boys, each one being ambitious for the honour of having been the first to reach the "tomb of the prophet Aaron!"—and having crossed this low ground, which was filled with a dry and burned-up rank grass, as well as with stunted shrubs, and thorny bushes, and loose stones and pebbles, we reached the base of the mountain, and found it most fatiguing work to climber over the large blocks of stone, so as to arrive at the summit. In one place, especially, it was so perpendicular, that to have escaladed or climbed up it would have been impossible, and we had to call to our aid a couple of our camel men, who, having first got up like so many cats, succeeded in pulling each of us—for we were only four in number—up the rock's face. The rest of the party not being so active, had taken a direction more to the left, which they found somewhat more practicable than the direct path which we had chalked out—"steeple-chase fashion" —in our mind's eye for us to ascend by.

On reaching the summit, we found we had arrived at the southern peak only!—for "Mount Hor" has twin peaks rising up out of two mountains; or, to write more correctly, out of two differently rocky eminences on the same mountain—and the other side, on which stood Aaron's tomb, was further to the northward, and on the very summit of the mountain, and whose considerable elevation we had not, until now, either conceived or perceived, and which we had to put forth all our remaining strength to climb up to. We had ascended so far, at a run, —indeed, I may say, at a killing pace, for each one of us, emulous of his own powers of endurance, and jealous of his neighbour's, had "pushed the lead" to the utmost—so that when we reached what we had considered to be the crest of the mountain, and had fully expected to have seen Aaron's tomb close to us, the great disappointment which we experienced, blown as we were—out of breath—and also perspiring as we did, most copiously from every pore, under the influence of the sun's burning rays, excited our "race" combined, acted as a momentary damper on our spirits, as the distance we had still to travel ere we could reach the tomb was, owing to the nature of the ground we had to travel over, by no means trifling to people whose powers had been already "strained," and somewhat of their "shine," on which they had prided themselves, taken out of them.

In my *carnet* I had noted down, on the spot, the time it had taken us to reach the summit of Mount Hor from the spot where we had dismounted from our dromedaries, and I find it took us just five-and-forty minutes, at a racing pace the whole way. At the foot of the north-west peak of Mount Hor, there was on the western, as well as on its southern side, a small open spot of ground, like a field, but covered with grass, which would admirably serve, were this mountain fortified and garrisoned, as a capital spot for a "drill ground" for the troops. Immediately at the foot of this peak is a spring of water, with a reservoir cut out of the solid rock, in which to receive the water; but it was too dirty-looking and too uninviting for us to drink. We had, fortunately, taken the precaution to bring with us our *leathern* bottles of fresh water, called in Arabic *zemzémiyeh*. From this spot, a series of stairs in some places,

and, again, in other places, steps were cut out in the solid rock to enable elderly and weak persons to perform their "pious pilgrimage" to the shrine of the prophet with less bodily fatigue to themselves. The so-called, and likewise so-considered, Tomb of Aaron consists of a building constructed entirely of stone, and rudely square in shape, with a cupola springing up from the flat roof, and placed, or erected, at the south-east corner of the building. This cupola serves as the Syrian (or dome) roof over that portion of the room (in which Aaron's supposed coffin is placed) which is used as a mosque, and from its base (on the roof) to its apex measured between nine and ten feet. It was built of small stones, which were plastered over with a coating of mud, over which was smeared a coating of whitewash. This cupola was surmounted by a round or circular stone, two feet in height, and which was also once covered with mud plaster, most of which had peeled off. Above this, again, was a small square-shaped piece of white marble, whose top rising up to a point, somewhat resembling a sugar-loaf, had four circular rims, having three grooves formed therein—*i.e.* a hollow or groove between the rims.

The first thing our party did was to hasten up to the very top of the building in order to enjoy, in the first instance, the extensive view to be had over the "land of Edom," as well as over a very considerable portion of the "Wilderness of Zin." The aspect of the sky over the former was of a beautiful blue colour, and the air looked bracing, whilst the atmosphere was perfectly clear and free from dust or particles of fine sand floating therein. Over the latter, on the contrary, all seemed to wear an air of suffocation; the sky looked white, the air had a hot look in it, and the atmosphere was filled with fine dust, and appeared hazy and misty, looking just like what one witnesses in the month of May in India. On looking down upon the valley of Degrah-Dhom and upon the plains of Hindostan beyond it from the heights of the mall at Mussōōrie, we saw not a living soul at the tomb, the building containing which serves, as I have above observed, likewise the purpose of a Mahomedan mosque, so that we were free to go all over it, and survey it both inside as well as outside to our hearts' content, without either "let or hindrance" from any bigoted guardian of the tomb. Having surveyed the very extensive prospect around from our externally elevated position, and having made out one of the celebrated temples at Petra, known by the name of "El Derr," which was situated very nearly on the summit of a mountain to the N.N.E. of us, and from which we were separated by a very deep valley or tremendous *khud*, with another but smaller mountain range between the latter and the temple. Although Petra itself, from lying low, and concealed amongst the rocks and low hills by which it was surrounded, was invisible to us, we descended from the flat roof of the building, which formed a capital *cheebōōtra*, or terrace, to walk up and down on, to look at the tomb inside, which the traditions of Jews, Mahomedans, and Christians now consider and hold as a matter of religious faith to be that of the prophet Aaron; inasmuch as we are informed by the Scriptures that the Almighty had declared to Moses and to Aaron on "Mount Hor" that Aaron should die there (Numbers, xx. xxiii. xxv. xxviii., and also chapters xxxiii.-xxxviii.). On reference, however, to the Book of Deuteronomy (x. 6), we find there is a discrepancy in the narrative, inasmuch as it is therein stated that Aaron died and was buried at

Moscra, which, no doubt, is meant as the same place as Moscroth, as being one of the encamping places in the "desert" during the "wanderings" of the Israelites therein (Numbers, xxxiii. 30). Although both versions cannot be correct, I cannot admit the logical (?) deductions arrived at in all such cases as occur in Holy Writ by a celebrated German professor of theology, that the "chances" are both accounts are false, and that neither of the two versions ever had any existence! I see no reason for refusing to look upon "Mount Hor" as the *bonâ fide* site of the prophet Aaron's death and burial. This mountain has always been known to men as Jebel Hor. The Jews believe it to be Mount Hor, and so do the descendants of Ishmael. It stands within the "coasts of the land of Edom."

On entering the building, or mosque, by a small, low, unpainted wooden door, to which a small iron chain and staple for a padlock were attached, we found ourselves in the main or largest room of the place, and the one which serves as the "house of prayer" to the Almighty by the votaries of the Mahomedan religion. In the south-west angle of this room stood a tomb, which in its outward shape and appearance resembled the Mahomedan tombs one sees in Constantinople and in Egypt, and also in Algeria. This tomb had an inscription in Arabic characters on it, as well as a smaller one in the Hebrew character. The room measured, by my own pacing of it, eleven paces from north to south, and nine paces from east to west. The ceiling was low—I should say, perhaps, very low—and only just sufficient for me to stand upright in, and was formed of four arches to form the base of the Syrian dome. There was a square pillar in the centre of the room, from which the corners of the arches sprung. Underneath this room was a cave, down to which eight very narrow stone steps led. We had to light a couple of candles, which we had fortunately brought with us, to enable us to see our way down to this cave. As soon as we had entered it, we noticed a couple of iron gratings, square in shape, trellis-like in appearance, and made of thin, flat, and narrow bands of iron, such as are used as hoops for buckets and small casks, or to fasten and secure bales of merchandise. At the end of this cave there was hanging up, extended out nearly to its full dimensions, an old green-coloured native (or Eastern) garment, somewhat resembling a cloak in shape. The walls and roof were much blackened by the smoke from the oil which was used to light up this cave on Friday nights, the Mahomedan Sabbath, for which purpose three *churraghs*, or coarse red little earthenware dishes, resembling those in use all over India, were placed in niches or recesses made for that express purpose in the stone pillar. There were also three of these small red earthenware *churraghs* inserted in niches that had been made for them in the sides of the wall of the upper room, wherein was what was regarded as Aaron's tomb.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

By a Looker-on.

PART THE EIGHTH.

I.

DRAWN, OR DRIVEN ON.

The month of October, with its cheerful days and many-tinted woods, delighting the artistic eye with their beautiful and varied foliage, had passed away like the olden times before the flood, and dreary November, bringing chilly breezes and moaning winds, had taken its place. There were sad lists of shipwrecks, causing sorrow and desolation in many a home, both high and low. But still religion subdued the wildness of grief in several hearts, and those bereaved of their nearest and dearest were, in not a few instances, enabled to say, "God's will be done!"

But for those upon whom deep affliction fell, not through the visitation of that supreme Power whose ways are inscrutable to man, but from indulgence in vice, what comfort could there be?

The Arlington family had hitherto pursued their even course, without anything to taint their name or bring among them the cowering shadow of disgrace. But Silvester's low marriage had been a sad page in their every-day history. He, however, had been speedily sent away, to expiate in exile the fault he had committed. Eleanor's refusal of a rich baronet was a great source of annoyance to Mrs. Arlington; she had become quite peevish and discontented, and took no pains to conceal her disappointment. But she little anticipated the crushing blow that was to fall upon her and her entire family.

Richard, the heir of lands which had descended to his father through a long line of ancestry of the highest respectability, was, in an evil hour, induced by the influence of a wicked woman, to sacrifice his honour and good name. Mrs. Larpent had eloped with him! He had not the strength of mind to resist her blandishments and advances. He had no wish to go off with her; he disliked notoriety for himself, and shuddered at the abyss into which she was about to precipitate herself. He urged her to remain in her husband's house, and under his protection, and set before her the obloquy which she would bring on herself and on her innocent children. But it were as easy to reason with the untamed tiger of the forest as with a woman who has permitted improper thoughts to creep into her mind, and has encouraged them until they have obtained the mastery over all her feelings, and deadened her sense of sin.

"Let us go, Richard," she said, "no matter where, so we find a place where we can live together in free and happy love!"

"Where is such a place to be found, Sophy?" he replied. "There is no desert island that I know of where we could live by ourselves, and only for ourselves. The English swarm everywhere—not a nook that is

habitable on the face of the earth where some of them have not planted themselves. And, besides, if we *could* live quite alone,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot,

you would soon be tired of such a monotonous existence—you, who have been so long accustomed to the excitement of society."

"Oh, I don't speak of a desert, or a desert island, but there are ever so many gay and pleasant places where we might amuse ourselves quite as well as in London."

"Among foreigners, perhaps," he answered; "but it would be awkward to meet any of the better-class English, or to stumble on old acquaintances."

"Oh, Richard, I don't care where I go! Only take me away—take me away from a life I can no longer support! If you knew how weary I am of Marmaduke! I *never* cared for him in the least degree; I only took him as a *pis aller* to escape from my odious stepmother. Would to Heaven I had had a little more patience then, and not plunged myself into misery!"

"Have a little patience *now*, dear Sophy, and do not plunge into still greater misery," said Richard. "With your lively disposition, and warm, impulsive feelings, it is natural that you should be fretted sometimes by Mr. Larpent's very quiet and no doubt frigid manners. But you know that he has a good heart, and you must allow that he is very kind to his children and to you."

"He is *not* kind to me," she replied, angrily.

"He lets you do whatever you like; he never interferes with your actions, or crosses your wishes."

"And why? Because he is quite indifferent to me. He cares for nobody but that blind sister of his. What right has a man to prefer his sister to his wife? If he wants any advice, he goes to her for it; and he shows her all those little attentions that he ought to show to me."

"Well," cried Richard, laughing, "I would wager 50*l.*, poor as I am, that if he transferred these *petits soins* to you, you would be intensely bored by them."

"But I can't bear his making such a fuss about that sister of his, and it is no laughing matter, Arlington. Perhaps you don't know that something has oozed out about our"—she stopped a moment, and then went on rapidly, and in an excited manner—"about our intimacy. That French maid of mine, I rather think, has been blabbing, for only yesterday morning Marmaduke gave me a lecture upon propriety, and not giving the world cause to say ill-natured things; and added, that though he liked you very much, he wished you would not be so constantly at our house, and he hoped you would leave Craig Court soon. In the afternoon my amiable stepmother drove over, and favoured me with an harangue about my being so light-headed, and running the risk of bringing disgrace upon my family. I told her to mind her own business, and that she had better stay at home and scold her servants than come to my house to be rude to me. We had a regular quarrel, and she went away in high dudgeon. There will be a storm from that quarter soon, you will see; and Marmaduke will be goaded on by that woman, by my precious father, and that sly Mrs. Hamilton, to take some steps against

me. I won't stay—I won't put up with such conduct . . . I . . . I." She burst into tears, and was not able to finish what she intended to say.

Poor Richard was much distressed. He did not know what to say to comfort her, and he was greatly annoyed at her urgent wish to leave her husband and her home, and place herself under his protection. He had no desire for any such arrangement; it would be very inconvenient to him in other respects, and ruinous in a financial point of view. He knew that his allowance from his father would not merely be reduced, but most probably withheld altogether. How was he to live, with not only his own expenses to pay, but those of an extravagant woman, who was accustomed to throw money away in the most lavish manner, and to indulge in every whim?

He set before the lady his inability to maintain her. But she overthrew that obstacle by assuring him that she had plenty of money of her own—money left to her by her mother, and which was settled on herself at her marriage.

"So don't let want of money be an impediment to our schemes," she said.

Our schemes! Richard had no schemes, and no wish for the escapade into which he was being dragged, as a vessel is dragged into a whirlpool. He was firmly determined on one thing—to leave Craig Court; he would not stay, when he knew he was unwelcome to the master of the house, so he took his departure the next day, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Larpent, who fancied that all now would be safe and right. Mrs. Larpent did not seem at all sulky after Richard's departure; on the contrary, she appeared more cheerful than she had lately been, which seemed to be a good sign to poor Mr. Larpent.

"Well," he said to himself," Laura meant her warning kindly, but she took alarm rather too easily. Sophy is a gay, volatile young woman; but that does not make her worthless, or even incorrect. I believe there really is nothing improper whatever in her intimacy with that young man Arlington; but as her ill-natured stepmother might put a wrong construction on it, it is quite as well that he has gone."

Poor Mr. Larpent's bonhomie and faith in him made Richard Arlington feel doubly unwilling to carry off his wife.

"What a scoundrel, what a villain, he will think me!" exclaimed Richard to himself. "No, I cannot do him and her—misguided as she is—this grievous injury! I have been wrong enough, but further I must not go. I will write Sophy that the matter must drop, and advise her to give up all idea of an elopement. But how can I trust such a communication to paper? My letter might fall into Larpent's hands, and what would be the consequences? I can't send a letter through that wretched Laurette—she is not to be trusted. There is nothing for it but to hope that Sophy will remain quietly at Craig Court, and not put her desperate projects into execution. I will get over to Dublin as soon as possible; she will hardly follow me there."

It is said, "The woman who deliberates is lost;" and, assuredly, the man who is goaded into guilt by the strong passions of an unprincipled woman is certain to get into trouble, though he may not be "lost."

With the determination to avoid an escapade, Richard made a shorter stay than he would otherwise have done at Arlington Abbey, and hurried up to town to get the little matters he had to arrange there settled as

speedily as possible. He was haunted by the fear of Mrs. Larpent's coming up from the country, and almost expected to run against her at every turn. But she was not likely to be walking alone in Regent-street, Bond-street, or Pall-mall; and, comforting himself with this idea, he forgot that there are other streets in the metropolis, and that cabs are everywhere to be found. His great object was to get himself out of Mrs. Larpent's reach; for, though he disliked the idea of an elopement, he knew how much influence she had over him, and he could not keep feeling a strong bias towards a pretty, pleasant woman who showed so much devotion to him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if only Larpent were gathered to his fathers, Sophy and I might marry and be so happy."

II.

A RUNAWAY WIFE.

Richard was, in reality, not a roué; but he was wanting in strength of mind, and to want strength of mind is not only a misfortune, but almost a fault itself, leading as it does to the commission of many errors. As he walked from his lodgings in Bury-street to his club to dinner, he could not help regretting that he had lost the opportunity of marrying little Miss FitzHenry with her comfortable fortune.

"I was a fool not to take her!" he exclaimed to himself, "when she and her husband-hunting gouvernante made such strong advances to me. The pill—rather a bitter one, to be sure—was well gilded, and it might have been swallowed and digested. There's Colville living in clover; all his debts paid off, and driving a pair of splendid greys about Brighton. Little FitzHenry is not in the least jealous of him, and he may flirt with as many girls as he pleases. Heigh ho! But there is no use in lamenting it now. It was all Sophy's fault; she would not hear of my marrying the girl. I wish I had turned a deaf ear to her representations, and taken my mother's advice. I should have kept out of the confounded scrape that I am likely to get into now. But, D.V., as my pious sister Cornelia always says, I'll be off to Holyhead and Dublin to-morrow."

Richard consoled himself with the prospect of putting the Irish channel between himself and his chère amie. He dined at his club, chatted for a little while with a military acquaintance, but, refusing to play either billiards or cards, he repaired to his lodgings at the early hour of half-past nine, in order to pack up for his journey the next morning.

But, alas for his good resolutions! when he entered the house where he lived in Bury-street, a servant told him that a lady had called, and was waiting to see him.

"A lady!—see me!" exclaimed Richard, with a bewildered air. "Who—who is she?" he stammered.

The servant did not know; the lady had given no name; she was told he was out, but said she would go to his rooms and wait for him there. The servant thought she might be one of his sisters.

A cold shiver passed through Richard's frame, and a foreboding of evil through his mind. "Sophy can never have been so mad as to seek me *here!*" he muttered to himself; then turning to the servant, who was retreating towards the basement story, he asked if there were lights in the

room; he hoped the lady was not left in the dark. He was assured that a candle had been lighted, and he proceeded immediately up-stairs to his apartments, consisting of a tolerably large bedroom, and a small room opening into it, intended for a dressing-room, but used as a parlour.

Richard positively trembled as he entered the smaller room, and beheld the confirmation of his worst fears.

Mrs. Larpent was reclining on the sofa, her bonnet off, and thrown carelessly on a chair close by.

"Mrs. Larpent! Sophy! *You* here!" groaned poor Richard. "What on earth brought you to . . . to . . . a bachelor's lodgings?"

"A cab brought me," she said, forcing a laugh.

"When did you come to town? Why did you come?" he asked, looking as pale as a corpse.

His face was quite a contrast to hers, for her cheeks were glowing with excitement.

"I arrived in town about two hours ago. I have left Craig Court for ever!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Richard. "You cannot mean that you have left your husband?"

"I *do* mean it," she replied, in a determined manner.

"How did you get away unknown to him, for I presume he did not connive at your going?"

"He was not at Craig Court. He went to town the day before yesterday on some business for his hateful sister, telling me he might be back in four or five days, or he might be absent a week, as it was probable he would pay his sister a visit at Buxton, where she is just now, before returning home. I had given Laurette warning before he went, and I packed her off the very morning after his departure. I have taken all my jewels and most of my portable valuables with me, but only a small portion of my wardrobe, for I told the housekeeper I was going to London to look out for a new maid. That story will keep them all quiet for a few days at least, so that we shall have time enough for a start before anybody raises a hue and a cry about me."

"And your children!" exclaimed Richard. "That sweet little Ellen, and that dear little Harry, who is so fond of you! How could you tear yourself from them? How will they exist without you?"

"Don't speak of them, Richard—don't speak of *them*, if you love me. Oh, it *was* a struggle to leave these poor darlings! I care more for them than for Marmy and Laura—*their* names always stuck in my throat—yet they, too, are very dear to me. But I could not live any longer the life I was leading—no, no, I could not. Watched, and suspected, and reproved, and knowing that Marmaduke's disagreeable, self-righteous sister and my odious stepmother were both trying to set him against me! I could bear it no longer, and I have come to you, dear Richard, to find a happier home with you."

She spoke eagerly—passionately—and Richard Arlington felt that his fate was sealed.

"But, Sophy," he said, "you cannot stay *here*. The people of the house make a great fuss about their respectability, and I cannot offer you the shelter of my rooms."

"Of course not," she replied, much to his relief. "I have secured

rooms at the hotel in Albemarle-street, where I left my luggage. But to-morrow we can start for the Continent, can't we?"

"I am sorry to say we cannot," Richard answered. "I must first join my regiment at Dublin, and then try to obtain my winter's leave at once. I cannot, I *really cannot*, take you over with me. What is to be done?"

Mrs. Larpent reflected for a few minutes, then she said,

"I will go with you to Bangor, and remain there until you have arranged for your winter leave, and can rejoin me. I will not go as Mrs. 'Larpent,' but as 'Mrs. Mortimer;' you know my name is Sophia Mortimer. That will do nicely. And now, as I perceive you are very fidgety at my being here, I will relieve you of my presence. Be so good as to send for a cab for me."

The cab was soon obtained, and Richard escorted the lady back to her hotel, and returned in any but a happy mood to his lodgings in Bury-street. Her determined spirit triumphed over his wavering one. The next day they sat off together for Bangor. Richard Arlington saw the lady comfortably settled for a few days in one of the hotels there, at which he passed for her brother, and then crossed to Ireland to see about getting three months' leave. Three months! And what might not have happened before the end of that period! He might be a fugitive, a beggar, discarded by his family, and his name bandied about as a good-for-nothing blackguard. And all for what? For a liaison he had not sought—for love that had been thrust upon him! But he had allowed himself to go too far to retreat. Mrs. Larpent had left her home and her family, and had thrown herself upon his protection; it would be cruel, it would be unmanly, he said to himself to cast her off, and therefore he accepted the unwelcome destiny, which he thought he could not with honour escape.

Thus it is when there is want of principle on one side and weakness of mind on the other, the enemy of mankind is sure of his prey.

Richard Arlington wrote to his father from Dublin, and intimated his intention of spending the period of his winter leave abroad. He proposed going first to Paris, and from thence proceeding to Cannes or Nice, or perhaps to Rome, for the rest of the time, and he begged his father for a letter of credit, in case, by any chance, his funds should fall short. Mr. Arlington was somewhat surprised at this request, as he had given his son a cheque for a tolerably large sum on his leaving Arlington Abbey not long before. However, as Mrs. Arlington suggested that Richard might have used the principal portion of this last gift in paying off debts, the old gentleman agreed to his wish, and sent him the letter of credit he had asked.

Richard had, therefore, a very good supply of money with which to enter on the new phase of life he was about to commence, with another man's wife as his companion. He was, however, annoyed by an epistle received from his mother, at the same time that the letter of credit reached him. That persevering lady again appealed to him to take two of his sisters to the Continent with him, promising to pay their expenses liberally. Truth to tell, the young man would almost rather have taken his sisters than the woman who had herself to accompany him. The

thought crossed his mind that, if his sisters went too, nobody could find any fault, all scandal would be avoided, and Mrs. Larpent might return to her husband's house, if she so pleased, without the slightest stain on her character.

That he could entertain for a moment such an idea as his sisters joining Mrs. Larpent showed that he was not willing to plunge into a course of vice; for their presence would have rendered the appearance, at least, of strict decorum necessary. But he speedily rejected this plan. No, he could not make his sisters act as a cloak to his guilt; nor would Mrs. Larpent, he was certain, agree to be troubled with them. He just hinted the project in one of his letters to her, and received such a storm of reproaches and sneers in return, that he never dared again to allude to it. Mrs. Larpent was resolved not to slacken in the slightest degree the fetters in which she held him. Every day brought Richard a highly scented billet from her, with, of course, the Bangor postmark; and these billets, being addressed in a woman's handwriting, were soon remarked, and brought a good deal of quizzing on the *preux chevalier*. They had, however, the effect of quickening his movements; the lady began to be impatient, and at last hinted that, as she was tired of the stupidity of Bangor, she would probably cross to Ireland, and take lodgings in Dublin.

"She will do it, too," exclaimed poor Richard to himself, "and then there will be the devil to pay!"

So he speedily got the matter of leave settled, and, it must be owned, with rather a heavy heart returned to Bangor and his lady-love.

So far all had gone well. But Mrs. Larpent's disappearance had been found out, and no one could tell where she had gone. Mr. Larpent put a carefully worded advertisement in a leading newspaper; no one replied to it. He bethought him of Captain Arlington, and, making inquiries as to his whereabouts, ascertained that he was in Dublin with his regiment. Could Mrs. Larpent be in Ireland with him? It might be so; and Mr. Larpent started, without loss of time, for Dublin. Arrived there, he found that Captain Arlington had just gone on his winter's leave, and he could procure no tidings of Sophy. Assuredly no lady had been seen with him in Dublin. It never occurred to the good man to make inquiries about them at Bangor, and yet he only passed through that town twelve hours after the runaway couple had left it!

But such *escapades* cannot be long concealed. It was found out after a short time that Richard Arlington and Mrs. Larpent were together in Paris, and the disgraceful intelligence came like an electric shock to poor Mr. Larpent, and a thunderbolt on the Arlington family.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PARLIAMENT met on the 13th of February, and, after the customary routine business and notices of motions upon that for going into a Committee of Supply, the second reading of the Public Schools Bill took place. The Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland was renewed—a measure evidently useful. The next day, notices were given by Lord E. Cecil and Mr. Trevelyan on military education and purchase in the army. We are glad to see this subject taken up. The custom is a scandal among the nations. To be a great soldier implies intellect, and that is a commodity not to be bought and sold. The purchase of commissions is a great scandal upon the character of the country—a stain on an honourable profession. Is that profession, which demands something of mind, to continue to be thus debased? Is talent, of value to the country, to be rendered negative because, as it is in the nature of things not to be purchased in the market, it shall not on that account be rendered available for the public good? The noodle or doodle who buys a commission over the head of a meritorious officer inflicts an injury upon the public, and upon officers, it is possible, infinitely superior to himself in all that becomes the soldier. Talent and experience in the service are thus continually negatived. Is honour to be bought and sold? Are the gifts of the mind in the military service alone to be treated as if they were beneath all others in intellectual value? Is the foundation of military merit to be laid in that traffic to which the spirit of the service should be most adverse? Well may the foreigner say, "In England they sell everything: commissions in the army, old clothes, and apostolic livings for the cure of souls!" We trust we are to see this kind of scandal removed from the army, wherever else it may linger.

By-the-bye, as the larger part of the regular army, in time of peace, is stationed in India, all British officers should be masters of the Hindostanee as well as of their own tongue. They can read Polybius and Cæsar in English, but Hindostan is now a part of the British empire, and essentially so. Young, beardless officers should not imagine, as many do, that those Easterns are only "black rascals;" for, if they are dark-coloured, they were a great and clever people when the British islander went about a naked savage and dyed his skin blue. One living language besides his own is no very hard acquirement for idle hours. The officers of the old East India Company's army left names in regard to their acquirements, even out of their profession, which fame will not let die. To them we are indebted for works of learning and research, which are all well worthy of emulation in the present royal forces: it is an object worthy of imitation if honest fame be considered of any value in our existing military establishment. It is from the present practice, from that mercantile treatment in the army, that so many of its past disasters have arisen. The duties of the parade-ground demand no more than a schoolboy intellect; the duties of an officer in the field demand, to obtain success, not only personal ability of a superior kind, but those mental resources a whole treasury cannot purchase.

Ireland is still the all-absorbing question, in relation to which we see

no reason to alter any opinion we have before expressed as to its existing position. Regarding what is called "tenant right," the point should be settled without delay, because it involves the great matter of complaint among the poorer classes. It is most important in all such cases that the ruling power should be "morally" right. The complete suppression of similar disturbances, as with that of open rebellion, must mainly rest for success upon its moral principles. No advantage is so great on the side of a government as the clear conviction of the public mind that the power it exacts in putting down rebellion is, in its exercise, not so much an exhibition of power, as a fulfilment of a great moral duty. How can there be any dealing with the violators of the public peace in intent, if not in full action, more effectually, than by not leaving them the shadow of an excuse for their offences?—offences which, putting on the disguise of a deceptive patriotism, do enormous mischief among the ignorant and excitable, rendering the crimes of assassins plausible, covering the criminal with the cloak of libelled patriotism, and exciting to violence an uneducated and poverty-stricken population, accustomed to the neglect, as well as to the absolute rule, of the agent, or the landlord, and in return disturbing the peace of the empire. If the tenant expend his little all in improving the land he takes, it is most unjust that he should not have the benefit of it, and be turned out at a moment's notice, owing to his landlord's caprice. Legal deeds are costly, but surely some exception might be made, and a cheap form of agreement be rendered legal and adopted, to stay the crying injustice of such cases. The misfortune is, that in times past no sympathy whatever existed between the landlord and tenant, or the agent of the landlord, in Ireland. The arrogant superiority assumed over the poor, both by landlord and agent, is a part of Ireland's traditions. Young, the great agriculturist, in his description of the state of things there in his time, says: "A long series of oppression, aided by many very ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an almost unlimited submission; speaking a language that is despised; professing a religion that is abhorred; and being disarmed, the poor find themselves in many cases slaves, even in the bosom of written liberty. Landlords that have resided much abroad are usually humane in their ideas; but the habit of tyranny naturally contracts the mind, so that even in this polished age there are instances of a severe carriage towards the poor, which is quite unknown in England."

The foregoing is the picture of Ireland under its own parliament, or that species of government it now wants to have back again, preparatory to proclaiming its independence under American-Irish rule! Thus it is like a sick man under fever—restless, fanciful, now wanting this, now that, it hardly knows what. To-day the cure of the disease will be declared a return to the old state of things a century ago, so says the Orange faction, with its discordant cries over the bottle. To-morrow it will be for a republic, established by murder and assassination, aided by the refuse of idlers accustomed to the horrors and crimes of civil war, from being recently discharged after serving in the American forces. They have become devoted to riot and idleness, rather than to a return to honest labour, and therefore are ready with an assent to join the agents of assassination and crime under the cloak of patriotism. The nature of

things cannot be changed by giving them equivocal names. With such, no conviction *pro* or *con* can be effected by reasoning. Ignorance, with its concealed dagger, ready to strike down those only constructively obnoxious, denominates the act "patriotism," showing clearly enough the disturbed idea of that virtue which such persons cherish. They cannot be combated by that reason, for the use of which they have not power. They must, therefore, be firmly met, and their principle uprooted from our social system. The old law, punishing assassination and murder with the halter, still remains in force, and should now be rigidly carried out for the common security, as they have rightly been at Manchester, where the crime, so audacious, may be a cause for a protraction of the punishment of death on the ground of the extraordinary expansion of that crime under a false name.

The Home Secretary was censured by the foes of freedom and good order for his performance of a public duty there; but in case of a similar instance of guilt occurring again, we trust he will as honestly exercise his power for the sake of the public security. The abominable assassination of an officer of the law when in the fulfilment of public duties, was a case of a remarkable character. It was more than a simple murder, for poor Brett represented the justice of his country, and his assassination was a defiance of that justice. By whom was the censure of the fulfilment of a solemn duty uttered but by those who lived without that moral law—that law of conscience which enters in all well-regulated societies? Besides, over and above, the march of men secretly armed, up and down the streets of principal towns, by day and night, is not to be tolerated. Constable and police are no more to be shot at with impunity than others of the Queen's subjects by the daring and worthless, who, if they challenge the lot of a halter, will most assuredly find it, in a nation in which, while fair justice is refused to none, the villains of society, pretend to what character they may, will find their just reward.

It is with pain that we perceive the Orange faction putting forth its utterance again in Ireland, and shouting in its old manner, thus once more endeavouring, like the American Irish, to play a part in its old game, and embarrass the government. It has begun in its customary mode with orgies to disturb the peace, and add to the troubles of Ireland by its bravadoes over the bottle, and defiances of the rights of other men. The members of this faction have tended to place Ireland in her present discontented position. It was but a few years ago (the Duke of Cumberland its hero) that the Duke of Wellington had the honour of the objurgation of that faction, when he joined in emancipating the Catholics from the chains in which they were bound for conscience sake. It is impossible this faction can ever again do a similar mischief, but it will do all it is able towards it. The country will support the government in the rule of impartiality in its duties, and if that virtue will not alone lead to lasting peace, no other will do it—that is, of a healing nature. The hiccupping and shouts for Kentish froth and flummery will only injure that ministry which it affects to serve in aid of its own private ends.

The most important announcement of the government, made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was the introduction of a measure for considering the laws relative to election petitions, and for

the prevention of corrupt practices by the electors and the elected. Without this measure the late Reform Bill would be of little use. There are few who have seen more of the measures pursued, of the organised or hap-hazard, and strategetic forms of electoral knavery than ourselves. We may be censured for the avowal, but we believe the lust of pecuniary gain is so strong in its hold upon the mass of the electors, and so well felt by the candidates to be so, that if the government be sincere in arresting the practice, the miracle of the raising of Lazarus would be nothing to it, should it cure the evil and secure electoral morality. The mask covering similar proceedings, the modes of action, the wary stratagems to conceal the corruption from the opposing candidate, the frequent fear of a petition against a return, by the self-consciousness of equality in guilt on the part of an opponent, the later phases of such affairs, all are painful histories, when purity of election is on the tapis. What, too, is to be done with the Treasury itself? Take, for example, a Mr. Moneyman, suppose him in his office there, addressed by a candidate of the "right sort," in a private conversation.

"You know, Mr. Moneyman, I have not any cash to spare. I will contest the borough of Swallowall on the right side, but I cannot afford to spend more than eight or nine hundred pounds. You must aid me if I run a little more in debt."

"Let me see—ay, one seat at Swallowall. It will be a clear gain to our side. Well, I will see what we can do for you. I think I may promise you five hundred—can't go further."

The candidate then goes to work, spends his own eight hundred pounds, and shows that bills are outstanding for as much more. The seat is safe, a gain of one. The deficit is paid, and Mr. Moneyman's candidate of the "right sort" takes his seat on the ministerial benches, with a due contempt for corruption of all kinds. Now, if such a case as the above—of course a supposititious one—should come before a judge and jury by order of the Speaker of the House of Commons, how far would it go to crush a system thus set in motion, regarding no uncommon case of a similar character?

As to mere hard cash bribes in boroughs, the prosecutions in a court of law, by order of the Speaker, would effect a wonderful change, especially as now the agent suffers, the candidate very rarely, because the maxim, "qui facit per alium facit per se," has been shown to be very unpleasant and puzzling in parliamentary committees, and perhaps on that account discarded. Still, let ministers be in earnest in the matter, and good must come of it, the lust of gain among the voters notwithstanding, for the more corrupt the candidate is inclined to be the more readily oftentimes are his tenders accepted.

There will be no want of opponents to a measure so wise and effective. Whatever may be thought of the existing mode of acting in election matters, there can be no question but it might be rendered more satisfactory in the public view, and ministers merit credit for taking the subject in hand. Why did the Whigs never think of it? The corruption practised by candidates or their agents have ever been notorious. As it is, we must commend the effort made to amend the existing state of things. As, for example, when a candidate spends four or five thou-

and pounds, and gets polished off by the observation that no evidence has been given to show whether the four or five thousand pounds was paid gratuitously or otherwise to return him. Though two or three of his agents were evidently implicated he escapes. Whence came that money supply? It reminded us of the reward for the restoration of stolen goods, "No questions asked." However the measure is at length one foot in the right direction. The old plan was to chop off a twig or two from the tree of corruption, but to shield the trunk that it might bourgeon anew. Success to the measure, which, being introduced, should be made effectual and earnest. The public had very small faith in the old mode of proceeding in election proceedings. Lord Clanricarde gave notice that he intended to introduce into the House of Lords a bill respecting land tenure in Ireland. It is probable that his lordship is one of those right thinkers, amidst the present troubles, who would not any longer leave the Irish a valid excuse for outrage. Such a question cannot be considered too early.

It is more than probable that the measure conceded to the country by Lord Derby's ministry will be more effective than any that could have been obtained from the party so lately under the sway of Lord Palmerston, who himself cared very little about the matter either way, as long as he could keep the state machine at work. Here his lordship often reminds us of Pliable, in the Pilgrim's Progress of honest John Bunyan. In regard to corrupt practices at elections, no money, not a farthing, ought to pass. The representatives of the people should be nominated, and sent by the people to their seats free of all expense. The sums paid for election expenses are, for the most part, bribes in one shape or another. Thus, when voters are brought up from a distance the candidate's money conveys them. We have seen election accounts with an expenditure of some hundreds of pounds sent to pay their travelling expenses. Suppose forty shillings per head out and home, really expended in such costs, paid with a note of five pounds per head—in other words, a bribe of three. The sense of the constitution is, that the voter should act with sterling independence upon an honest conviction of his duty. The choice is with the voters, and in place of paying them a fee it would be far more constitutional for the voters to pay the candidate all the expenses of his return, and make him really a free man.

In Ireland we find nothing to contravene our previous view of the character of the disturbances there, or of the worthless men concerned in them. The recent crimes committed there and in England bear the character of an attack from parties too destitute of moral principle or mental power to plan, and without want of weight, respectability, and judgment in the actors to work out their own designs. The committal of isolated offences in no mode strengthens the grand object so magniloquently put forth for the achievement of Irish independence. There is nothing as yet formidable either in what the disturbers of the public peace have achieved or are likely to achieve. Attempts at the assassination of solitary policemen in Dublin and Cork seem among the later of the "patriotic" crimes of the Fenians in that city. The robbery of arms has here and there occurred, and one or two houses have been plundered of ammunition to no great amount in value. A very notorious character, a Captain Mackay, whose ill physiognomy, according to the newspapers,

sustains the doctrines of Lavater, said to have once belonged to the American service, has been arrested in Dublin for high treason.

Lord Mayo, in moving for the renewal of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, which he intimated as necessary, and in which the entire country will agree with him, remarked that the conspiracy was paralysed to appearance. This bears out our view of it from the commencement. There can be little doubt of this being the case. The movement altogether was, we always thought, the result of minds incapable of doing more than imitate the American "Knights of the Round Table" in their treason against the Northern States. It was about as much in comprehensiveness of design as could well be made intelligible for mischief to the mass of uncultivated minds to which it was applied, and which so far characterised all concerned. It appears that some of the American papers—for such will exist in every free land, devoted to the aid of disturbances in all countries—have been advising the Fenians to operate in England and Scotland while the Habeas Corpus is suspended in Ireland. What profound advice, and how much more certain to lead to that defeat and destruction which it merits! The ignorance of the adviser is on a par with his malice. It is, amidst all, a proof of the small means existing to effect an end comparatively infinite in power, and of the limited intellect concerned in operations that have been made the most of as to mischief, but are, we venture to say, nearly terminated by absorption in the atrocities of private assassination. Such is a worthy *dénouement* of this borrowed scheme of treason. We take credit that we never misapprehended it, or thought it would terminate otherwise, when we traced it to its original source in the United States. There its parents, conspiracy and treason, connected with similar purposes, were defeated and exposed; here, where it has assumed notoriety, the character of private assassination more than anything else. No one, even those generally opposed to the punishment of death, will in the present state of the law censure its being carried out against such offenders. It is inconceivable that Mr. Hardy should have been censured for directing the ultimate measure of the law, in that very extreme case of offence at Manchester, to be carried out. There an assassination was committed, not out of revenge for an injury received, not after a sudden provocation at the moment, but unprovokedly upon persons appointed to carry out the commands of the law, in pursuit of their duty, and for the fulfilment of that duty alone. It was not a private crime so much as an outrage upon the entire law and justice of the country. What could more fully exhibit the obliquity, ill-conditioned minds, and deplorable stolidity of the criminal actors in that deplorable murder of a man neither the accuser nor the prompter of others in the measures rightly employed to bring to justice notorious traitors? The plea of patriotism cannot in such cases be pleaded, except by those wilfully blind to all the obligations which keep together the frame of civilised society.

Finally, the mental feebleness of conception, so evident in all these outrageous proceedings, should be a standard with the public for judging the calibre of mind which has been in action to produce an effect that cannot for a moment shake the popular confidence. We must have something in which action and intellect combine to alarm us seriously. These are imitators of American traitors; and what men or measures

were ever great by imitation? These men lead us to the recollection of the poet's lines:

'Twas not the spawn of such as those
That dyed in Punic blood the conquered seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides.

Certain we are that the treasons now nursed will prove suicidal to those who take a part in them. Lord Derby will not quail before criminals who so forcibly recal the fate of him who pulled down the pillars of the banqueting-hall to his own certain destruction.

The great question of public education comes on for serious consideration very shortly. The ignorance of a community is no way bliss "to the general," however circumstances in life may sometimes denominate it so to the individual. The misfortune in arranging a comprehensive system is the jealousy of the sectarians, so numerous in England as to be half the population, and the exactions of the establishment clashing together. It is painful to remark, that of all the asperities which tend to poison human comfort, the most bitter should be those denominated "religious," where in the religion professed one great leading principle is meekness, peace, and good-will to all mankind.

A proposal for increasing the number of members for the Scotch burghs, which are beneath their due share in the representation, has been brought before parliament; but as the month draws towards a close, we have not time or space to enter upon the subject, or detail the particulars of the government proposition.

A SMILE.

BY MONK SAVILLE.

One smile!—no more—yet all her soul
In that one smile had breath'd and spoke;
I saw the deep emotion roll
On cheek and forehead when it broke.

It spake with larger power than sound,
With more entrancing eloquence;
My pulse beat up with quicker bound,
My heart with throbbings more intense.

For me, for me alone 'twas born;
No other eye beheld it break;
It stirr'd me like a bright-eyed morn,
And bid a sleeping passion wake.

And woke the passion—fierce and strong,
Like a young giant fresh from wine;
My God! I've wrestled with him long,
And yet the conquest is not mine!

The conquest is not mine; but he,
Wax'd mightier, bears me down the while;
And, laughing, mocks and whispers me,
"One smile!—no more!—oh, golden smile!"

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF COMBINATIONS AMONG WORKMEN.

II.

Besides the evils which immediately attend the action of a remedial measure so violent as a strike, the latter is also very often the proximate cause of many follies and crimes, which are ultimately controlled by far deeper agencies.

For this there are two principal reasons. The first is, that the success of those who are on strike does not depend on their own exertions, but on the tacit acquiescence of others who have not been parties to their act. This being the case, it evidently follows that all forms of appeal and persuasion will be exhausted by the men who have left off work to induce those of the same craft not to take their place. Nor is this to be reprobated morally when to it such attempts are confined, except in so far as it degenerates into persecution. But when, perhaps, five hundred hands are out of employment, some of whom are at the present day almost certain to be of ignorant and barbarous character, it is impossible to wonder that the latter should attempt to promote their own interests by coercion in various forms when other means are unavailing. Hence comes picketing, not, perhaps, in itself necessarily improper, but made so by the manner in which it is always carried out; hence, also, arise various forms of intimidation and minor kinds of annoyance, which are morally indefensible just in so far as they involve compulsion. Again, when a union participates in a strike, its members are obliged to take every possible method of extending their numbers, so as to reduce to a minimum the power of those who are not bound by their rules, and thus render their interference less likely and less formidable. From this cause also arise the employment of coercion and persecution to induce men to enter the unions, together with outrages on those who refuse. But these mischievous proceedings are not the necessary consequence of unionism, or of any vital principle belonging to the system. They are merely the result of extreme ignorance and moral debasement on the part of certain unionists. There is nothing morally wrong in asking men to join a certain association, or not to work in a particular shop; but it is a very different thing if the operative who refuses either or both of these requests has his house blown up in consequence. There have been many strikes in which no union has been engaged, for there is not any necessary connexion between the two things. On such occasions violence and outrage have been just as rife as at times when unionism has appeared in the worst light. This proves conclusively that such actions cannot be considered as necessary consequences of the system, but that they are due to those deeper causes which have already been pointed out. The only thing which can put an end to outrages of this kind is the gradual spread of knowledge, directing the spirit of progress into its right channels and enlightening the moral nature. Instances which exemplify this may be taken from the history of Christianity. In the cause of the holiest religion ever professed by man, crimes have in former ages been perpetrated

to which those of Broadhead are trivial. Philip II., acting, as there is every reason to believe, with a sincere desire to promote the glory of a Divine Master, sent Alva to the Netherlands for the purpose of converting the people from the error of their ways. It is sickening even now to read the story of the crimes committed with that object. And yet these men were not monsters in human form. Philip, on the contrary, was the idol of a brave and noble people during many years. But in his age knowledge, that vast directing agency, was still feeble as regards other motives; and men's actions, not being regulated by it, went terribly astray. The great laws of human progress are unchanged—unchangeable. If there be a class among us which for some reason has till lately failed to partake of the intellectual movements which have taken place during the last few centuries, we shall see the history of our own advance depicted in miniature among them. There will be persecution, if not owing to religious fanaticism, then to want of knowledge on other subjects—protection of the community against the individual, and of the latter against himself—while efforts for intellectual and individual improvement will, as a general rule, be subordinated to hostility against others. These and similar peculiarities are but symptoms of particular phases in the development of human civilisation. We have already shown the causes owing to which the English working-classes have been retarded during the advance of the other parts of the community. We may, therefore, see how vain it is to expect that their intelligence should now be on a par with that of those who lead the civilised world. The operation of the laws under whose dominion we live, though sure, is slow. Their action may sometimes be hastened, as in the very peculiar case now before us, where a civilisation is in process of development almost from rudimentary beginnings in the midst of other highly civilised classes. But we need not be angry with the workmen if, as yet, they have not generally attained to the comprehension of those great ideas which it has taken our aristocracy nearly a thousand years to learn.

A very curious symptom, which bespeaks at present the undeveloped state of knowledge among the working classes, is the care manifested in all their organisations for the trade, which to them constitutes the community, at the expense of the individual. This is shown in the trade rules which unions attempt to enforce. Some associations forbid piecework, because, however useful it may seem to the individual, it is in their opinion disadvantageous to the trade, and also to him. Others regulate the number of apprentices which each employer shall take. Others, again, refuse to allow their members to work "over-time." All these are attempts to provide for the welfare of the society at the expense of individual freedom, as also to protect each person against the effects produced by ignorance of his own interests. They are precisely similar to the laws enacted about the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, in which men are directed how to buy and sell, what to wear, what wages to pay, what apprentices to keep, and so on. The trade rules belong to an age very different from that in which these laws were current; but they indicate a state of civilisation not dissimilar. Yet it is incorrect to say that any such customs are vital principles of trades' unionism, because opinions differ about them in different unions, and even in different branches of the same one. Thus the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners

strongly object to piecework;* but would not support a strike to abolish it. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers oppose it energetically,† and expel members who persist in taking it. In Lancashire,‡ on the other hand, a great deal of piecework is done by unionists.§ The Operative House Painters do not object to it, nor do the Sheffield and Blackburn Lodges of the Operative Bricklayers' Society.

But, as a whole, the system is made to favour the society at the expense of the individual, and this is avowed by the newspaper which professes to be the organ of the working classes.‖ Our own rulers found out some short time ago that the welfare of the community was most satisfactorily attained by setting free each of the individuals who compose it to do what seems to him most advantageous to his own interests. We may with certainty expect that the operative classes will in time arrive at the same conclusion, owing to the gradual spread of knowledge among them.

We now proceed to consider that department of the system which concerns itself with the education—intellectual and moral—of the workman; and as it performs a really valuable office, increases in importance proportionately to the development of intelligence among the operatives.

Education is of two kinds: one of which deals directly with the individual as a child; the other with the faculties of the man through the circumstances of his daily life. In speaking of the first kind we have to remark that, as yet, few unions have devoted much attention to the subject, owing to the constant broils and quarrels in which they are engaged with employers. Nevertheless, steps of considerable importance with reference to it have already been taken. The Glassmakers' Union are earning an honourable pre-eminence by their exertions in this truly noble cause. The following is an extract from a circular sent by the operatives belonging to it to their employers, requesting assistance:

"First suggestion: To establish schools in the various districts solely connected with the trade, to be open on Mondays and Saturdays, or such other times as may suit with working hours. These schools may be taught by employers, by the better-educated operatives, or by their nominees. One-third of the expense to be borne by the employers, and the other two-thirds by the Flint-Glassmakers' Society. Boys to pay a small sum weekly to form a fund from which to give prizes . . . to such as shall have attended most regularly and made most progress during the year.

"Second suggestion: To compel boys to attend a national or public school, when off work, on Mondays or Fridays, and to obtain the services of a trained or other approved schoolmaster. To have school open for our boys and apprentices half the day on Saturday."

They suggest, also, that "a fine should be inflicted on boys for neglecting to comply with any regulation which master and workers may agree to; and after two or three years from the time of such provision for better education, no boy should be advanced to 'make foot,' who shall not be able to read, write, and pass a simple examination in arithmetic."

---

* Report of Trades' Union Commission, Ques. 2851, 2855, 2860, 2880.
† Ibid., Ques. 120, 124, 128.
‡ Ibid., Ques. 633.
§ Ibid., Ques. 672, 673.
‖ *Beehive*, Oct. 19.

There is every probability that these suggestions will soon be carried into practice.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of such steps as these, in showing that unionists are beginning to appreciate the value of the position which they hold with respect to the development of intelligence and knowledge among the working classes. This is perfectly incalculable. If every union in the country were to adopt measures similar to those proposed by the glassmakers, for educating the younger members of the trade to which it belongs, there would soon be an end of the hideous ignorance which degrades so many of our operatives, and, consequently, of the outrages which make every Englishman blush for his country. It is highly improbable that, as a body, the unions will long be blind to the important function which it is in their power to perform. Already we see that a sense of their duty is breaking upon them, in the commendation with which the glassmakers have been hailed. The night has been stormy and long; but the darkness is failing fast—broken beams of light herald the rising sun. Yet the storm-clouds still overhang us, and much remains to be done.

There is still another kind of education, corresponding to the second of our two divisions, which is given to the workman indirectly by his connexion with the departments of unionism which have objects analogous to those of benefit societies. There is little need to enlarge on this part of the subject. It is impossible not to see how prudence and forethought are encouraged by the practice of paying subscriptions for a long course of years, in order to secure comfort in case of sickness, or a provision for old age. Considerable discrimination must also be shown by the workman in the choice of fit persons to officiate in responsible positions with regard to the great sums of money which are often amassed. And it, besides, often happens that occasions arise when firmness and decision are imperatively called for, whether in removing an untrustworthy though popular officer, or in sustaining a capable man against unreasonable clamour.

Free inquiry and independent thought have, moreover, been much promoted of late by the formation of debating societies among unionists, by means of which it may be hoped that not a few mischievous fallacies which prevail at present may in time be rooted out. Thus we see that a sense of the importance of education is gradually spreading through the mass of the unionists, who are possessed of an organisation admirably adapted to favour its growth when they see its value. We have also seen that connexion with one department of their system tends to train into increasing energy some of the qualities which distinguish pre-eminently the highly-civilised man. It has been, besides, shown that most of the trade rules by which unions endeavour to protect their share in commerce, are ruinous to the development of individuality, characterise a low state of civilisation, and are such as have yielded in former history to the advance of knowledge. The inference is, therefore, irresistible that the two main objects of the system are in direct antagonism; that the first, which is progressive, will annihilate the second, which is obstructive; and that the increase of regard for the former, together with the corresponding diminution of heed for the latter, will be symptomatic, for the future, of the gradual spread of civilisation among the working classes.

To some it may, perhaps, form a strange paradox that those should favour energetically the diffusion of knowledge who support as ardently regulations and restraints which it will certainly overthrow. But this is quite in accordance with what we know of the laws which regulate history. Those who most firmly support ideas which are about to become obsolete, frequently encourage the growth of the spirit which is to overthrow them in the next generation. The Church was the preserver and encourager of learning during the barbaric ages. Leo X.* patronised men of letters, and hardly checked the spirit of free thought which in his time arose at the very gates of the Vatican. He did not perceive that he was thus nursing a force which was to overturn his spiritual ascendancy throughout more than half of the civilised world. Similarly the unionists of our own day, in performing their proper office, that of educating and elevating the working classes, do not perceive that they are raising a spirit which will eventually overthrow their protective regulations as surely as light follows darkness. Nor is it possible to refrain from admiring the beautiful adjustment of forces by which it has been contrived that the spirit of progress should be favoured by those whose most cherished fallacies it will ultimately subvert—that a pope should encourage free thought, a trades' union, education.

We have now to consider a curious and interesting phenomenon. There is a class of men among us who, having long remained in darkness and ignorance, are now progressing with great rapidity by means of organisations which, with one hand favour education, teach fitness for responsibility, forethought, and firmness, while holding fast with the other to the obsolete fallacies of a bygone age. We see them constantly engaged in warfare with their employers, to the serious injury of trade and the great unhappiness of all concerned. We know that all parties are seeking a remedy, and would hail one with gladness. It is the natural consequence that, from the discontent thus generated, together with the fitness for further progress which the workmen have acquired, a new form of combination should arise, which, by uniting the interests of the capitalist and the labourer, should obviate the causes of previous unhappiness, and bring into use the higher development which the faculties of the latter class may have attained.

Turning now to the practical world, we find two forms of industrial combination in existence which we have not yet examined—viz. co-partnership and co-operation. They have two principal characteristics in common, for in both alike the interest of capital is identical with that of labour, and a degree of forethought and fitness for responsibility is necessary, much greater than can be assumed as general in the present state of the labouring class. When we inquire into the history of the principal examples by which the success of both has been affirmed, we find that in confirmation of our theory, they have sprung from the discontent generated in the conflict between employers and employed. Let us look, for instance, at the history of the rolling-mills owned by Messrs. Fox, Head, and Co., of Middlesboro'. They formed their business into a co-partnership last year. In the preamble to their announcement of the intention to do so, the firm declare a conviction that "the present dis-

* Ranke, History of the Popes, vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

astrous dispute is owing to a want of identity in the interests of masters and men."* In consequence, they proceed to give notice that for the future all profits over ten per cent. would be divided equally between capital and labour. The bonus on labour would be given in proportion to the total amount earned by any individual in the year. "Thus, the more skill and the more regularity the greater the bonus." Further regulations were also made to enable "the steady, saving agent or workman to become a capitalist;" but it was distinctly provided that Messrs. Fox and Co. should retain sole management of the works. The firm quitted the Iron-manufacturers Association, requiring that any men who wished to join them should leave their own union. This caused some little difficulty at first, as the workmen were suspicious lest a snare should be intended. But the works have gone on prosperously from that time. There are now nine hundred and seventy-five men in receipt of bonus on their wages, and we are given to understand that the profits during the first quarter of the present year reached fifteen per cent.

Here we see an instance in which trades' unionism, having done its work, has made room for a higher form of combination. But it is evident that associations of this kind are only intermediate stages, for when workmen become large investors in a business conducted in such a manner, they will probably demand a share in the management. It is very likely that the desire may be conceded, and in a theoretically perfect specimen of the development we should expect that the factory would by degrees become strictly co-operative. But there is no probability that the latter result would come to pass in such a case as that which we have mentioned above, or, at least, not for a long period of years. The more natural course of events would be, that a man who has invested large sums in a business conducted on these principles, and has perhaps gained experience in the management of extensive works from being a director on behalf of his fellow-operatives, should withdraw his savings and start a co-operative factory in company with many others, whether his own comrades or belonging to different places. Such a circumstance would afford a good illustration of the function which co-partnership performs, in removing causes of quarrel, improving the condition of the workman, and giving him facilities for acquiring, under the guidance of experienced men, additional fitness for those vast responsibilities which may ultimately rest upon him. It has been often urged that this form of industrial combination can never be practically successful, because, though the operatives share in the profits of the concern, it is impossible for them to bear their part in the losses which must at times accrue. But it is to be noticed that, before any division of profits is made between capital and labour, a fair sum, generally ten per cent., is allowed as interest on the former, and a certain proportion is laid aside as a fund to cover contingent repairs and improvements. This method of action is common to all co-partnership manufactories, though the amount of interest allowed differs very much in different trades. After this demand has been satisfied, the further division of profits takes place; but not otherwise. The principle has been introduced in the belief that the uninterrupted course of labour, resulting from an identity of interest between master and work-

* *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, October 25, 1866.

men, would prove in the end to be more advantageous even to the former than the old system, in which immense profits and corresponding losses from the stoppage of business not unfrequently alternated. The result has more than justified this expectation, as we learn from a speech made at Leeds by Mr. Briggs,* the head of another co-partnership. Two or three years ago this gentleman was on the point of withdrawing from trade in consequence of a series of contests with his operatives. He, however, thought that it might be well to try if he could get over his difficulty, by introducing a new principle into the business. At first his attempt was looked on with great suspicion by the men. Only about half the number employed would so much as buy a penny account-book to note the amount of earnings on which their bonus was to be paid. Nearly one hundred—one-tenth of the number employed—were willing to take shares. The success of the principle may be judged by the speech which we have already quoted, as having been made by Mr. Briggs to his workmen. In this, after referring to the bonus which each man had received, he said: "The dividend which I, as a partner in the colliery, have received during the past year . . . has been a larger return than I ever had from it previously, even at the most prosperous times."

In this co-partnership, as in that of Messrs. Fox, Head, and Co., the entire control of the business is vested, as heretore, in the members of the original firm. Such is not the case in others of the same kind. We may take as an example the case of Messrs. Greening ond Co., of Manchester, where the management of the works is so arranged that the operatives shall in time attain considerable influence. This is of the highest importance, as enabling workmen to become acquainted with the management of business on a large scale, while yet influenced and partially controlled by men who all their lives have been accustomed to it. It is easy to see that the experience thus gained must be of the highest value to those who may afterwards engage in the establishment of co-operative societies. The system in its main principles may now be said to have secured a footing, as it has been adopted by several large firms, and has proved to be practicable through several years of depressed trade. A good illustration of its value, as encouraging harmonious labour, occurred a short time ago in the colliery districts of the north. The operatives of all the pits in a particular neighbourhood stopped work for a day, and held a meeting to consider what course ought to be pursued with regard to an intended strike and a threatened lock-out. It was requested that the Methley colliers would attend; but they answered that they had no intention whatever of striking against themselves or of locking themselves out, and therefore did not see any use in losing their day's earnings.†

It has previously been shown that the action of trades' unionism tends to generate a new form of combination, in which the evils inseparable from the old system are done away, and the increased intelligence communicated by it finds full employment. That, as we have now seen, bears evident marks of being merely an intermediate stage on a road of which the end will perhaps be invisible for many generations. It remains for us to examine, lastly, the form of combination to which the latter is the immediate precursor, and for which it evidently tends to qualify the workman.

---

* Oct. 2, 1866.

† *Co-operator*, Sept. 16, 1867.

The principle of co-operation is that every operative should be alike workman and capitalist, thus reaping the fruit of his own labour. The instances in which this form of association has worked successfully when applied to the management of business on a large scale, are as yet but few in England. The most important of them is that of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society. The history of this great association is so well known as not to need recapitulation. For our present purpose it will be sufficient to remark who founded it, and what was the immediate motive which led to its origin. Its founders were members of the Flannel Weavers' Union Committee. Some of them were followers of the doctrines propounded by Mr. Owen, and in that way had become familiar with the idea of community of labour and of profit. The proximate cause which originated the attempt to carry these principles into practice, was the extreme discontent generated by the warfare between masters and men.* The results are well known. From very humble beginnings the store has attained the rank of a great mercantile house, and has also established a corn-mill and a cotton factory. Both of the last-named undertakings have proved successful and remunerative, and thus a conclusive proof has been given that the principle on which all three have been worked is perfectiy practicable.

But hitherto the history of co-operation has been that of an idea brought to light before its true birth-time. It was announced by men of great ability, and hailed with enthusiasm by thousands of eager converts. There were apostles to preach it, fanatics to disseminate it, while at least one government attempted to aid its progress from the public funds.† But all was vain for the time. The classes to whom the truth was addressed had hardly yet aroused themselves from the lethargic ignorance in which they had slumbered during so many ages. Genius may bring to light a great idea, learned men may favour, governments may encourage; but genius, learning, and power together are unable to hasten one moment the progress of an age, or to engraft a truth on a civilisation which is not prepared to receive it. Proudhon, Fourier, Cabet, St. Simon, Owen, all failed, for the time was not yet come. So Savonarola, Huss, Wickliffe, failed also for the spirit of their age was too strong for individual genius. But when the progress of rationalism had loosened the fabric of superstition, the spark left by the early reformers burst into a flame which enveloped the world. As it has been in the history of European progress, so it must necessarily be in the development of civilisation among a single class. The Socialists were the first heralds of the truths which are now beginning to make way. But their systems never succeeded practically in Europe, and were a cause of merriment to superficial persons who failed to perceive in them the first dim workings of the great idea which is now slowly developing as the years go on. Transplanted to America, the Socialist principles have succeeded practically owing to causes which, though full of interest, it is unnecessary to trace here at length. It is, however, probable that the

* Holyoake's History of Co-operation in Rochdale.

† We may be permitted to correct an error into which Professor Fawcett has fallen in asserting that M. Louis Blanc founded the national workshops in France in 1848.—See Soc. Econ. of Brit. Lab., pp. 99, 100; and compare M. Blanc, Letters on England, Second Series, p. 213.

fact is owing to the presence in the American societies of a religious enthusiasm—a powerful bond of union which was almost wanting to those in Europe. But there are also, doubtless, many other concurrent causes peculiar to American civilisation.* Though, however, the earlier communists failed, the principle which contained all that was vigorous and vivifying in their theories has not been lost for ever. Many other attempts to carry it out have also failed, and, in the language of a supporter of the system, this has been owing to want of "sense, union, patience, and enterprise"† on the part of those who have undertaken them. In other words, the practical realisation of the theory requires qualities only to be found in a high state of civilisation, the preliminary stages to which are not yet over among the labouring classes. But to future generations, who will reap the benefit of the preparatory training given in our own day by the rudimentary and intermediate forms of combination which have been already examined, it will be an easy matter to carry out that further stage of development which has already, in a few rare cases, succeeded.

We have now shown the connexion which exists between the three principal kinds of industrial association which are in existence. It has been proved that the spirit of progress when generated among working classes, must necessarily take the shape of a rudimentary form of combination. We have seen that associations thus originated would, under natural circumstances, develop gradually into other kinds suited to the advancing needs and capabilities of their members. It has been likewise shown that these theoretical considerations are amply verified by the facts which concern the rise and connexion of the different forms of combination in present existence. From this reasoning, therefore, we may infer that the latter are natural manifestations symptomatic of, and attendant upon, the increasing development among the working class of that spirit of progress which was set free by the repeal of the combination laws. If this be true we should expect that, at the present time, scarce half a century from that date, the most rudimentary form should be likewise the most prevalent; that the second should be beginning to make way, and the third, except in a few instances, unknown or unsuccessful. This is borne out by existing facts over nearly the whole European continent.

Throughout France, England, and Germany, trades' unionism—the form which industrial combination necessarily takes first—is also the most widely spread; co-partnership, the second stage, has gained a footing; and co-operation, save in rare instances, is hardly to be considered as established at all. These combinations, then, forming a natural and regular sequence, characteristic of different stages of progress, become valuable criteria as to the development of the latter among the working classes. The future historian of civilisation will speak of the age of unionism, of co-partnership, of co-operation, as we mention those of stone, bronze, or iron. In centuries, where there is no record of the formation of unions, he will infer the existence of combination laws, of

---

* On this interesting subject compare Mill Polit. Econ. vol. i. pp. 254, 269; and Dixon's New America, vol. ii. pp. 80, 136, 208, 263.

† G. J. Holyoake, Hist. of Co-operation in Rochdale, p. 58.

tacit associations among employers, of a working class hardly aroused from lethargy and ignorance. At a time when he finds that unionism has formed the prevailing phenomenon, he will argue that the operatives have, as a body, been rapidly progressing in knowledge and intelligence. Yet he will also infer that a considerable amount of crime has existed among them, so long as he perceives that unions in general have concerned themselves with matters of trade, rather than with education and other benefits to the individual workman. And where he sees that unionism has become weak, and that other forms of association are prevalent, he will know that the struggle between capital and labour is well-nigh done, and argue a mental and moral elevation among the working classes corresponding to that of the qualities needed for the success of the predominant kinds of organisation.

The foregoing arguments bear directly on a question of great national interest—namely, the representation of working men in parliament. It is well known that the trade union leaders are in many cases endeavouring to turn to political account the organisations of which they possess the control. A "Working Man's Parliamentary Election Fund" is being formed to "defray the legal expenses of approved working-class candidates;" and it is no secret that one of the London boroughs may soon be contested in that interest. The principal leaders of the movement expressly disclaim the idea that their object is to obtain from parliament "exceptional legislation for the benefit of the working classes." It may, however, be considered very doubtful whether similar enlightened ideas prevail among the rank and file of the unionists who will record their votes for men of their own class. Many liberal-minded persons are, therefore, alarmed lest a general alliance of the operatives should be brought about, and a vast number of members returned to parliament pledged to obtain legislation opposed to sound economic views. But if our reasoning in the earlier part of this article be correct, it would appear highly questionable whether trades' unions will ever attain any great amount of power as political organisations. There are at present two forces acting upon them. Of these, one tends to increase their numbers by the formation of new unions; the second, which is but another form of the first, to diminish them by development into other forms of combination, involving abandonment of unionism. At present the former vastly preponderates; but the time of its greatest effect has evidently passed. The second is only just beginning to make itself felt; but will probably in the end have a very wide influence. Indeed, it might be asserted, without much rashness, that in the course of years the latter will so increase as to overpower the former, and that unionism, being symptomatic of a particular stage of civilisation, will prove like it essentially transitory. But even if this prediction be not verified to its full extent, it is evident that, when a majority of the operatives feel their interests to be identical with those of the capitalists, there will no longer be occasion for the alarm which now prevails with regard to their political designs. It is, indeed, highly probable that unionism will long co-exist with other forms of combination, and that strenuous efforts will be made to retain the system after its purpose is fulfilled and the hour of its departure has struck. Alike by its supporters and by its enemies, it is regarded as admitting of no change and susceptible of no improvement. Both parties

fail entirely to recognise the laws which presided over its genesis, and are now guiding its development towards some unknown goal, through the other forms of combination which we have already examined. When, therefore, its last hours shall have come, there will, doubtless, be seen the strange and mournful spectacle of bigotry among those who have hitherto seemed to be liberal in mind. The sight is not unfamiliar to those who have studied the history of the great steps in human progress. Too often it happens at such times that those who, through all novelty and obloquy, have firmly upheld the idea which is now about to pass away, prove unable to comprehend that its day is over. They cling kindly to it in opposition to the spirit of the age, and thus become a byword among future generations little wiser than themselves.

It would be a curious subject for speculation to consider how far the working classes might by this time have advanced in the path of civilisation, had governments not felt themselves bound to protect the employers and the employed against each other. Under such circumstances, the contest now going on between capital and labour would certainly have been fought in the dark ages, for which alone it is fit. Probably the other forms of development would have appeared long before this time, and the operatives of Europe would have progressed equally with the other classes in knowledge, intelligence, and civilisation. From these considerations we may learn how fatal a mistake it would be to re-enact the combination laws. If such a step were taken, the conflict between employers and employed would indeed be stopped; but at the expense of progress. The feelings which give rise to it would smoulder inextinguishably, only to burst out with renewed vigour whenever the hostile laws should be repealed. Even if legislation could be so contrived as to prohibit unionism, whilst favouring co-partnership and co-operation, it would be found that, when the former was suppressed, the latter would begin to droop. All attempts to give a firm root to them would fail, and they would slowly die away for want of the motive derived from the contention occasioned by the unions and the education, direct and indirect, which their members receive in a constantly increasing measure. On the repeal of the law against unionism the other forms of combination would reappear in its train, and the progress of development would go on in the order which has been indicated. It is worse than madness when rulers endeavour to stem the great movements to which an age gives birth. By attempts to repress them they can do no good, and have often done much mischief. May they learn at last that it is beyond their power to improve the action of the laws which regulate man's destiny, and leave them unfettered to work out the future in a slow and constant sequence of majestic change.